The Saturday Evening
POST
May 24, 1958 — 15¢

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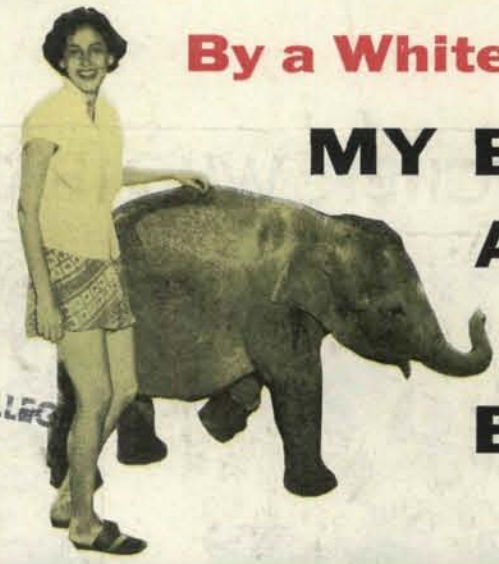
A Novel From Inside Russia:
THE CHAINS OF FEAR



By a White Hunter:
MY BEAUTY AND MY BEASTS

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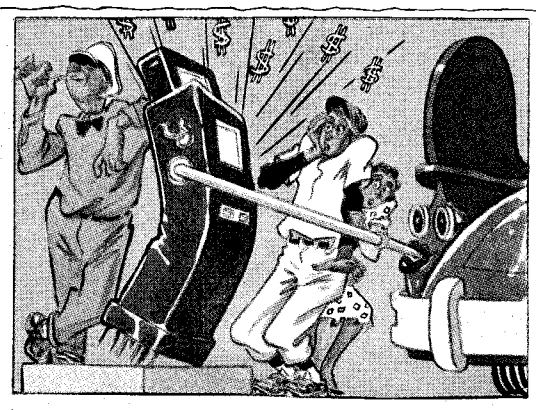
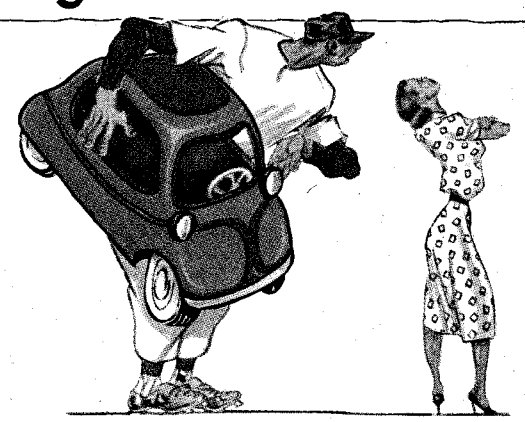
THE PITCHER WHO BATTED 1,000 . . . . by Willard Mullin

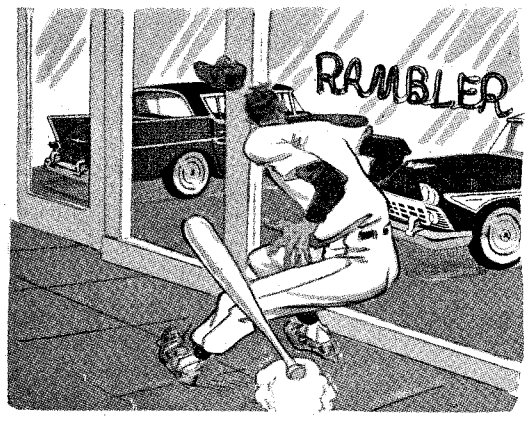
Once there was a pitcher, believe it or not, who batted 1000. How? When he hit the majors, he wanted the finest car ever . . . so he bought the biggest one ever.



But after his wife drove it, and watched it guzzle gas, she said: "Southpaw, on this one you struck out. Get me something we can afford!"

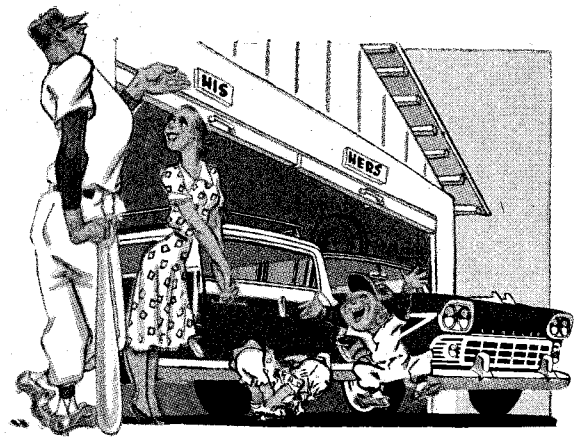


He got her a little European car. It just sipped gas, but wouldn't even hold four for bridge. Said his wife: "You're headed for the sand lots!"



"Women!" he groaned, and sought a friendly haven. But on the way he saw a Rambler showroom. "Wow!" said he, "big car room, European car economy!"

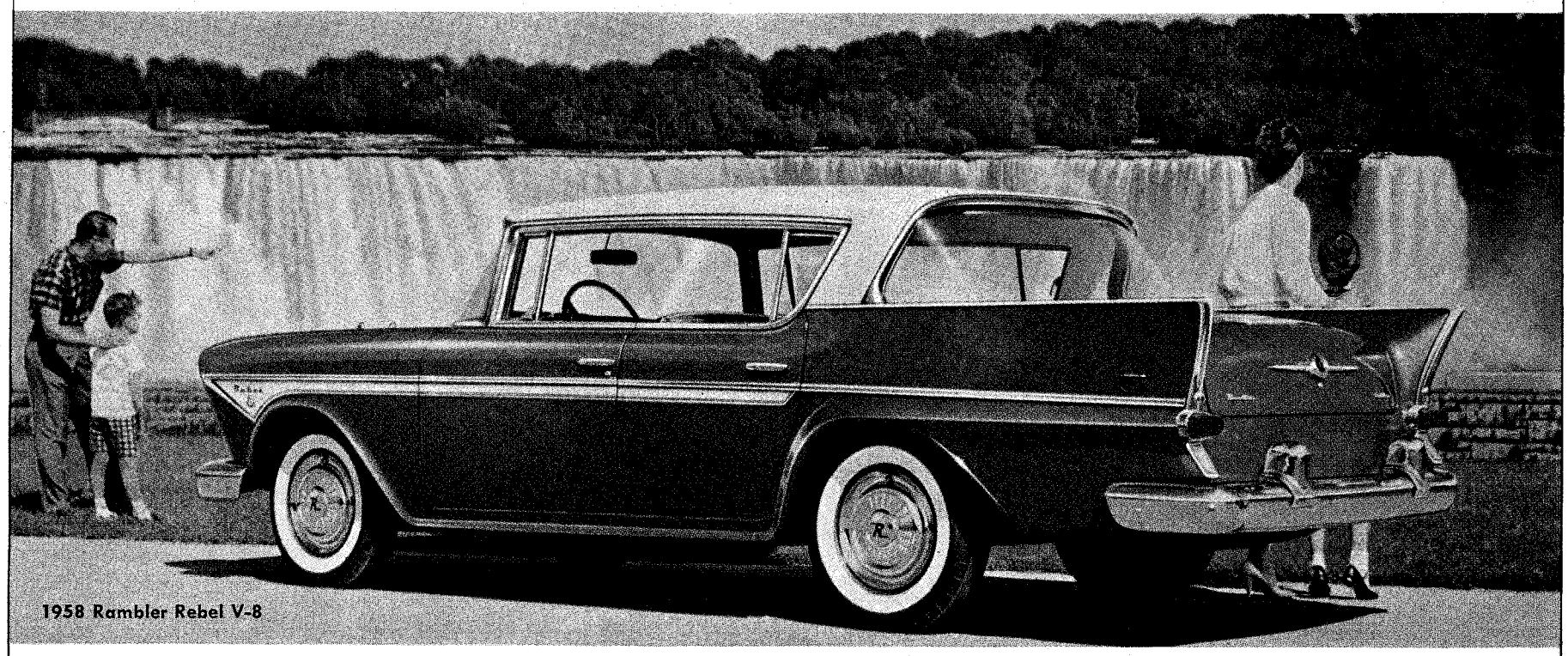
He saw all-new Rambler jet stream styling, push-button driving . . . heard of Rambler's record economy. "Give me *two*," he said.



This time, the Little Woman gave him a big kiss and said: "Southpaw, with Rambler, you've batted a thousand!" So will you, neighbor.

1 Get American big car room and comfort **2** Get European small car economy, handling ease

Get the Best of Both—Go *Rambler!*



1958 Rambler Rebel V-8

Get the car with the fastest sales-growth in the U. S. A.—up 65%! Get Pushbutton driving, reclining seats, twin travel beds. Get easiest driving, turning, parking, garaging. Choose from the new improved Rambler Economy 6, the new Rambler Rebel V-8, the luxury Ambassador V-8 by Rambler . . . and the sensational 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler AMERICAN.

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100-INCH-WHEELBASE RAMBLER AMERICAN

35.39 MILES PER GALLON
NASCAR RECORD
Los Angeles-Miami, with overdrive.

$1789

Suggested factory delivered price of Rambler American Deluxe at Kenosha, Wisconsin, including federal taxes.
Flash-O-Matic transmission, white wall tires and other optional equipment, if desired, state and local taxes, if any, extra.

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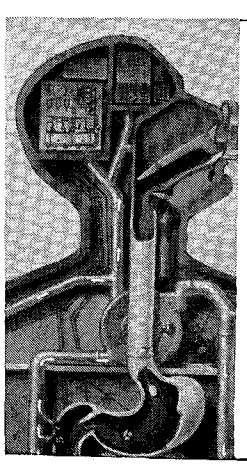
Bufferin® relieves pain twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference*

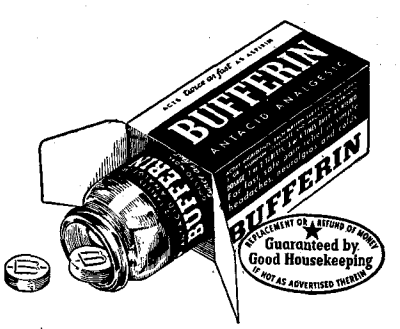


Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream before it can start to relieve pain.

Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of two antacid ingredients called Di-Alminate. This speeds the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast.* So . . .

Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast.* And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But...
2. Aspirin without antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.
3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called Di-Alminate. So Bufferin relieves pain twice as fast as aspirin—won't upset your stomach!



Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

*BRISTOL-MYERS' BRAND OF ALUMINUM GLYCINATE AND MAGNESIUM CARBONATE.

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WHAT YOU'RE GETTING

when bread is wrapped in

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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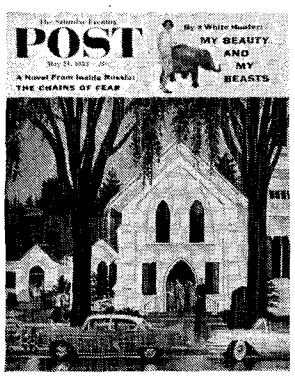

THE COVER

This wet cover had its origin in a drought. When crops withered in the Eastern states last summer, the Rev. Benjamin Axleroad, seen there at the door of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Bridgewater, Conn., included in his prayers a plea for precipitation. And one Sunday, just as his service ended, down came the rain, exit drought. Weeks later artist Melbourne Brindle, a St. Mark's vestryman, puzzled some of the congregation by posing them at the church and refusing to tell them what it was all about—surprise, folks, you're in the Post! Comments on the cover scene: (1) artistic license helped keep that grass green during the drought; (2) if any of the parishioners were out on a golf course during the deluge, how remorseful they must have been that they weren't in church.

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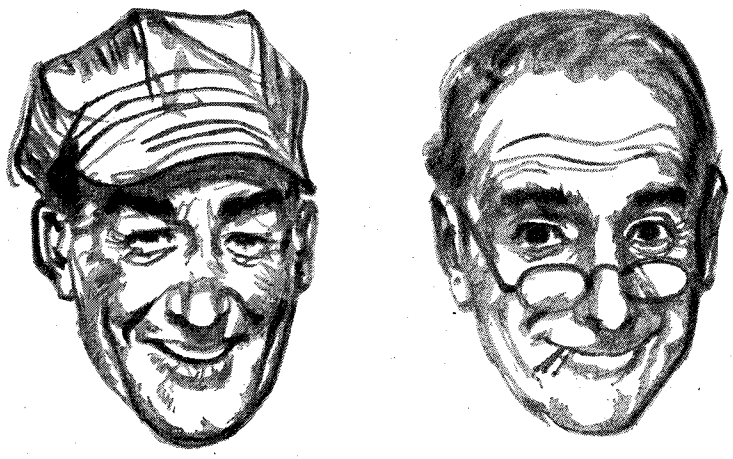
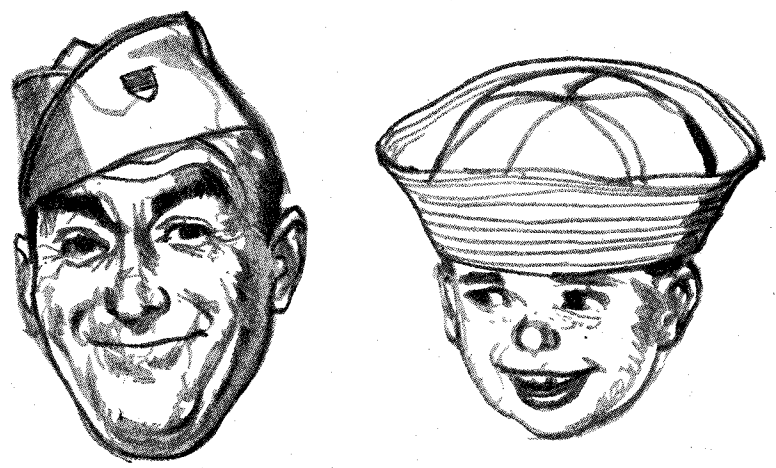
Tinker *Tailor*



Soldier *Sailor*



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Letters

The Unwashed Marshal

Dear Sirs:

After reading your article on James Arness (PRIVATE LIFE OF GUNSMOKE'S STAR, by Robert de Roos) in the April 12 issue, it occurs to me that Mrs. Arness' boast that "we really don't have any friends" may be due to the fact that "he goes days without shaving, bathing or changing his clothes."

MRS. NORMAND CHOQUETTE
Edgewood, R.I.

Friendless?

Dear Sirs:

I am a disheartened fan.

MRS. KENNETH SODDEN
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Two hundred thirty-five pounds of fresh meat must get pretty high if unbathed for several days, especially in Southern California's heat.

I betcha the other players try to keep to windward of him.

C. D. ASHBROOK
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I do not like this particular series of television shows as I think it is very degrading for grownups, much less children. Hardly a week goes by but what they are not drinking in Kitty's saloon.

MRS. DEWITT BABB
Orange, Texas

Dear Sirs:

It certainly is a relief to sit down and enjoy a western without having to watch the hero kiss his horse.

JOAN LATUSZEK
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I are partial to Jim Arness, for we, too, attended Beloit, which is a top-ranking small *college*—not a university.

MRS. DAVID F. HUNT
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I quote: "He lives in a modest home. . . . He does not have a swimming pool." After finishing this, I picked up another magazine which says the Arness back yard *does* have a swimming pool. . . .

I'm sick of these stories that try to picture T.V. or motion-picture stars as poor people like their readers.

MRS. DORIS SCHIENLE
Detroit, Mich.

● *That "swimming pool" is a plastic wading pool and it cost $2.49, Arness says.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The otherwise excellent article refers erroneously to "Dodge City, Kansas Territory, circa 1875."

Kansas Territory existed only from its organization in 1854 until January 29, 1861, when it became a state. Dodge City never existed in Kansas Territory, being founded after the territory achieved statehood.

We Kansans are becoming accustomed to the television Westerns—adult and otherwise—playing fast and loose with our history. But we expect better of a great publication.

JOHN MCCORMALLY
The Hutchinson News
Hutchinson, Kans.

How Eugene Got His "A"

Dear Sirs:

Our Junior High journalism class has a great respect for the high quality of material published by The Saturday Evening Post.

Our teacher said if any of us could write even a Letter to the Editor and have it published by the Post, she would give us an "A" for the course.

Would you please assist me in my education by publishing this letter?

EUGENE KAPLAN
Riverside, Calif.

Boon or Boondoggle?

Dear Sirs:

Neil M. Clark is a talented writer with a gift for writing about our West, and his articles seldom go in for slick ballyhoo. However, his GIANT OF THE COLORADO article in the April 5 Post is a one-sided propaganda line for the Glen Canyon Dam. . . .

The supposed economic benefits of the dam are blown up into the realm of fancy. The article states that sales of electricity from the dam are expected to pay for it. Sales to whom? The area is almost uninhabited, and is perhaps largely uninhabitable, except for limited mining, tourist and recreational purposes.

JAMES E. HILLEY
Jackson, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Portion of final paragraph: ". . . opportunities beyond anything we can surmise . . ."

Verily! Who could surmise the opportunities to pay the amount of taxes required as compensation for *not* growing crops on the additional acres of irrigated land; plus taxes to buy products allowed to be harvested for storage; plus ——

S. M. LAWSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article visualizes a wonderful recreation lake when the dam is built, completely ignoring the problem of silt deposition, which has already closed large sections of Lake Mead to visitors. This will be the fate of Glen Canyon.

DR. WILLIAM R. HALLIDAY, *Sec'y,*
National Committee for a
Glen Canyon National Park
Seattle, Wash.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

Live Better Electrically with a new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer

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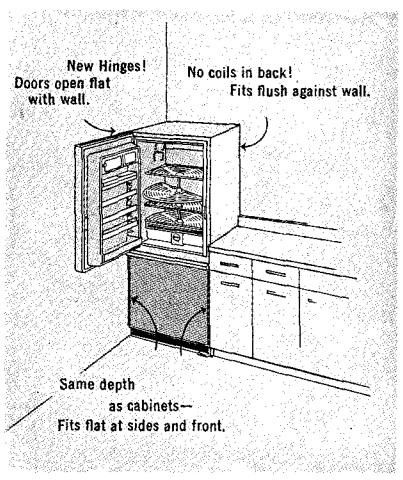
New Hinges! Doors open flat with wall.
No coils in back! Fits flush against wall.
Same depth as cabinets— Fits flat at sides and front.

Cleaning problem solved with "Straight-Line" design. No dirt-collecting waste space. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.

Big zero-degree freezer rolls out at a touch on silent, nylon rollers. Holds up to 175 pounds of frozen food in two handy storage drawers.

Only "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers give you these features! Plus . . . no coils in back, no dirt-collecting waste space!

Just a *touch*—and Revolving Shelves bring foods in back right out in front. No more groping in hard-to-reach corners!

And with Revolving Shelves you never have to remove shelves *or* food to adjust height. Cleaning is easier, too.

They give so much space for foods, too—all at your fingertips. So practical, they make all other shelves old-fashioned.

The big refrigerator section of the new General Electric refrigerator-freezer defrosts automatically. No pans to empty. No clocks to set. No buttons to push.

Also, four new Ice Ejector Trays drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer.

See the new refrigerator-freezers at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about his easy terms and trade-in allowance.

Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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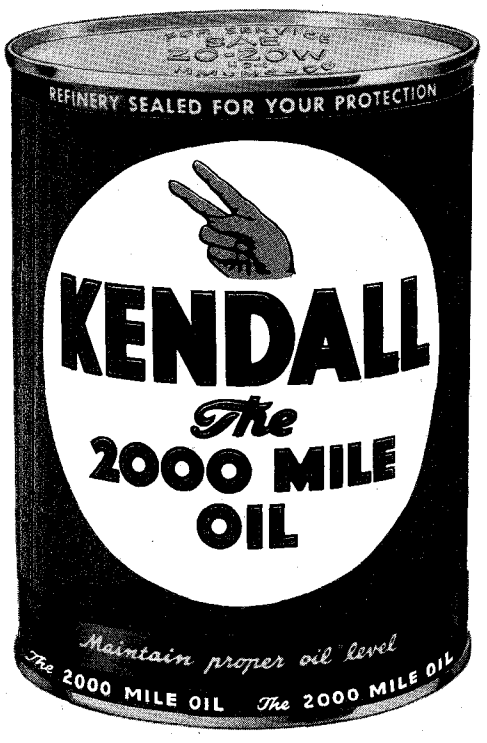

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I have never seen the Rainbow Bridge, but it gives me considerable pleasure just to know it is there, magnificent and lonely.

Zane Grey said, "There ought to be a little left for the few who are willing to work for it." . . .

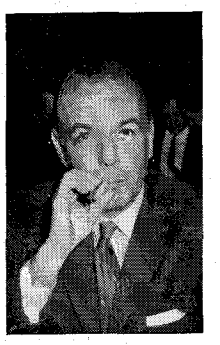
I suppose it will be real cozy when there is a hot-dog stand and a beer joint under the arch.

ERNEST RIFKETOE
Effingham, Ill.

When is a Democrat Not a Democrat?

Dear Sirs:

I was very interested in your to-be-expected defense of the Eisenhower Administration in the case of the FCC Commissioner (April 12 editorial, WHY DOES THE G.O.P. GET TAGGED WITH THE GRIEFS OF DEMOCRATS?). It is true that the offending Richard Mack (see cut) was an "Eisenhower Democrat." But what would you think of a man who called himself a "Truman Republican" or a "Stevenson Republican"? You would very correctly assume that the gentleman was in the wrong party. That is exactly what I assume when I see someone labeled an Eisenhower Democrat. I don't have to tell you that in Florida, where Mr. Mack comes from, a Republican politician who gets elected is a rarity. Accordingly, people who would normally call themselves Republicans masquerade as Democrats. Technically Mack may be a Democrat; actually he is a Republican. . . .



No, Mr. Editor, this is not a Democratic mess. This mess in Washington is a Republican mess.

ALLEN HICKLIN
Cleveland, Ohio

Poland Trouble

Dear Sirs:

May one who is rated as an "authority" on Polish affairs in the English-speaking world offer you warm congratulations on James P. O'Donnell's WHY RUSSIA HAS POLAND TROUBLES (Apr. 12). . . . Both his reporting and his conclusion hit the nail squarely on the head.

WILLIAM J. ROSE
Department of Slavonic Studies
The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Poland deserves more of this sort of sympathetic, conscientious and objective reporting.

KAZIMIERZ J. OLEJARCZYK
Dearborn, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

O'Donnell speaks of "the 10,000 Polish officers murdered in Poland's Katyn Forest."

Katyn Forest is located in Russia, near the city of Smolensk.

P. KLINKLAVS
Montreal West, Quebec

● *We erred.* —*ED.*

Witnesses for the Defense

Dear Sirs:

I feel that you have been guilty of one of the most flagrant acts of bad taste within my recollection in publishing a letter which appears in your April 12th issue, signed by one George F. Carroll, who refers to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as "a disreputable old woman whose every utterance is poison and venom to decent people."

JOHN S. SPROWLS
Superior, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

Carroll states that his ancestors fought in every fight for this country since the Revolution. Tell me, whose side were they on?

MRS. JOHN YORK
Orem, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Since you display obvious enthusiasm for the publication of vilification in your Letters column, I challenge you to print this comment. . . .

In your hospitality to abusive, insulting missives like Carroll's, you yourselves display a criterion of decency that passes belief.

Mrs. Roosevelt needs no defense from my feeble pen. A miserable ignoramus like Carroll may be ignored. It is The Saturday Evening Post that deserves the rigorous censure of decent people.

ERNEST H. WIENER
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

● *The Post excerpted the printable portions of the letter only to indicate an extreme viewpoint. If we had been in agreement with Reader Carroll, we wouldn't have published Mrs. Roosevelt's memoirs.* —*ED.*

Blackfoots?

Dear Sirs:

If Chad Oliver (author of THE COWARDICE OF TOM ROYCE, April 5) got Tom Royce as far back as Idaho in "his lonely ride back to the high places," he would learn that two Indians have four feet, but they are still Blackfoots, not Blackfeet.

MILTON H. ROSS
Salt Lake City, Utah

● *Blackfeet Chief Peter Redhorn says "Blackfoots" is wrong. You may call his people "the Blackfoot tribe" or "the Blackfeet"—but not "the Blackfoots."* —*ED.*

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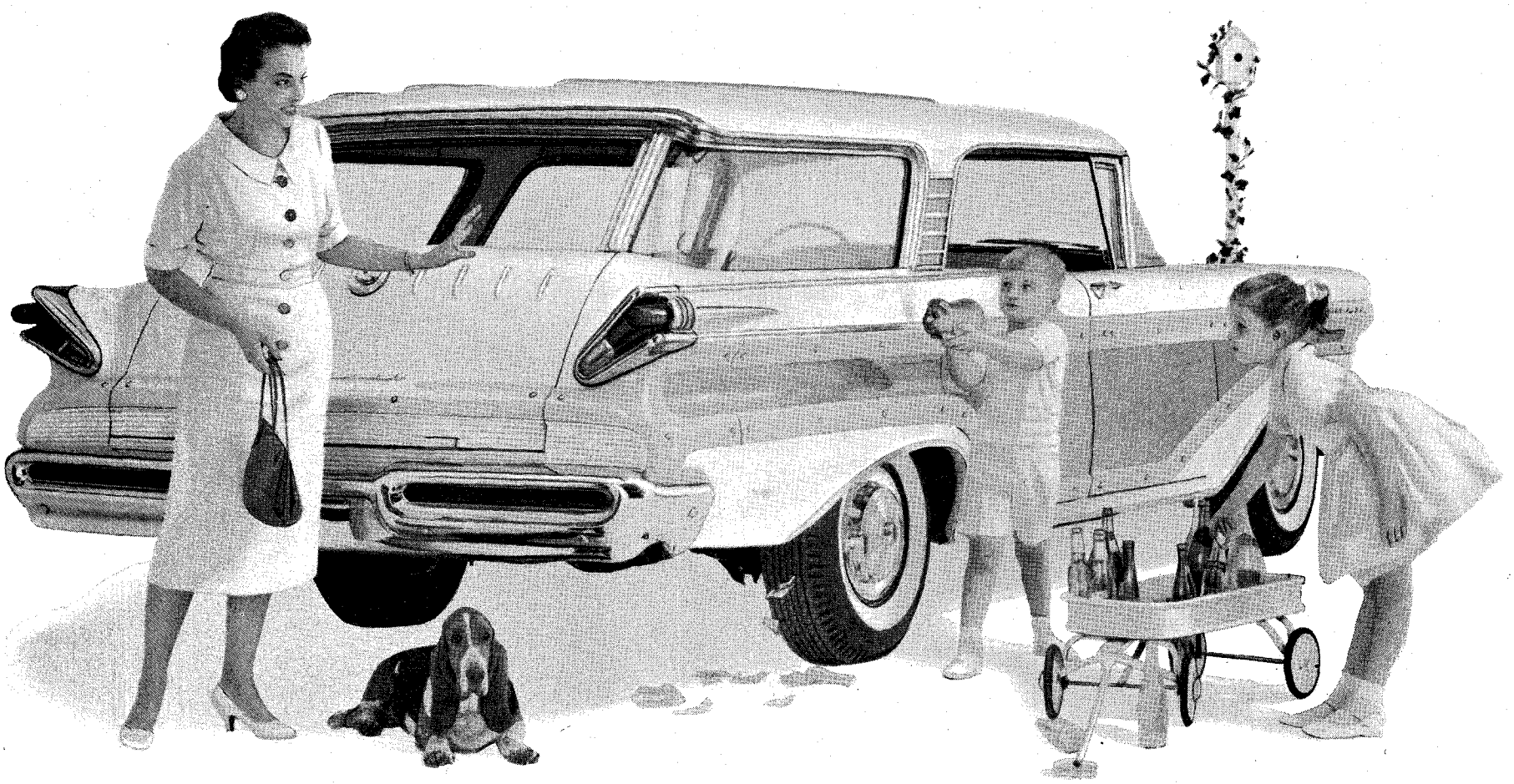


"Put your piggy bank away, Honey.
It's a Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire"

It doesn't cost a single, solitary red cent to fix punctures in Seiberling Sealed-Aire tires. These bulkhead* tires don't lose air when they're punctured. And they permanently and automatically repair themselves when puncturing objects are withdrawn. Mother can be on her way completely safe from dangerous punctures on the highway.

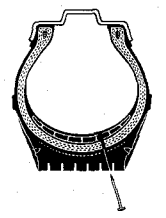
When you buy Seiberling tires in *any* price range, you can be sure they are honorably built, honestly priced, and exactly as represented by Seiberling's conscientious dealer organization.

SEIBERLING

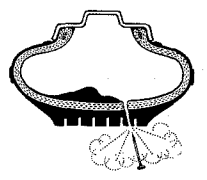
Sealed-Aire Nylon Tire

Made by the makers of America's Finest Tires in every price range
Seiberling Rubber Company • Akron, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

*BULKHEADS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



Seiberling's exclusive bulkheads keep the sealant in position, giving you *lifetime* puncture protection and tire balance.



In other puncture-sealing tires, the sealant can slide and lump-up. You lose puncture protection *and* tire balance when this happens.

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Bracelet by Spaulding & Co., Chicago

A

Something you've never heard before

Zenith tone—clear and true in

Now tune in Zenith tone that's vibrant and big in transistor radios that operate on flashlight batteries. Even the smallest pocket size brings in stations others can't reach—with rich, full tone. Zenith high-fidelity sound engineers designed these all-new, all-transistor radios—with circuits that use only perfectly matched transistors.

QUALITY BY
ZENITH®
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO

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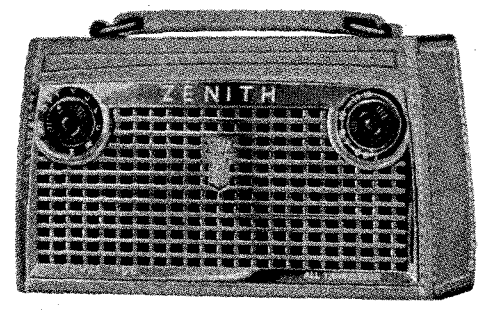
ZENITH



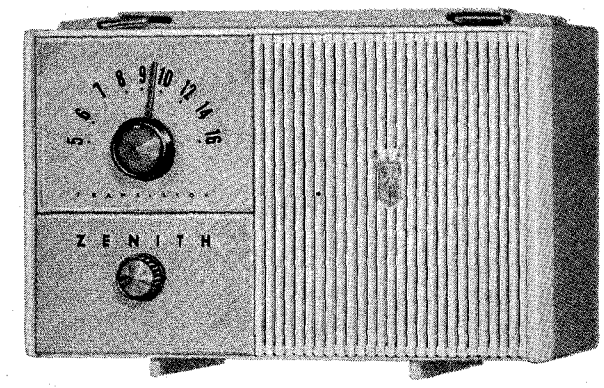
B

C

A. Everything is tiny but the tone! Has Zenith Wavemagnet® Antenna built in—extra sensitivity that brings in distant stations strong and clear. In Pine Frost Green, white, maroon and ebony, the Royal 300 without batteries. **$59.95***

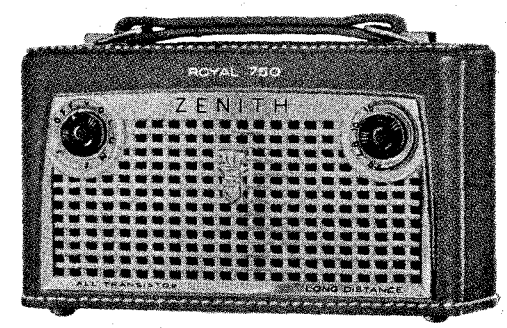
B. Travels easy, travels light! Only 3 lbs. 8¼ oz. Undistorted audio power output of 275 milliwatts. Precision Vernier Tuning makes fine tuning so much easier. Full 4″ speaker with Alnico 5 Magnet for clear, rich tone. In genuine top grain cowhide, the Royal 700 without batteries. **$69.95***

C. New! Long Distance! The world's most sensitive pocket radio. Up to 300% more sensitivity from Zenith's own specially designed circuit brings in distant stations loud and clear. Unbreakable Nylon case. In maroon, white or ebony. The Royal 500D without batteries. **$75.00***



D

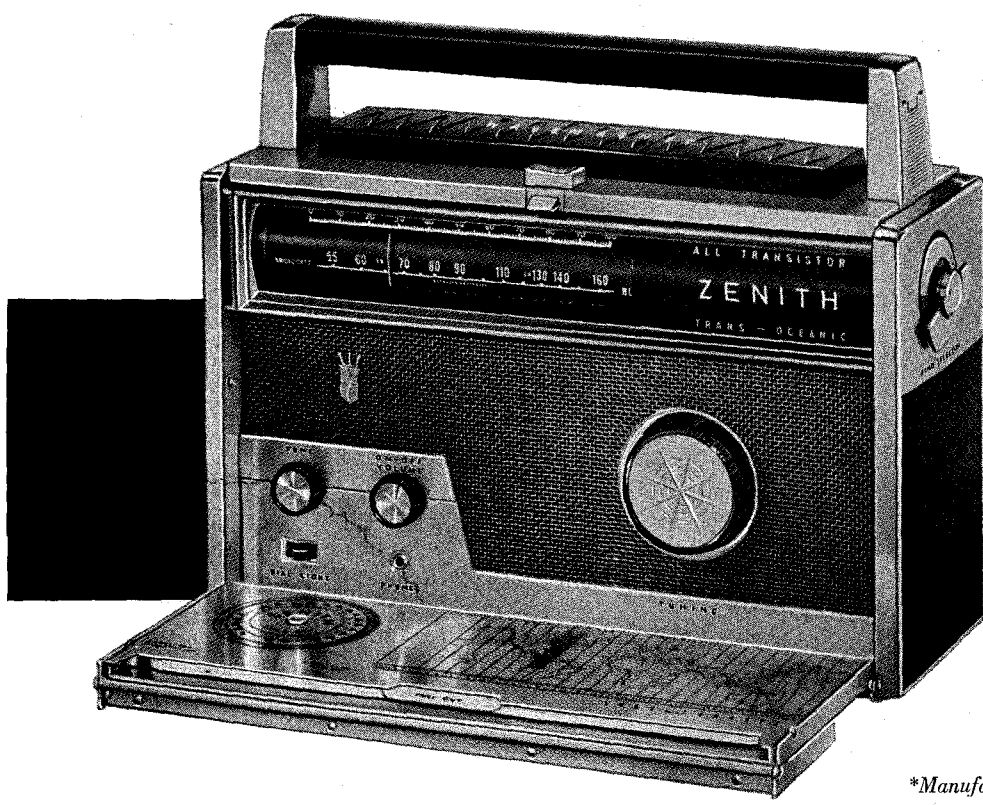
D. New! Cordless table radio—doubles as a portable! And you've never heard tone so rich and full in a transistor radio before. Measures only 4 11/16 inches high, 7¾ inches wide, 3 7/16 inches deep. Handsome color combinations of black and white, green and grey, white and gold. The Royal 900 without batteries. **$69.95***

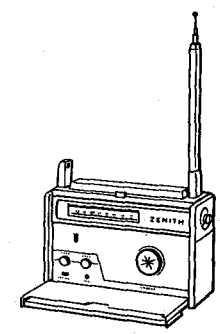


E

E. Never before such sensitivity in a transistor radio! Specially designed circuit and 3-gang condenser, usually found only on larger radios, pulls in stations sharp and clear. Plays where others fail—in autos, trains, planes. Genuine top grain cowhide case. The Royal 750, without batteries. **$79.95***

hese new all-transistor radios





Powered to tune in the world! New Zenith all-transistor Trans-Oceanic®—the smallest and lightest standard and band spread short-wave portable radio ever produced. Has 8 wave bands for standard broadcast, international short wave, Marine, Weather and amateur reception. Handle lifts up to reveal telescopic Waverod Antenna (see illus.). Detachable Wavemagnet® Antenna for reception on trains, planes, autos. The most magnificent radio ever built for travelers, sportsmen, yachtsmen—or anyone who appreciates the ultimate in radio. In black leather, chrome and Roman Gold trim, the Royal 1000 complete with batteries. **$250.00***

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Editorials

What Our Railroads Need is an Even Break

Some hard facts being studied by Congress indicate rather clearly that the American people and their lawmakers have been indulging in the sport of rail-baiting too long. We've just about beaten the poor old iron horse to death.

We still have an essentially serviceable railroad system for peace and perhaps for war requirements. But rail presidents who testified before Sen. George A. Smathers' Surface Transportation subcommittee early this year declared that it is almost impossible for them to keep up with maintenance demands while facing mounting competition from other very efficient forms of transportation to a large extent subsidized by the public.

For years, the railroaders say, state and national lawmakers and regulatory agencies have been tying up the trains with myriad rules and restrictions, mostly aimed at preventing monopolistic practices.

"The railroads are stuck with a popular conception that goes back toward and beyond the turn of the century—that the roads are a filthy-rich monopoly and hoggish for profit, to boot," Lyle C. Wilson, United Press Washington correspondent, said recently. "The airplane, buses, trucks and privately owned automobiles have vastly changed the transportation industry. Today's railroads are about as monopolistic as deep-dish apple pie."

Railroads, for instance, can neither raise nor lower rates a penny without Government permission. This may apply also to their interstate competitors, but railroad men testified that some of their toughest competition comes from intrastate competitors who aren't controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As things stand now, anyway, railroads file with the ICC an average of more than 3000 rate changes every working day of the year. They have to get permission to cut the rate on a ton of coal two cents, just to make sure they're not monopolizing. While the ICC is deciding, a barge line gets the business.

Railroad men also told the Senate they are under much tighter Government regulation than their competitors when it comes to labor, pensions and the like. They want to get rid of make-work provisions which, they say, have persisted over the years, and which add to operating costs. A number of railroads would like to merge in order to cut costs, provide better service and make some money.

Railroad experts say there is no single solution to their problem, but many specific relaxations of Government pressure would help. For instance, they urge an end to or reduction of the 3 per cent Federal excise tax on freight and 10 per cent on passenger tickets—and they're quite willing for their competitors to share in this relief. In order to generate funds for improvements to meet competition, the rails want more liberal treatment as to tax write-offs for depreciation. And they would like better treatment from local taxgatherers like those who imposed $3000 in new taxes on the Pennsylvania Railroad for installing moving stairs in the railway station at Trenton, New Jersey.

But mainly, as Walter J. Tuohy, president of the Chesapeake & Ohio, told the senators, they want the tracks cleared so that our nation's railroad men can run the railroads. He asked for just two things: "freedom from uneconomic burdens, and freedom to compete fairly for business."

Such an approach, without relieving railroads from their responsibilities as common carriers, seems at least worth trying. The way they are operating now, Mr. Tuohy pointed out, more than one fourth of the entire industry is running in the red. Interstate Commerce Commission figures, at the time of the Senate hearings in January, showed railroad employment down 100,000 from a year before, to the extremely low level of 860,000. Most of the railroads, nevertheless, still want to put up a fight as free enterprisers.

With some relief from paternalism, our railroads ought to be able to get highballing again on their own.

Why Must the U.S. Support Socialist Five-Year Plans?

On a recent TV panel show, Dr. Milton Friedman, professor of economics at the University of Chicago, raised a point that goes to the heart of the foreign-aid problem. If one of its purposes is to champion the cause of free enterprise against the competing allurements of Communism, then it makes little sense to direct our aid to support countries engaged in socialist total planning.

For example, there is a very good case to be made for offering assistance to the Republic of India and its laborious people, whether the argument rests on moral grounds or on those of self-interest. But no case whatever can be made to justify aid on the theory that it is our duty to make Mr. Nehru's Five-Year Plan a success. We want to help people to help themselves. But how does this include any obligation to bail out socialist planners whose windy projects have no record of success?

The stunning recovery of West Germany in less than ten years did not come about solely because we gave our ex-enemies some three billion dollars in foreign aid. It was principally due to a drastic currency reform and a resolute junking of controls—moves which liberated the energies of the German people.

Some experts have suggested that the difficulty lies not in too much planning, but in the absence of centralized planning. Their remedy would compound the fault by establishing an international bureau to co-ordinate all planning by the free world in its effort to aid underdeveloped countries. Naturally, all funds from contributing nations would be channeled through this single service agency. Most of the money would come from the United States, but, presumably, the planners would have less trouble with American partisans of free enterprise.

If there were any record of success that could be cited by deluded believers in close paternal supervision of new nations, aided often by doctrinaire national leaders who throw every conceivable roadblock against private capital, it would be easier to understand such plans. As things stand, there is an inherent contradiction between the gospel of free enterprise we preach and the good works that should accompany it. As Doctor Friedman seemed to suggest, it is never too late to change course, not to abandon foreign aid, but to make our practice conform more closely to our principles.

Science Threatens Civil Rights of the Loch Ness Monster

Reports that three expeditions will seek out the Loch Ness monster in its watery retreat this summer are sad evidence of the weakening of the British character. What they propose is a gross invasion of privacy, contrary to the best standards of reserved Britishers. A monster has its rights. Surely, its home is its castle. If outsiders must peek and pry, perhaps its home, like many elegant British residences, could be opened to tourists at so many shillings a head, with the monster retaining the shillings and the tourists keeping their heads.

As it is, the approach appears to be painfully tactless and ill-bred. More than thirty Scottish frogmen or skin divers plan to swim through the depths of Loch Ness, rubbernecking for the monster's abode. A frogman, complete with snorkel, flippers and oxygen tank, is a sight likely to unnerve an ordinary, home-loving monster.

Possibly the most shocking aspect is one frogman's bold assertion that he will seek out the monster with "knife and explosive." Scottish hunting rules fail to list an open season on monsters. Grouse, yes; elk, yes; but monsters, no mention at all. Apparently a monster can be shot sitting all the year round.

Somewhere in the British Isles there must be, in the best tradition of status quo and all that, a Society for the Preservation of Monsters. It is high time that it got busy. "Knife and explosive," indeed. Most unsportsmanlike.

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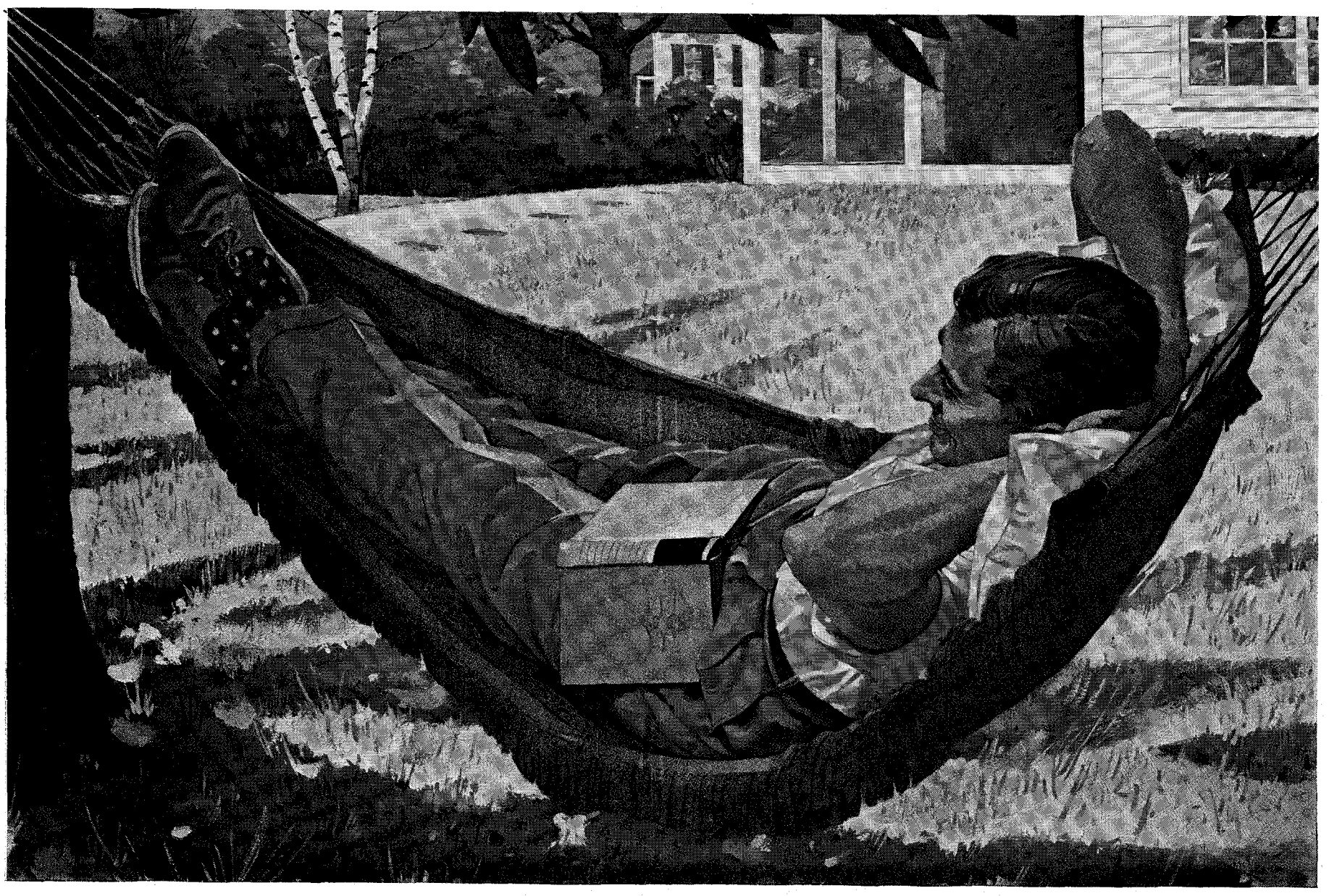


Man most likely to succeed
. . . *in getting over a stomach ulcer*

"Yes," said the doctor, "you have a stomach ulcer. If you want to get over it, you must slow down and quit worrying."

"Sounds easy, doctor, but how do I do it?" the patient asked.

"You've got to work at it. You can't change your ways overnight. About your worries—don't bottle them up. Talk them over with someone you trust. When problems seem insurmountable, it often helps to leave them awhile—spend a few hours with a book or putter around your garden.

"In any case, tackle your big problems one at a time and your work load will seem lighter. Let some things wait until tomorrow.

"After some restful diversion and a good night's sleep, the chances are you will view your troubles next day calmly and in a much clearer light."

And so the man you see here . . . convinced that tension, strain, worry and hurry are his worst enemies . . . is well on the way to getting over his ulcer.

It is estimated that about one-half million Americans have ulcers. Moreover, ulcers take the lives of nearly 10,000 Americans every year.

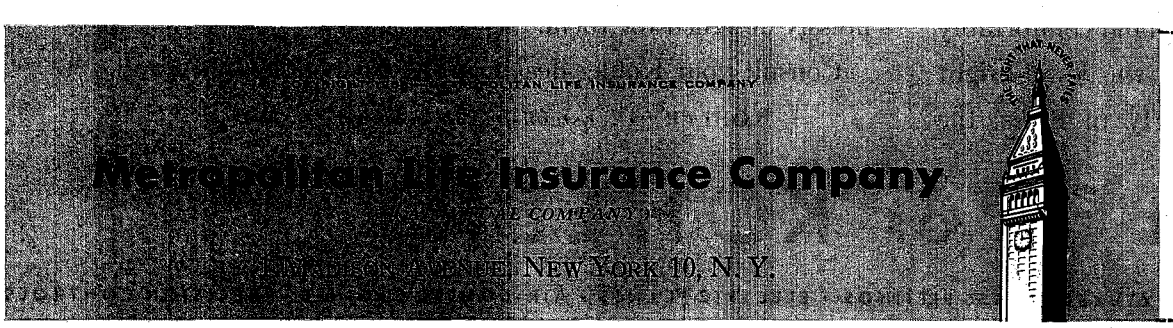
There are many factors which are thought to contribute to ulcers—too much heavy, rich, spicy food, irregularity as to meals and sleep. But emotional stress seems to be the chief culprit.

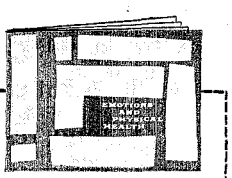
When an ulcer is discovered early and treated promptly, however, most patients can relieve their symptoms by diet, acid-neutralizing medicines, and mental or emotional discipline.

Although relief of symptoms is usually easy to achieve, ulcers sometimes have a tendency to recur and patients who have once developed an ulcer should have periodic medical supervision.

If unchecked, an ulcer may undermine general health by upsetting vital digestive processes . . . or it may penetrate the wall of the affected organ and require immediate surgery. Fortunately, operations for these complications are successful in most of the cases.

Should an ulcer occur, recovery depends largely on the patient himself. If he follows his doctor's advice about diet, medication and a normal daily routine, he stands an excellent chance of overcoming his ulcer and living out his normal life in good health.





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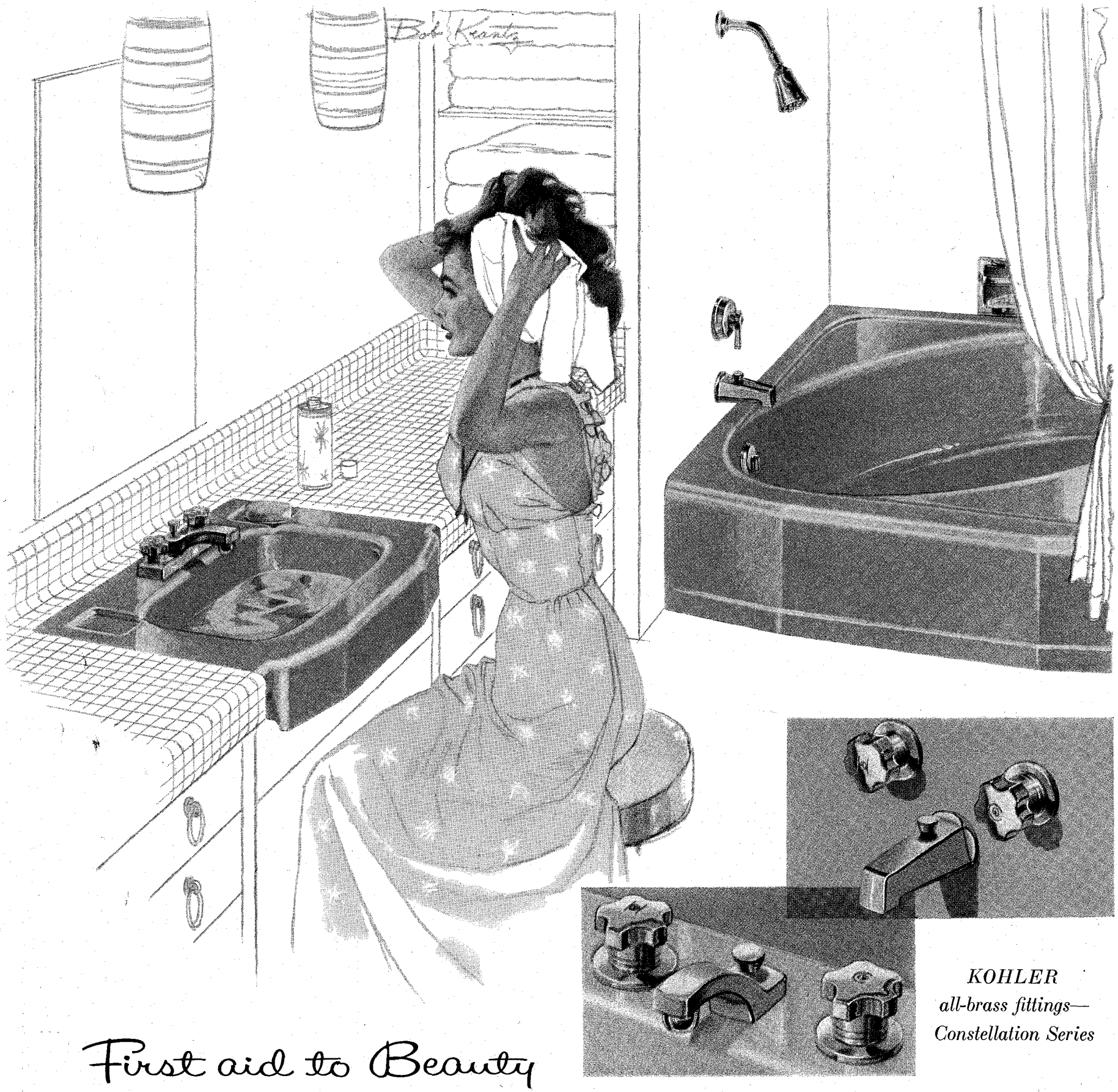

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First aid to Beauty

New Kohler fittings of distinguished style and quality unite with Kohler fixtures to make the beautifying and hygienic use of water easy, safe, pleasing.

The new fittings, Constellation Series, combine fresh harmony of design with reliability for the exacting requirements of water-flow control. They fit the hand comfortably and respond to finger pressure. Beneath the jewel-bright chromium-plating they are made entirely of brass, the most durable and serviceable metal for plumbing fittings.

Fixtures in refreshing Spruce Green—the Piedmont vitreous china lavatory set in a convenient dressing-table top, and the graceful, enameled iron Mayflower bath—are among the many Kohler types and sizes, all with new fittings expressly designed for them.

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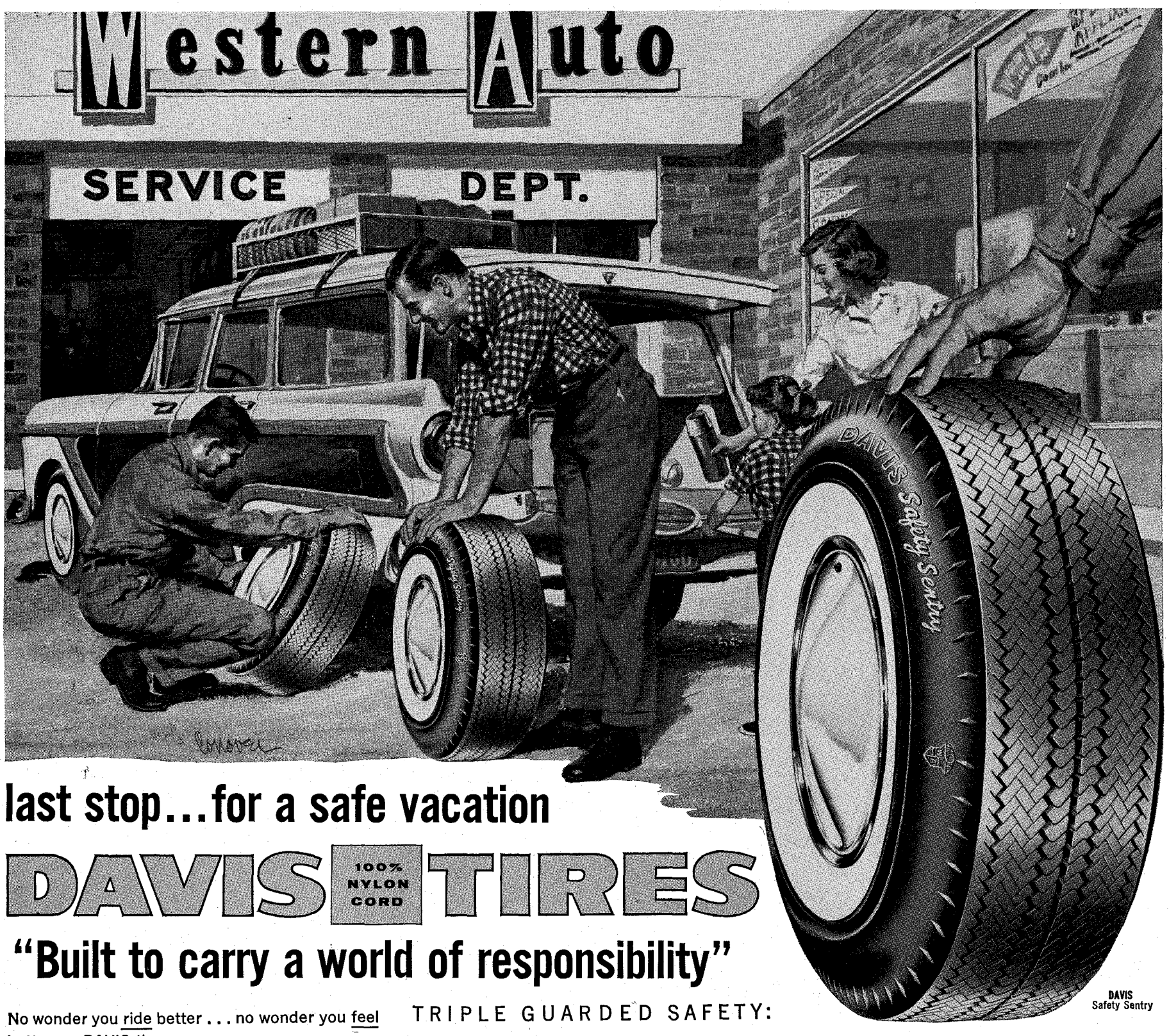

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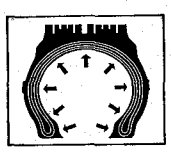
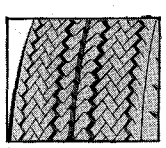


100% NYLON CORD—*Pound for Pound Stronger than Steel*—Gives you Premium Safety under the most hazardous road conditions.



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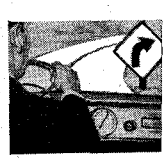

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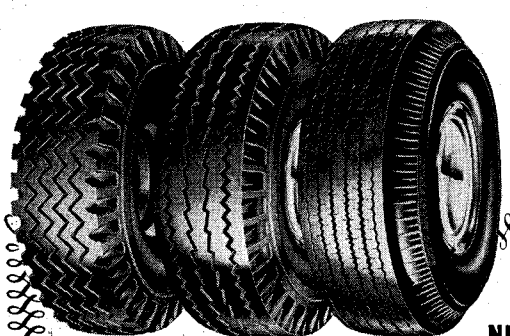

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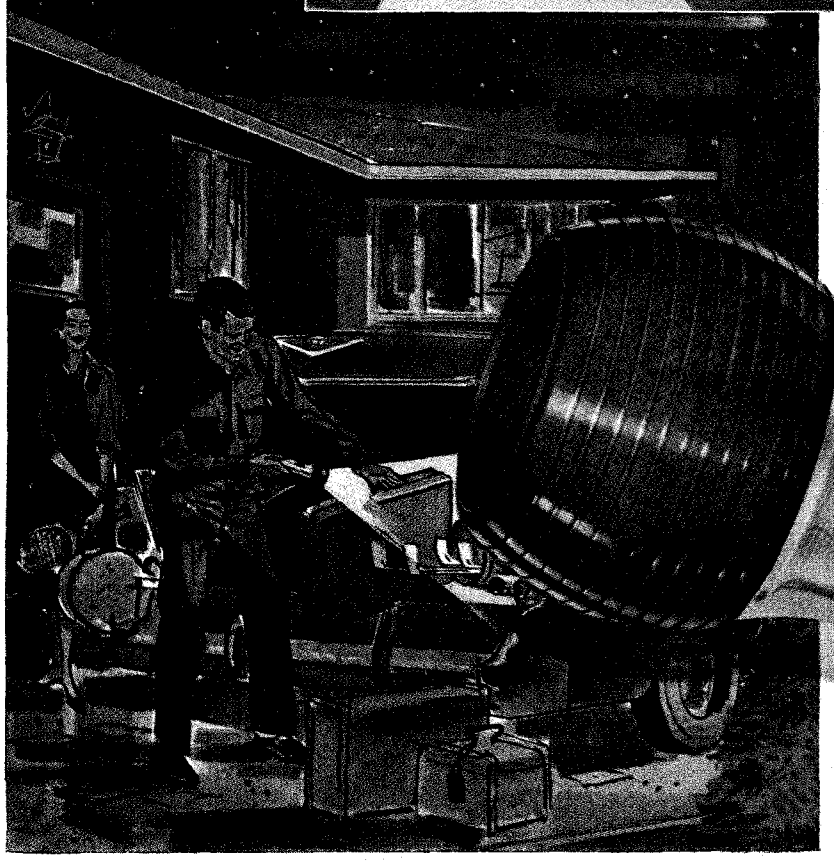

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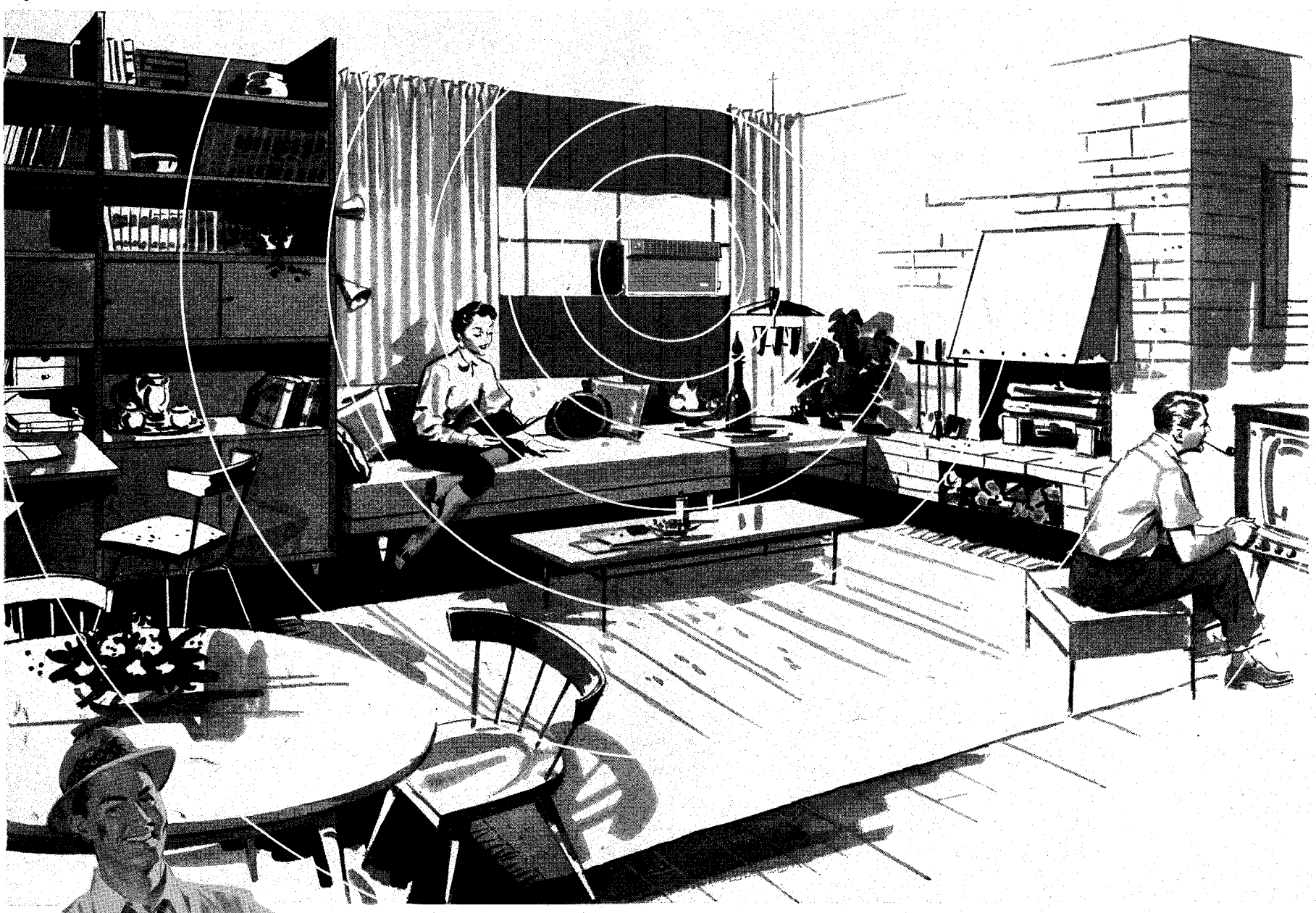

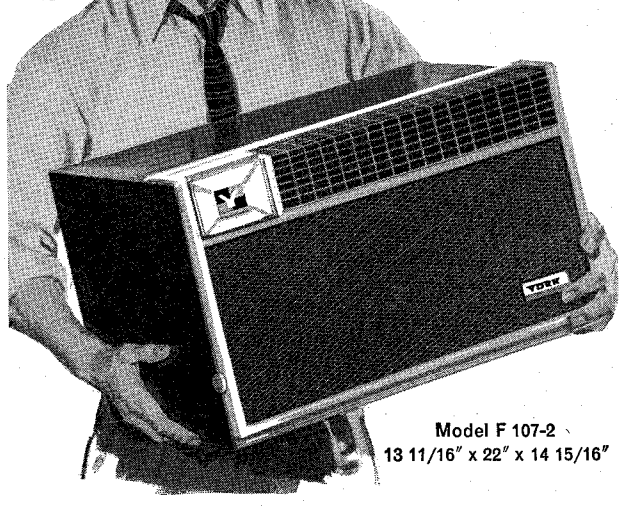

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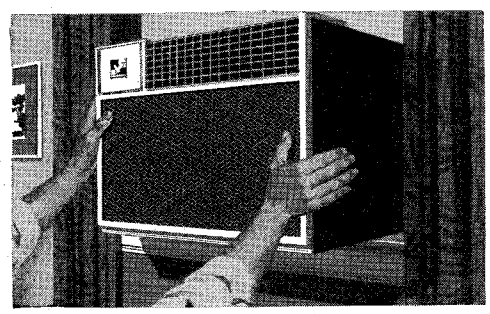
Now York proves real high-power cooling can come in a small, lightweight package ...proves installation can be fantastically quick and easy. If you have ever shopped room air conditioners, you have probably found that cooling power and size go hand in hand. That is, the higher the cooling power, the larger the size of the unit. But now, in the Power Mite, York has discovered a way to reverse this principle—a way to build a room air conditioner 2.6 cu. ft. small and give it power enough to cool over 3,769 cu. ft. of living area! And this unit is fully equipped—with exclusive Rotary Deflector Grille, 2-Speed Fan, Automatic Thermostat and new-type installation kit that's so easy to use you don't even need a screwdriver!

Now producing its 2nd million room air conditioners...



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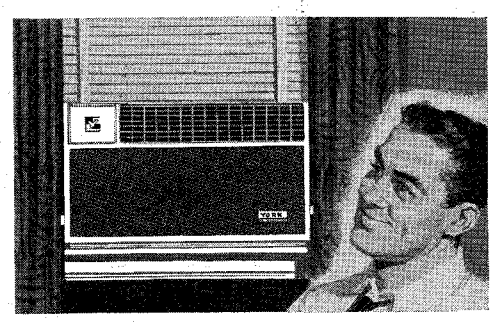

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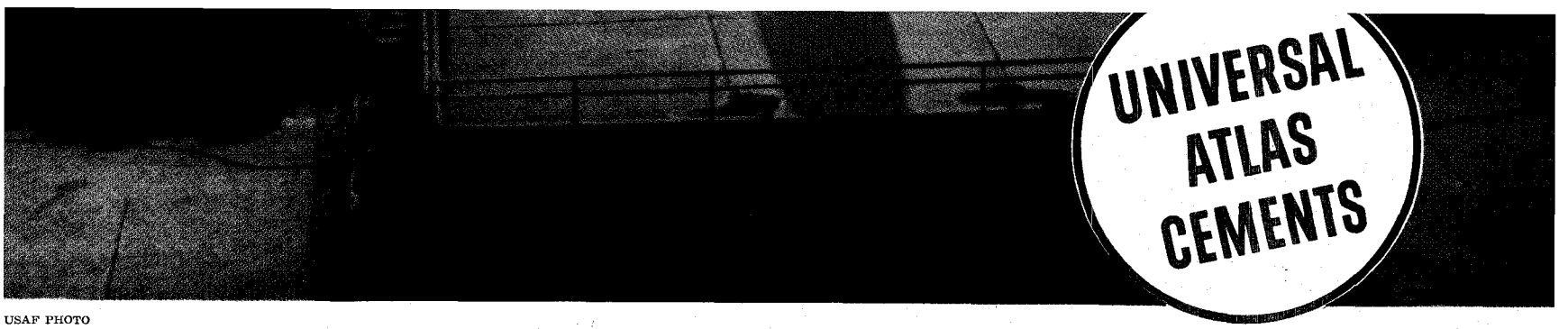

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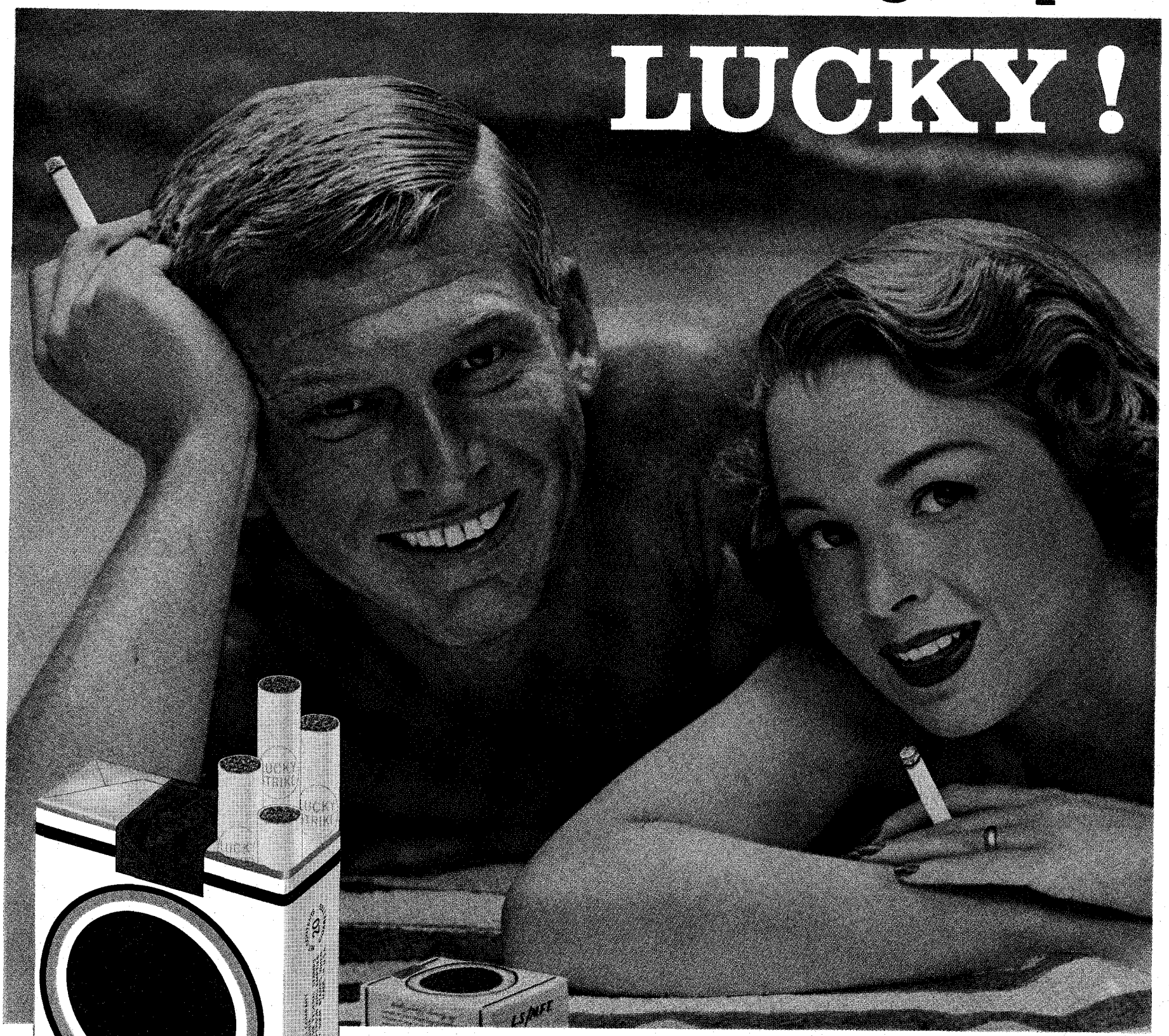
Light up a light smoke—Light up a LUCKY!



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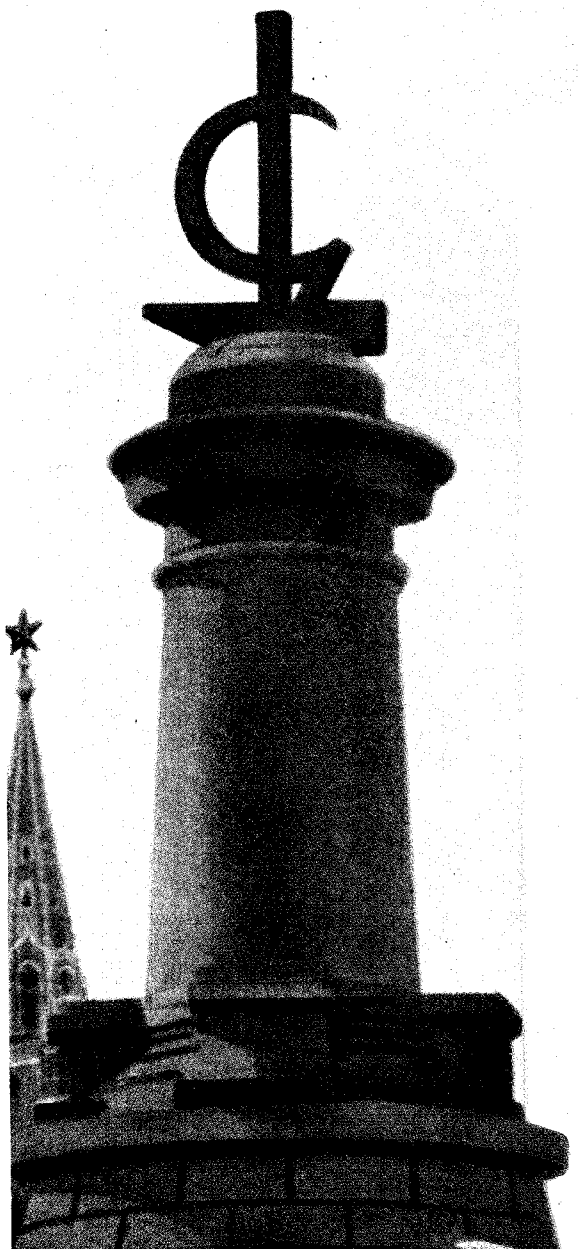

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

A shocking and revealing novel of life in Communist Russia under the haunting shadow of secret-police terror.

The automobile was not going so very fast. It seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna that it was still far enough away for her to have time to get across the street. However, that very instant, recalculating and getting frightened that she would not make it, she dashed back toward the sidewalk. The automobile, which by now had lost its speed, bumped her lightly. She fell down. The automobile stopped.

In an instant passers-by ran up and a policeman appeared from nowhere. Out of the automobile jumped a man, short but extraordinarily thickset and powerful, with an intense, authoritative face. Right after him, slamming the door with a bang, sprang the chauffeur, ready himself to accuse anyone and everyone indignantly.

Evlalia Grigorievna was helped to her feet and stood, a little embarrassed, brushing the dust off herself. Someone

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Forty years ago, Nikolai Marchenko was a soldier in the White Army, fighting the Reds in Russia's bloody Civil War. World War II swept him into a refugee camp in Germany, where he assumed the name Nikolai Narokov to escape identification by Soviet police. It was then he began writing The Chains of Fear, a novel he completed in 1951 after making his way to the United States. The chapters on police terror are authentic: in the 'thirties, during a term of imprisonment, the author faced a series of nine NKVD inquisitors. The Chains of Fear was originally written in Russian, and published in that language by the Chekhov Press, an offshoot of the Ford Foundation. Here—and in the book version published this week by Henry Regnery Company—the novel makes its first appearance in an English translation.

picked up her handbag and gave it to her. She looked around in confusion and made a hesitating step sideways.

"Well?" asked the man who had jumped out of the car. "Did you hurt yourself?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, a little." Evlalia Grigorievna smiled guiltily. "My elbow and ——"

The thickset man looked at Evlalia Grigorievna and frowned, deliberating. "Get in, since things are this way. I'll give you a lift," he said discontentedly. "Are you going far?"

"Oh, no, not far." Evlalia Grigorievna, with an air of being somehow guilty, tried to refuse.

"Get in." Without listening to her, the man issued the order in a curt way which allowed no argument. He took her by the elbow and almost forcibly sat her in the car; then turned toward the policeman who had been standing by without interfering.

"Did you see the number? Did you take it down?"

"I did," answered the policeman uncertainly.

"Then report it to headquarters! . . . Let's go, Vasya!" he shouted at the chauffeur.

The chauffeur drove about half a block at a slow speed and looked around. "Where're we going?" he asked in a surly tone.

"Where to?" The man turned to Evlalia Grigorievna.

"Me? Well, actually, I have to go to Nekrasovsky Street, but ——"

"To Nekrasovsky!" He looked at Evlalia Grigorievna. "How in the world did you manage it?" He grinned almost imperceptibly. "It was as if you—on purpose ——"

"I got frightened," admitted Evlalia Grigorievna.

"But nothing to be frightened of!"

Evlalia Grigorievna looked at him from the side. His face was not handsome; it was even disagreeable, commanding and haughty. In all his features and especially in his eyes there was something heavy, oppressive and impenetrable. His attitude seemed to reveal that kind of self-assurance which often develops into contempt for others. His clothes were made of excellent, strong material.

He sat for a minute and then slowly turned his head to Evlalia Grigorievna. "You work someplace, don't you?" he asked without curiosity, as if only to say something.

"Yes, I work."

"As a planner, an engineer, a teacher?"

"No, at a typewriter. I'm a typist."

"Where?"

"At the District Industrial Organization."

"I know, Five Karl Marx Square. At Chubuk's?"

"Yes, he's our boss."

He asked short questions, looking at her all the while in a strange way with an all-seeing, all-understanding expression. Evlalia Grigorievna had a growing feeling of embarrassment.

"Where to?" the chauffeur asked when they turned into Nekrasovsky Street.

"Where to?" the man asked Evlalia Grigorievna.

She appeared to be recollecting. "Number Thirty-two."

When they drove up to the house, the man jumped out of the automobile and extended his hand to help Evlalia Grigorievna out, with a gesture more businesslike than gallant.

"Are you a long way up?" he asked. "I'll take you up to your apartment."

"Oh, no." She appeared disconcerted. "I'm all right now."

"Wait, Vasya!" the man shouted to the chauffeur. He disregarded Evlalia Grigorievna's protests as if they did not exist.

They had to go up to the fourth floor. Evlalia Grigorievna opened the door with her key and went into a dark vestibule. The man followed. "Through here, please," she said uncertainly.

They went along a corridor which was almost completely dark and very crowded. In one place somebody's bureaus were standing, and farther on, on top of one another, stood boxes and baskets, carelessly covered with torn, dirty newspapers, yellow with age. There was a smell of dust and cats.

"We have a lot of people living here," Evlalia Grigorievna said apologetically.

"Sure. A communal floor. Fifteen or twenty people?"

"Yes, probably more. There are six rooms here and—and one small one, something like a little closet, only it's lighted. An old woman lives there."

"You have to live somewhere."

Evlalia Grigorievna went to the second door and pressed the latch. The door was locked. She rummaged in her bag for the key and turned it in the lock. "Please, after you."

The man went into the room, removed his elegant cap and looked around keenly, as if he were able to see at a glance, almost photographically. One corner of the room was partitioned off by a sideboard, a bureau and a screen; in another corner stood a partially covered bed; the furniture in the room left hardly any free space; there was no picture of Lenin or Stalin on the walls; the desk was in a terrible mess.

The furniture was old but good. It spoke wearily and despondently but distinctly of a past life full of ease, family feeling, confidence in the morrow and thankfulness for yesterday. This furniture had seen another life, gone forever, dead and already decayed. The finish was dull and scratched and even peeled in places. The velours on the sofa and the sunken armchair was worn away while the velvet cover on the little round table had a chewed and forlorn look.

"Please sit down." Evlalia Grigorievna pushed up a chair.

The man smiled slightly, but the smile did not soften his face. "Wait a minute. As long as I've come to your place as a guest, let's get acquainted. What's your name?"

"Evlalia Grigorievna."

"Evlalia!" For some reason, he was surprised. "Can it really be Evlalia?"

(Continued on Page 44)

"Life would be much easier for you, Little Bluebird, much, much easier if he weren't around," said Sophia Dmitrievna.

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"What's this, something new?" asked Sc

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The author and his two-year-old pet cheetah, a fierce-looking but comparatively gentle jungle cat.

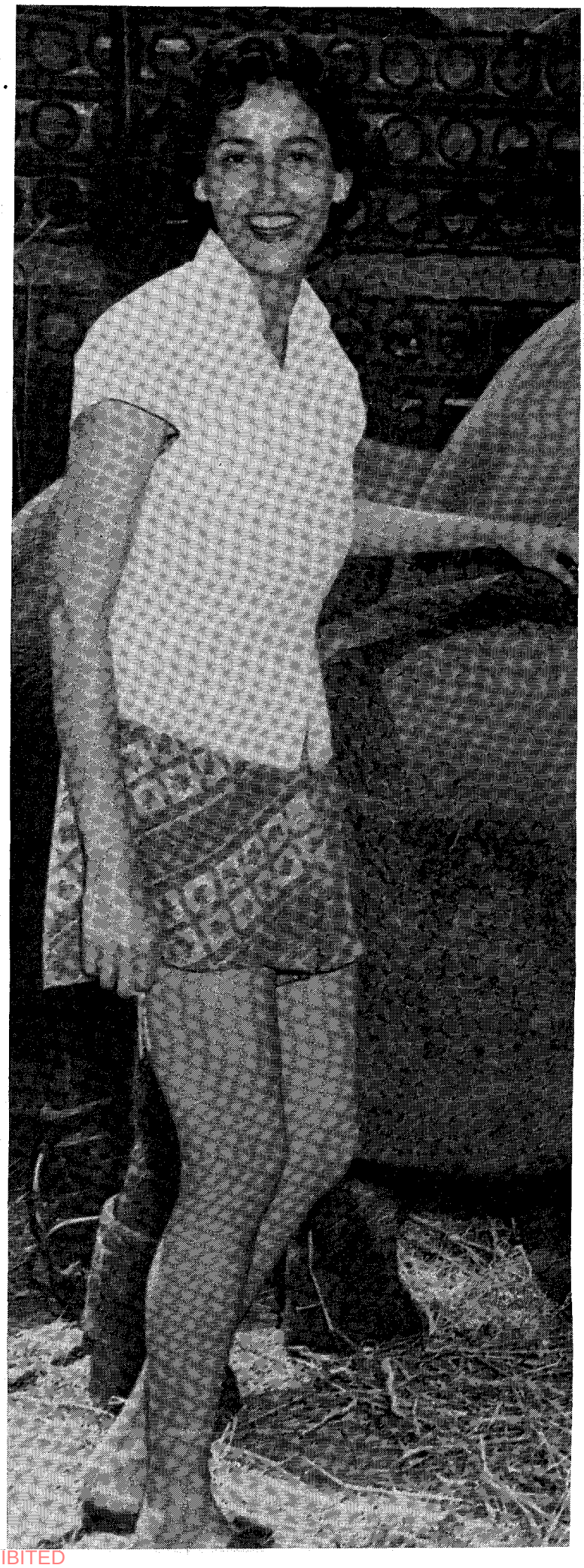
MY BEAUTY and MY BEASTS

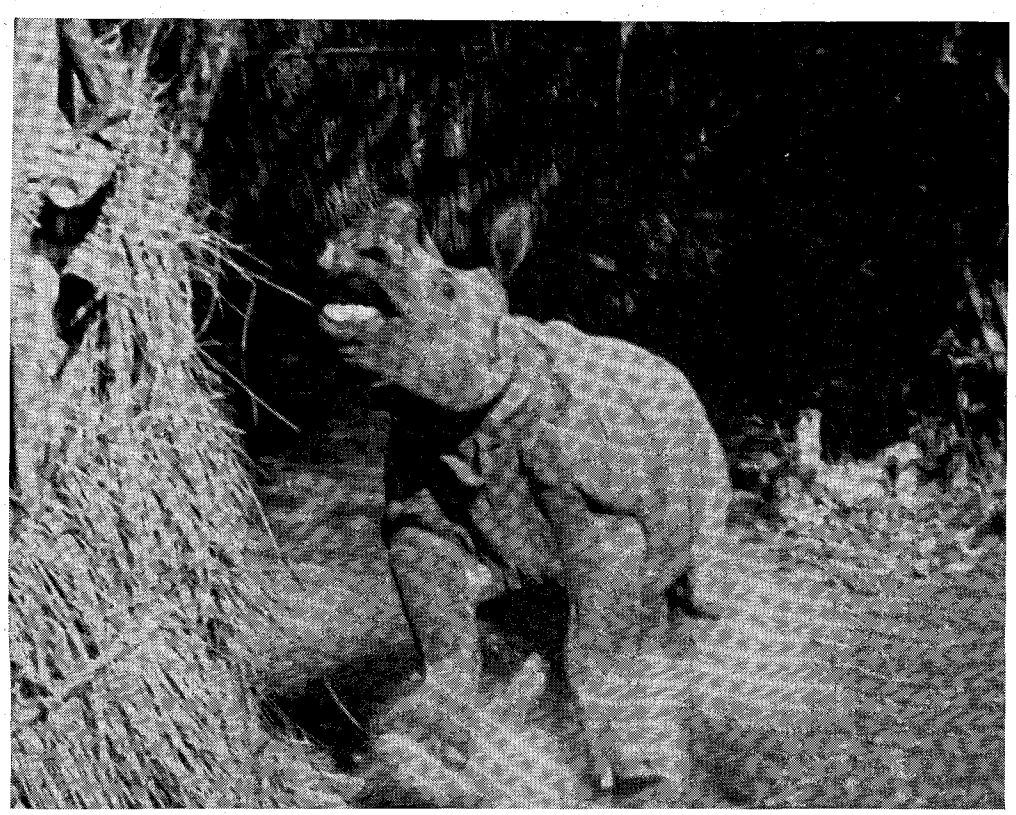
A wild-animal trapper's true account of romance and high adventure. In his dangerous profession, he has willingly risked his life—and his wife's—to bring 'em back alive.

First of Three Parts

By PETER RYHINER, as told to Daniel P. Mannix

I believe that I am the last of the great wild-animal trappers. I have caught gorillas in the Cameroons, orangutans in Borneo, rhinos in India, jaguars in South America and king cobras in Siam. I have brought into the United States over 120 elephants and handled shipments of wild animals valued at from $80,000 to $100,000. Today, such shipments are no longer possible, and I doubt if they will ever be again. Currency restrictions, conservation laws, regulations against importing or





A retreating native (note foot in upper left corner) barely outran this angry rhinoceros. When Ryhiner captured it—a rare one-horned Indian rhino—there were only about 350 living specimens.

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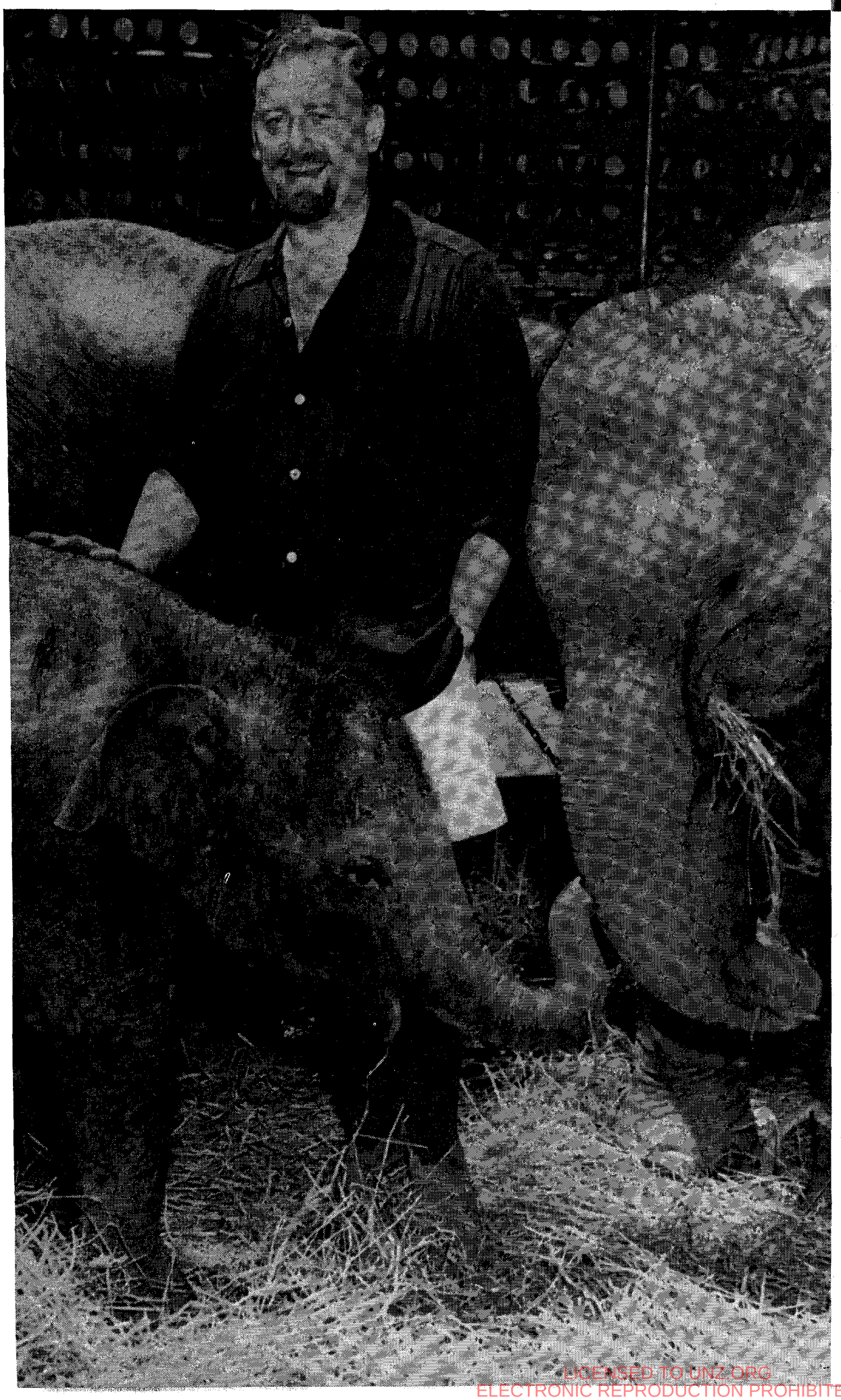
exporting many animals and increased transportation costs have all taken their toll.

Fifteen years ago it was different. Any young man with a knowledge of wild animals could plunge into the jungles of the Amazon, take his chances among the untamed tribes in the interior of Africa or strike up an acquaintance with an Indian rajah in hopes of being able to trap tigers in his state. You needed little capital; only a willingness to take risks and a feeling for animals. You might die of fever, a native spear or be mauled by one of your trophies—or you might clear $35,000 on a single shipment, as I once did.

I was born in Basel, Switzerland, on January 1, 1920. My father was a doctor who had traveled much in out-of-the-way places, and my mother had been born in Singapore, the daughter of civil servants who had spent all their lives abroad. In our household, distant lands were as common a subject for discussion as the next town. Even as a child I had a longing to travel and a passion for animals, for nearly every European community has its "traditional craft" and the traditional craft in Basel was working with animals. Many of the world's great naturalists have come from this little town. As a boy, I kept mice, guinea pigs, salamanders, frogs, toads, a baby crocodile, snakes, lizards and a fox. I spent so much time with my pets that I flunked out of two schools, and at last my despairing parents, who had hoped that I'd enter my father's profession, allowed me to follow my own bent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryhiner during a 1955 visit to civilization. Peter is now back in Southeast Asia tracking down another rare beast—a hairy Sumatran rhinoceros.



For a time I made a living by meeting ships at Marseilles, Genoa or Antwerp, and buying pet animals that the sailors had acquired in various ports, which could be resold to zoos. When I was twenty-five, I left for South America. For five years I traveled from the mountains of Peru to the jungles of India, collecting animals that varied from poisonous frogs to giraffes. I learned the maze of conflicting regulations covering the capture and exporting of animals, but then I had a run of bad luck, and in 1950 I found myself in Singapore with seventy-two cents in my pocket at a time when the country was full of Communist bandits and the animal business was at a standstill.

I was staying at the Adelphia Hotel on credit, and one afternoon as I passed through the lobby, I heard an outburst of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and cries of "Woo! Woo!" A girl was walking across the lobby toward the "horsebox"—the booth where plane tickets were sold. She was the most exquisitely lovely girl I'd ever seen, sexy, but with a touch-me-not attitude toward the crowd. She stepped into the horsebox, relieving the other girl there. She was obviously the new clerk.

In a matter of seconds, the horsebox was surrounded by a crowd of men asking for timetables, folders, general information, and trying desperately to make dates. I fought my way to the front. On closer inspection, the girl was even prettier than she'd seemed from a distance, although she'd made the mistake of using a very heavy, almost dead-white make-up. She was naturally graceful—just seeing her bend down to take a folder from a pigeonhole was a thrill. The crowd was trying to push me away (Continued on Page 74)

Left: Peter Ryhiner and his Eurasian wife with Josephine, an elephant that became one of their favorite pets. Peter has captured over 120 elephants.

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# of Richard Gant

The Surprising Trial of an Innocent Man . . . Who Testified That He Was Guilty

In Central Police Court this August morning it was a mere case of breaking the peace in a side-street taproom, but the accused at the railing was not the usual offender. He was an earnest-faced young Negro; a recent university graduate. And, as the gesticulating café owner testified to the charge, the defendant's head hung in sheepish remorse.

John Doowinkle, assistant district attorney, ended the brief hearing. A slight, spectacled man, rather stubborn-looking, he had left his desk in the department for a stint here today.

He nodded to the young defendant. "Do you wish to speak?"

"Only to say I'm ashamed and I'll pay the damage." He shook his head dismally.

The magistrate on the bench laced into him. "You go to this place, get drunk and start smashing furniture—is that what your college education did for you? The witness said you came in with another man. Who was he?"

"His name, sir, is Otto Kunster, a lecturer from Vienna touring this country. He must have left during my—ah—exhibition. I suppose he was shocked."

"I don't blame him. . . . Well, Mr. District Attorney?"

Doowinkle began, "This is a first offense, and he seems genuinely sorry ——"

"They're always sorry the next morning," the magistrate snapped. "What he needs is some education to respect law and order. Ten days in the county jail."

A little severe, John thought, but perhaps salutary. He watched as the unhappy prisoner was led away; then, caught by a movement on a back row, he saw a top-bracket lawyer rise and walk out. John stared a moment, intrigued by his interest in this minor case ——

The magistrate brought him back to the business at hand. "Next case!"

Lieutenant of detectives Bill Stuart, on his way to a lunch date with his friend Doowinkle, paused at the door to the prosecutor's division. An elderly Negro, scholarly in appearance, stood studying the sign, and the tall officer asked, "Can I help you?"

"Thank you. I'm looking for a John Doowinkle. His name is not on the door."

"Well, not yet." Stuart grinned. "I'll take you. I'm going there myself."

In John's cubicle, his caller spoke somewhat formally; he was Elisha Gant, of New Orleans. He seemed to measure John.

Offering him a chair, John said, "I know I've read about you. Aren't you the famous Doctor Gant, president of Carver College?" (Continued on Page 60)

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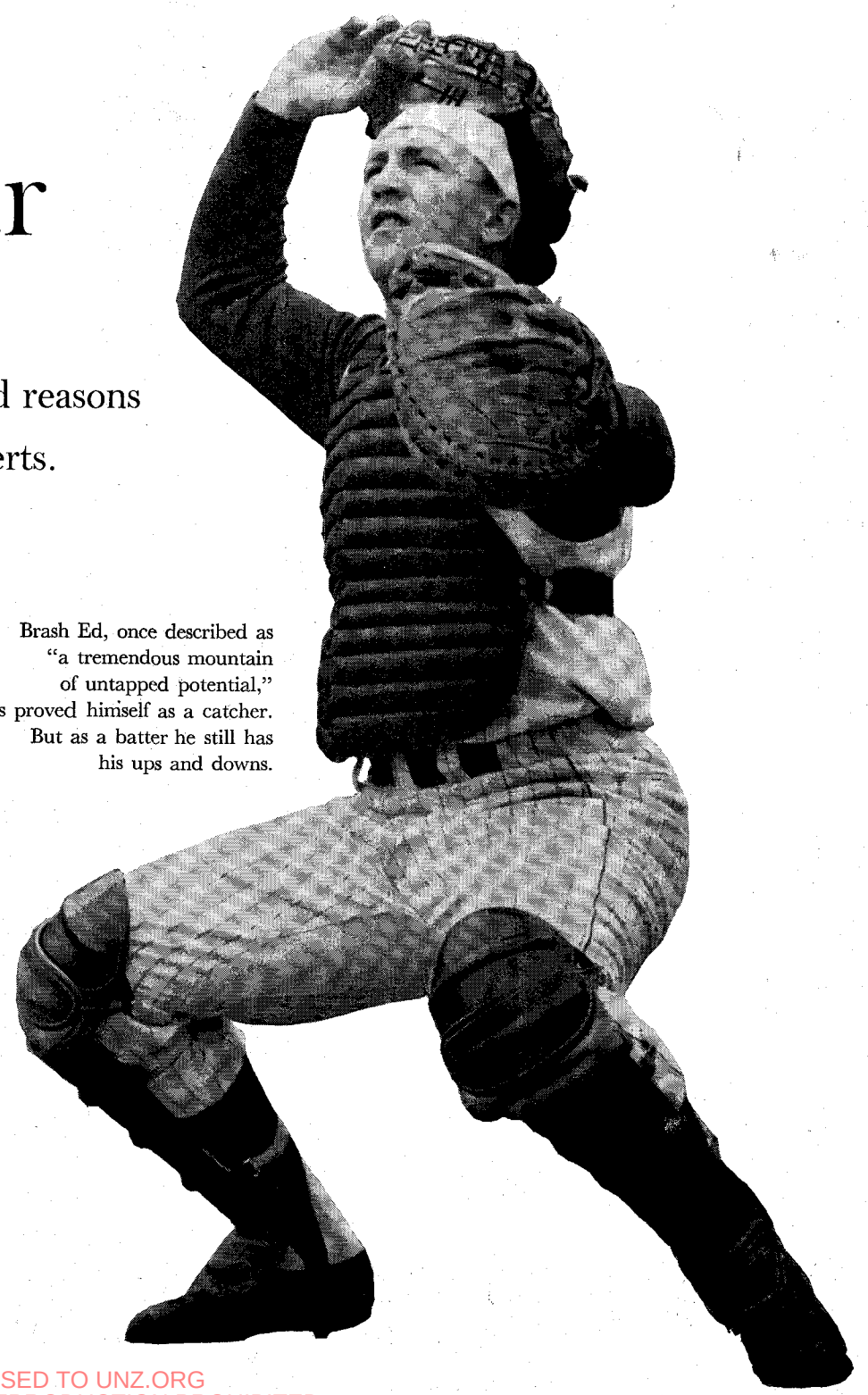
In the clubhouse, the irrepressible Bailey (No. 6) needles Don Hoak (right) about his bruised shin. With them are (from left) Steve Bilko, Gus Bell and Johnny Temple (No. 16).

Baseball's Cockiest Star

Redlegs catcher Ed Bailey, one of the game's least modest players, thinks he's got some good reasons for tooting his own horn. And so do the experts.

By EARL LAWSON



Brash Ed, once described as "a tremendous mountain of untapped potential," has proved himself as a catcher. But as a batter he still has his ups and downs.

For a couple of years now, Ed Bailey, of the Cincinnati Redlegs, has been generally recognized as the new No. 1 catcher of the National League. Even if he weren't that good, this rawboned young man from Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, would rate attention on other counts. For sheer brashness and cockiness, there has been no big-leaguer to top him since the days of Dizzy Dean.

A frequent remark of Ed Bailey's is, "I'm a pretty damn good catcher if I have to say so myself." He says this in a jocular tone, of course, but 99 per cent of the modern ballplayers would be terrified to make such a statement even in jest. Bailey keeps on saying it although it is no longer really necessary for him to plug himself.

In 1956 and again in 1957 he was named the best National League catcher, not only in the midseason fan balloting for the All-Star Game but also in a post-season poll of baseball writers by the United Press. Ask Bailey about this, and he is apt to quip that it just goes to show how intelligent the fans and writers are getting.

(Continued on Page 79)

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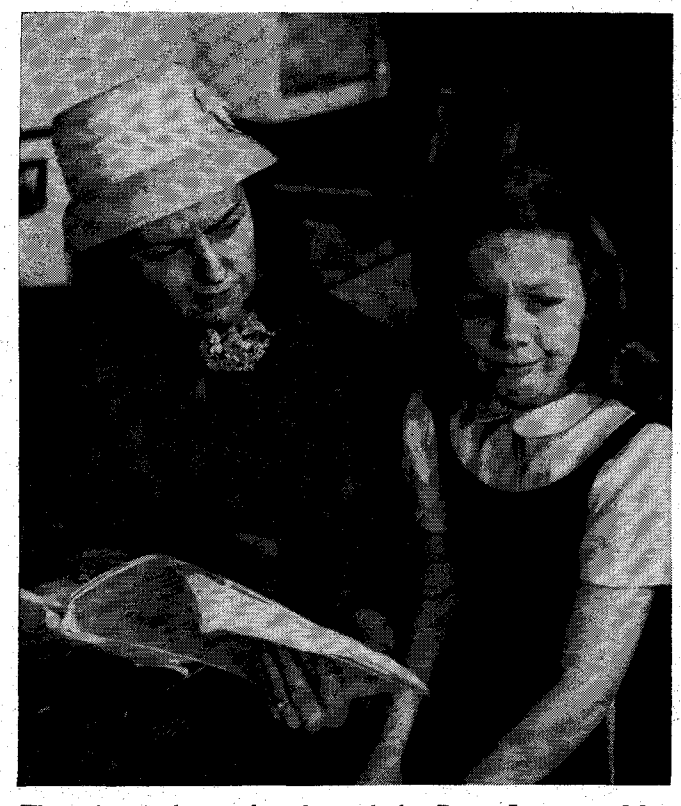
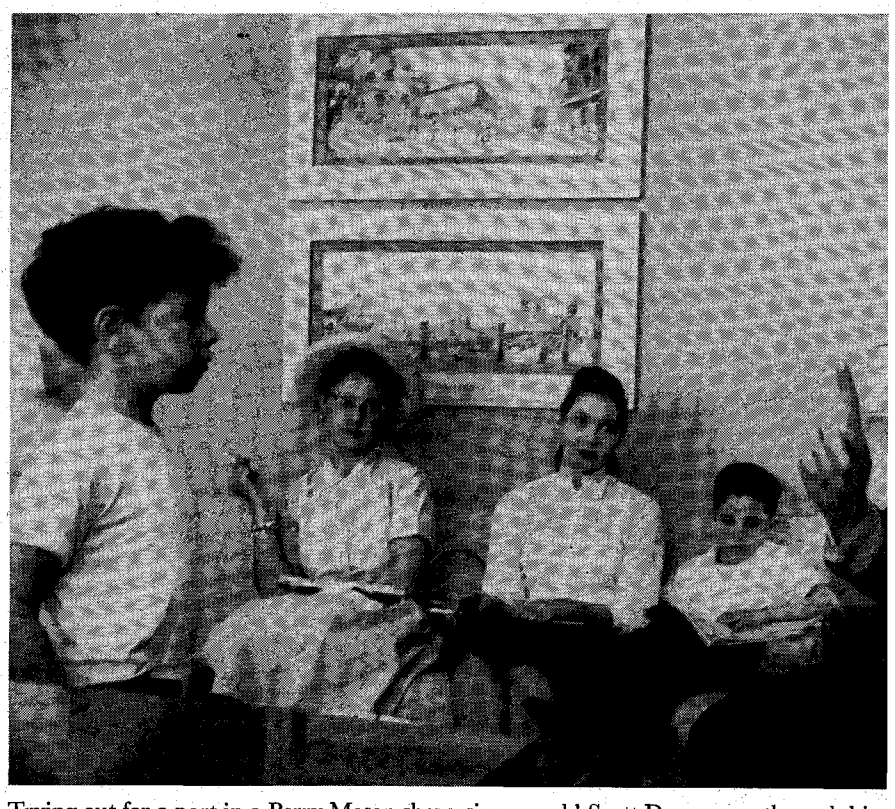
Backstage at the Junior Theater in New York, mothers intensely watch their offspring perform in Hansel and Gretel. The two spellbound little girls are sisters c



The script, not her mother, demands that Renee Jarrett cry. Mrs. Jarrett helps Renee, 12, rehearse for her part in Edge of Night.



Trying out for a part in a Perry Mason show, six-year-old Scott Davey goes through his l Roger Kay. Mrs. Davey, left at rear, waits with another mother, Mrs. D. A. Losby, an

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It's Tough Being a Child Star

If you think your child has talent, consider these penalties of stardom. But some mothers are terribly eager to get their offspring in the spotlight. . . .

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

The most exciting if not the most profitable gold rush of the year 1958 may be the stampede of child actors across Broadway stages and the television screens of the nation pursued or shepherded or vigorously pushed from behind by anxious or sensible or aggressively ambitious mothers.

"There are," one veteran casting director said recently, "more kids with more charm and more talent these days than ever before." He paused thoughtfully and an expression of happy surprise crossed his face. "Come to think of it, even the stage mothers are an improved breed—most of the time."

This pleasing commentary on the progress of small-fry aspirants to the youthful fame of Shirley Temple and Jackie Coogan does not, however, mean that the road to stardom is more clearly marked today than in the past. Many moppets with poise and talent and even brains never get beyond an Elks Club benefit show in spite of, or perhaps because of, mamma's indignant intercession with casting directors. A few others can't seem to avoid success even if they do no more than go for a stroll down Fifth Avenue on a pleasant Sunday afternoon.

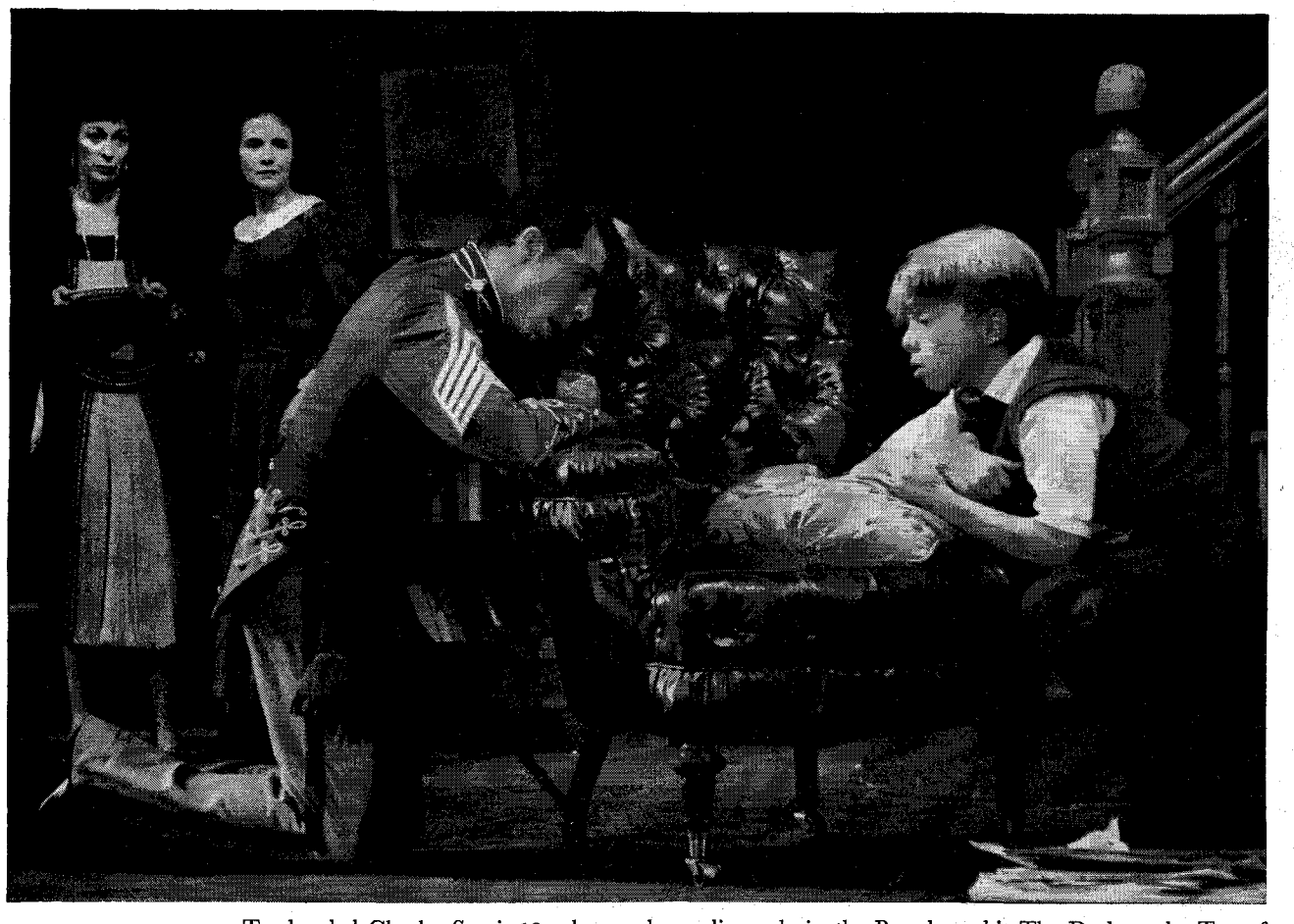
Take the case of Eddie Hodges, aged ten, a guy with a blaze of red hair across his forehead, a wild sprinkling of freckles and an ambition to play first base on his neighborhood baseball team. Eddie had been conned into laying aside his mitt one Sunday afternoon to go for a sedate walk with his father and grandfather. On Fifth Avenue they were unceremoniously stopped by a sharp-eyed woman who turned out to be a scout for television talent.

"That boy!" she exclaimed, staring at Eddie's hair, freckles and a space between his teeth. "Would he like to try to get on the Name That Tune television quiz program?"

The remarkable thing about this chance encounter was that Eddie was not a stranger to show business. At the tender age of eighteen months, he had sung a hymn, Jesus Loves Me, over a radio station in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where he was born. He was later on several radio and television programs before the family moved

(Continued on Page 82)

Music Man stars Robert Preston and Eddie Hodges. Eddie, now 10, began his career at 18 months, when he sang Jesus Loves Me on a radio station in Mississippi.



Towheaded Charles Saari, 10, plays a demanding role in the Broadway hit The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. Here Eileen Heckart (left) and Teresa Wright watch as he does a taut scene with Tim Everett.

Thirty-eight years after playing The Kid (above), Jackie Coogan is still remembered in the role. Now 43, Coogan (right) is one of the few ex-child stars who approve of careers for juveniles.

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THE SHOCK

There was something about this precocious kid that gave everyone the creeps.

By ROBERT MURPHY

Allen MacCormack, a personable young man, walked quickly out of the building where his office was, without paying too much attention to where he was going. He had worked late and was overdue at his brother Tom's house, where he was to spend the evening. His brother's handsome green-eyed wife, Deirdre, had made some vague mention of a girl; and, as Allen was lately back from a two-year stretch in South America with the oil company, his stock of girls was low. He was wondering, naturally, what this one would be like when he ran into someone. He pulled up, looked around in a bemused way, and saw a boy about eleven years old picking himself up off the sidewalk.

There was no one else immediately about, and Allen was rather surprised to think that the child, well dressed and apparently of a good family, would be alone in the middle of town so late. He extended a helping hand, which the child, on its feet by that time, slapped violently aside. Allen fell back a step and the boy, who appeared rather odd to him, gave him a look that was startling in its naked menace and hostility.

"Oaf!" the boy said. "Stupid barbarian!"

Allen stared at him, nonplused. "Well," he said, pulling himself together. "It was my fault. I'm sorry."

"You may be sorrier," the boy said.

"You'll be sorrier yourself," Allen said, beginning to get sore, "if I dust your breeches and send you home to your mother."

The boy's face took on an expression of rage so adult and venomous, so unchildlike, that Allen was more startled than before. "I would like you to try," the boy said, stared at him for a long moment, and with a strikingly feline movement turned and hurried into the building.

Allen stared after him, more disturbed by the encounter than he wanted to admit to himself; and his arm, now that he became aware of it, felt as though it had been hit with a club instead of a boy's hand. He flexed it several times, swore, and then walked on to the parking lot where he had left his car that morning.

He was still thinking of the boy when he turned into his brother's driveway and saw a fire-engine-red sports car parked in it. This was an interesting development, and distracted him; he parked his own sports car behind the other one and went into the house. There was no one in the living room, but he could hear the television in the other, smaller living room next door. Tom and Deirdre, like himself, watched television infrequently, and this room had been set aside for the two little girls and the "twenty-one" screen. He opened the door and looked in.

The boy he had encountered so unpleasantly was on the screen, talking, and with a feeling of malaise Allen turned away from him and looked at the family group. The two little girls were sitting on the floor, rapt; Tom and Deirdre and a strange girl, tall, black-haired and very pretty, were all standing and watching the screen with an air of fascination.

"Hey!" he said.

They all turned, except the little girls. Tom grinned, put a finger to his lips and turned back again. That was unusual, for him. The girl's dark eyes rested on Allen for a moment and she smiled slightly; the effect was unexpectedly pleasant, coming from a complete stranger. Only Deirdre moved. She came over to him, put a friendly hand on his shoulder, and whispered, "Watch this little monster. It's important, and anyhow he won't be on much longer."

"You've all betrayed me," he said, and gave her a brotherly kiss.

"We've done our best," she whispered, glanced toward the girl, and grinned. "But that's for later. Watch, now. Watch good."

She moved away again, and Allen looked back at the screen. Warned that something was afoot, that they were going to discuss the thing later, he concentrated on the boy. The fleeting impression of oddity which had struck him when he first saw the boy strengthened.

The boy was quiet for a moment—the announcer was talking about his sponsor's product—but in his quietness there was a complete muscular immobility like an adult's. There were no boy's unceasing nerve impulses to move a hand or a foot; nothing. Also, his face hadn't the soft, unformed boy's look, but an appearance of having gone through its changes and set. It may have been caused by the excitement and tension of the moment, and most people wouldn't have thought about it, but Allen saw it. It gave him a strange feeling, as though he were looking at a small but otherwise normal adult, whose growth had ended during boyhood, but who was still dressed up in boyhood's clothes.

"And now," the announcer said, "we come back to our young friend, Alexander Bovary. As we all know, Alexander, whose specialty is history, has swept the deck clear of his youthful rivals and tonight tries for his college scholarship at Harvard. This scholarship includes his Ph.D., which, in case you don't know it, folks, is a lot of scholarship. . . . Before we start the final questions, Alexander, I want you to stand up and give our audience a big, scholarly smile."

(Continued on Page 68)

"Oaf!" the boy said.
"Stupid barbarian!"

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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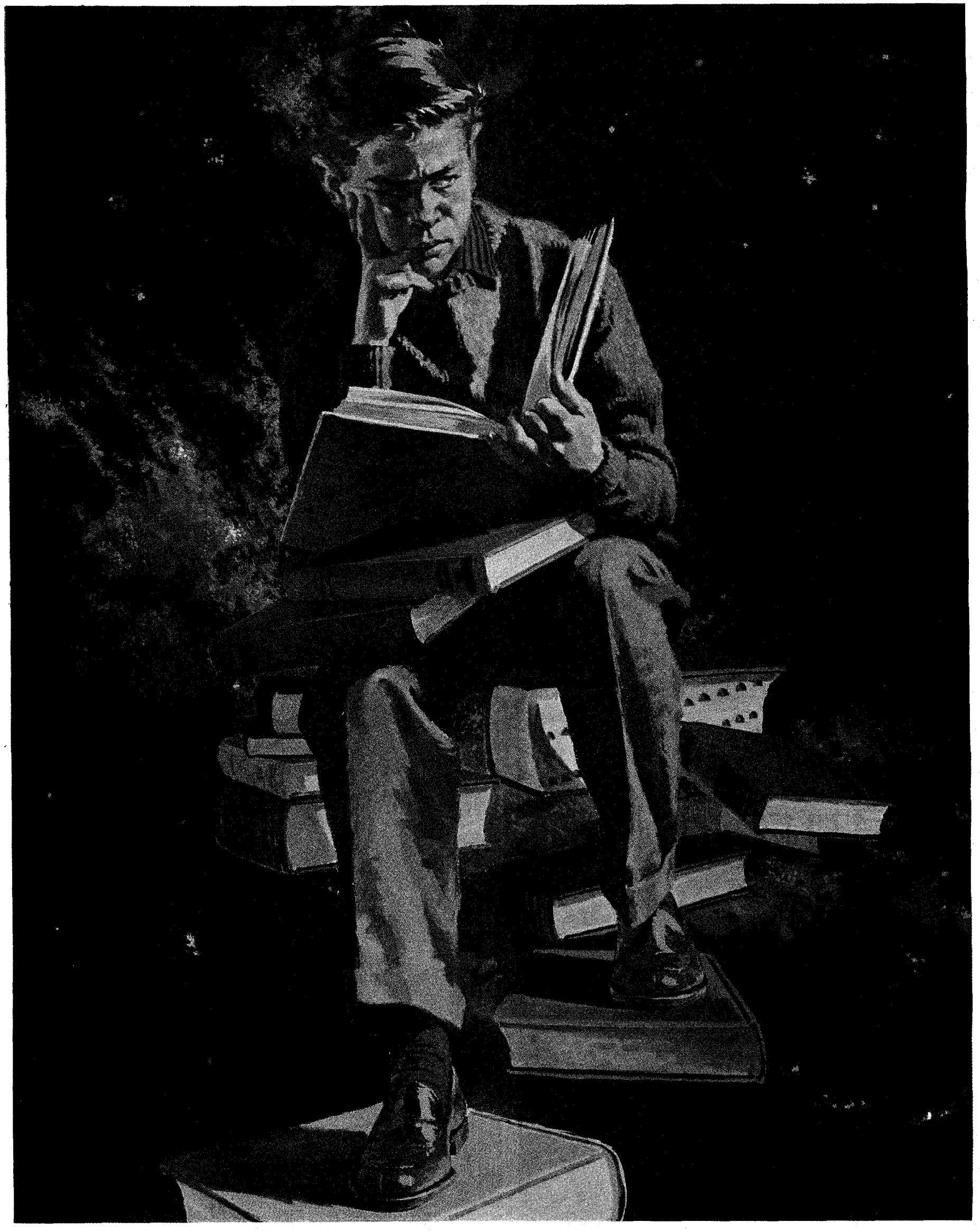

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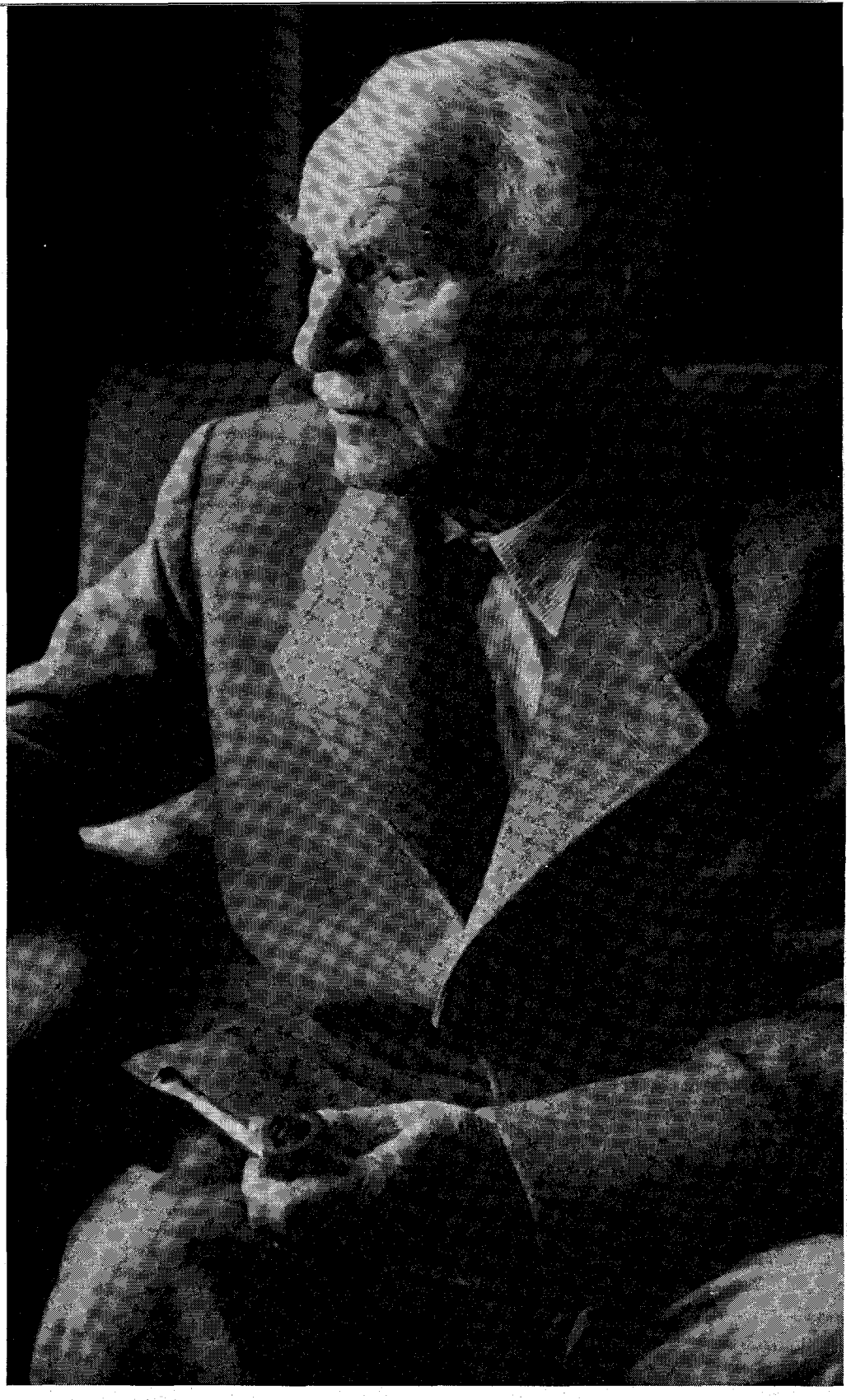
"In a tense, restless, problem-ridden age,
which constantly bombards our
minds with conflicts and anxieties,
he offers a therapy for those in trouble."

At 83, Dr. Carl Gustav Jung, one of the most remarkable of living men, continues to bare the deep mysteries of the human mind. To him we owe such terms as "inferiority complex."

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

He Probes the Human Soul



ZURICH.

It is impossible, on meeting Doctor Jung, not to be struck by the tremendous force that emanates from him. The greatest living explorer of the human soul, whose therapeutic treatment has helped thousands, seems, somehow, an authentic piece of nature; you would not be too much surprised to see moss growing on his robust shoulders or to discover that his feet are tree trunks rooted in the ground. Now eighty-three years old, and busy with a dozen projects, Carl Gustav Jung is an extremely grand old man.

His writings, dealing with all aspects of the human psyche, range from Psychology of the Unconscious and Psychological Types—his two hardy classics—to books on mass psychology, Far Eastern thought, Catholic dogma, extrasensory perception, mythology, and even flying saucers. While men like Arnold Toynbee, the historian, and other leading modern thinkers acknowledge their indebtedness to him, innumerable others have, unwittingly, borrowed some of his basic concepts. Throughout the Western world there is a growing interest in Jung's ideas among churchmen, teachers and college students, as well as among the general public. But the incisive influence the Swiss psychiatrist has had on our age can best be measured by those telltale little changes we've come to make in our attitudes toward the world and ourselves. How many of us are aware that modern household words like "introvert" and "extrovert" and "complex"—as in "inferiority complex"—are C. G. Jung's inventions?

None of this means that Jung is "popular." Writing and talking merrily over most people's heads, the doctor does not really expect to be understood. Once, after a lecture on Human Behavior that he had delivered at Harvard University on the occasion of its 1936 tercentenary, he found himself walking behind two of his listeners.

"To tell the truth," he heard one of them say, "I didn't understand a word of it."

"Neither did I," rejoined the other, "but one does have the feeling the fellow knows what he's talking about." It was one of the finest compliments he's ever had, says Jung.

(Continued on Page 104)

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GIRLS ARE FOR THE ASKING

At least that's what his shipmates told him.

By WILLIAM HOLDER

Eddie was a little frightened about the whole business. It was exciting, all right, going out with McCall and Ski. They were a lot older and they were both Machinist Mates 1/c—McCall had three hash marks and Ski had two. But he sure felt funny about the whole thing.

As soon as they were out of the yard, McCall waved for a cab and they got in. McCall told the driver, "Kelly's," and they settled back in their spotless, carefully pressed whites. McCall and Ski wore tailor-mades, and Eddie knew he'd have to get some. The three red stripes on his upper left arm continued to catch the corner of his eye.

Ski was big and blond. "So we go to Kelly's. The kid's gonna get a girl at Kelly's?"

"The fueling operation has precedence," McCall said. He was slim and dark and handsome. "Kelly's supplies room for thought. This is not a matter to be considered lightly. Besides, it's still too early. Whoever heard of being social at four o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I did," Ski said. "And at ten o'clock in the morning."

"It's just your steaming Polish blood. Try to act like a civilized human being once in a while."

"If it's all the same to you," Eddie said, "I'd just as soon go to a movie."

Ski grunted and McCall threw up his hands. "What is the Navy coming to? We're three weeks at sea and an able-bodied American youth who just made Fireman comes ashore and wants to go to a movie! Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"No," Ski said. "Not in my born days. It wasn't like that in my time."

McCall leaned back in his seat and shook his head. "I don't figure it at all. For almost six months we sit in the Mediterranean, and all that lush stuff is draping itself around our shoulders, and (Continued on Page 56)

"Maybe you'd want me to walk you home?" he asked.

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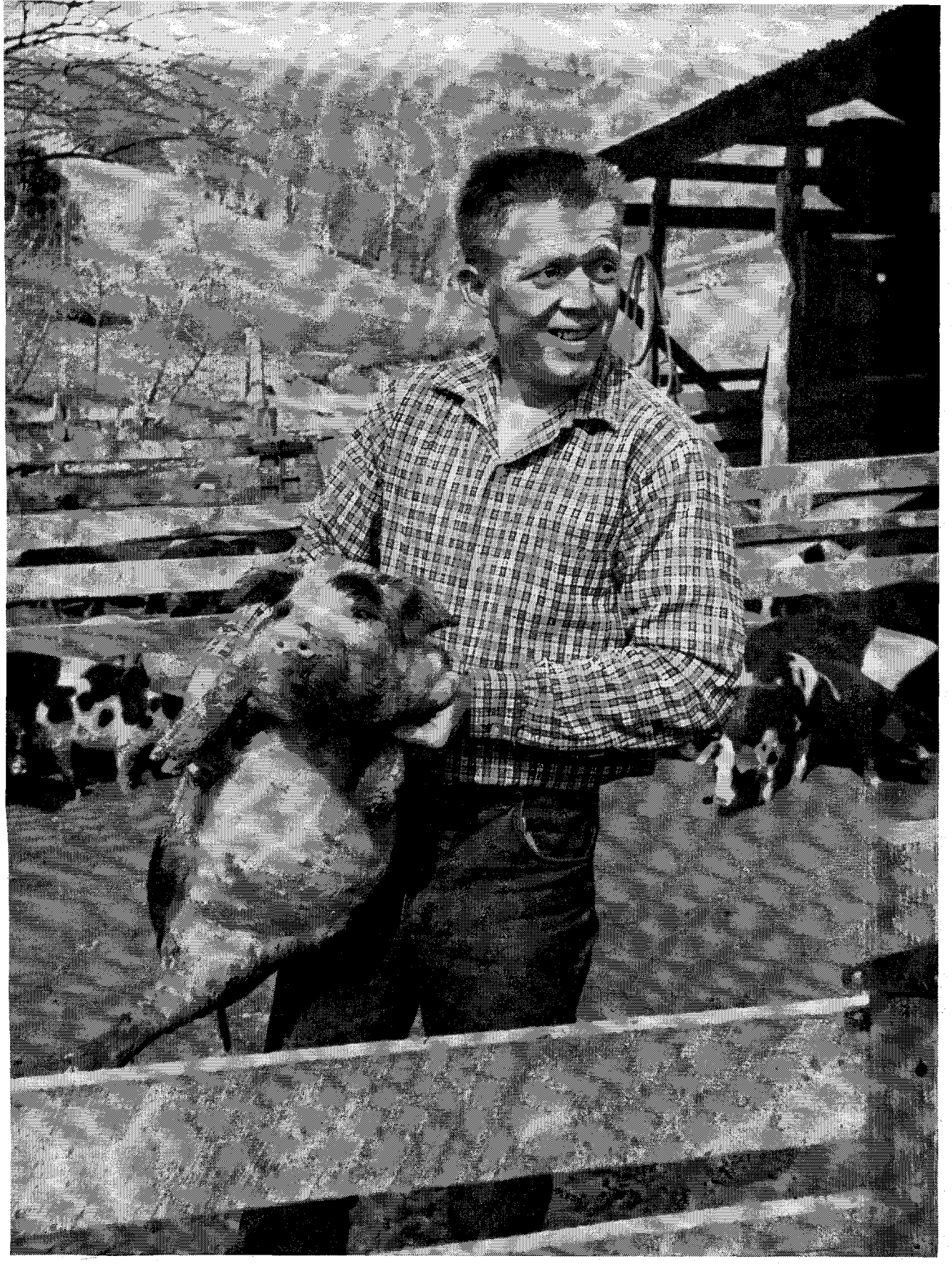
Revolution Down on the Farm

Science is making some startling changes in America's traditional way of life. New ways of farming promise to affect what we eat and wear, and how we live.

By NEIL M. and PEARL H. CLARK



John Gill, Jr., raises pigs owned by a local feed distributor. The feed man pays John two cents a pound for their gain in weight. This new system, sometimes called "contract farming," enables small operators to get started.

Feed dealer Walter Tanner (right) shows John Gill and his son a model of a "pig parlor"—a de luxe pigsty which helps to make pigs happy and more valuable. The Gills built one on their Fayetteville, Tennessee, farm.

A remarkable revolution is under way on the farms of America—not the much publicized political revolt in which disgruntled farmers are demanding the scalp of Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, but rather a quiet, fundamental tide of change that is drastically altering traditional patterns of farm life and is reshaping consumers' buying and eating habits. The recruits in this revolution are the modern farmers, small ones and large ones, who are solving their own problems by taking advantage of new and better methods of production and management. Instead of crying doom at the passing of the old order, they are adapting the latest in science, technology and business methods—and they see ahead of them an era of extraordinary promise.

Recently we traveled thousands of miles across the country to get a grass-roots view of these big changes in agriculture and to explore their meanings for farmers and consumers. We found the trail of one kind of revolutionary farming at Manchester, Tennessee, where as consumers we ate breakfast at a roadside restaurant and paid a total of one dollar for four poached eggs. We wondered how much of this price the poultry farmer received for producing the eggs and how he was getting along. This led us to Bill Coley's farm home, snug and white on eighty-five hilly acres south of Rocky Face, Georgia.

Bill Coley is a stocky fellow who wears freshly laundered bib-type overalls. He is confident that he knows everything in the book—and some that isn't printed—about chickens. While inspecting his modern two-story henhouse, we discussed the farm price of eggs and computed that the four eggs we had eaten at breakfast, for which we paid one dollar, returned him less than three cents. We expected Coley to blow his top, cuss out Benson and claim that farmers are being robbed.

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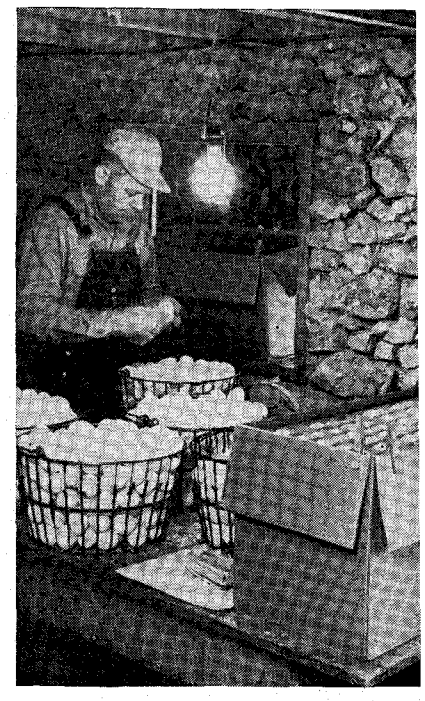
But he didn't. He pointed out that he is only one of many in the chain of people required to produce eggs, get them to market, grade them, sell them and put them on the consumer's breakfast plate.

"These prices would kill me if I had only 500 hens like I used to keep," Coley said. But the revolution has come to his place. He keeps 6000 hens and last year they laid 1,500,000 eggs. He has become a specialist in producing eggs. He formerly farmed in traditional fashion, raising a patch of this and a patch of that, eating regularly, but usually clearing only a few hundred dollars a year for his hard work. Now he is a successful small businessman with an income of around $14,000 a year, more than half of it net.

There's little traditional agriculture left on Coley's farm. He owns his farm, buildings and equipment, but the flock of hens that yield many tons of eggs yearly don't belong to him. They are the property of the Tennessee Egg Company, a Chattanooga poultry-processing firm. Coley has a contract with Tennessee Egg under which the company furnishes the chickens and pays a fixed fee, plus incentive bonuses, for their management. In other words, Coley is a "contract farmer"—a kind that is becoming increasingly numerous.

Here is the way it works: The company supplies Coley with baby chicks, the best obtainable. He raises these chicks to maturity, and when they are six months old he puts them in his laying house, where they stay in full production for about fourteen months. When the hens grow old and production slumps, Coley has a fresh flock ready to take over.

The company has a local representative, Noah Carpenter, who sees that Coley is kept supplied with feed and technical advice. Coley's job is to keep the hens healthy, well fed and at their job of producing eggs. Caring for 6000 high-producing hens is more than one man can handle, so Coley hires his brother to help, paying him (Continued on Page 92)



In Georgia, Bill Coley (right) earns abou
a year gross income as a contract poultr

Modern ranchmen take every precaution to keep livestock healthy. After dipping, these Utah cattle spend time in a special drying room before being turned

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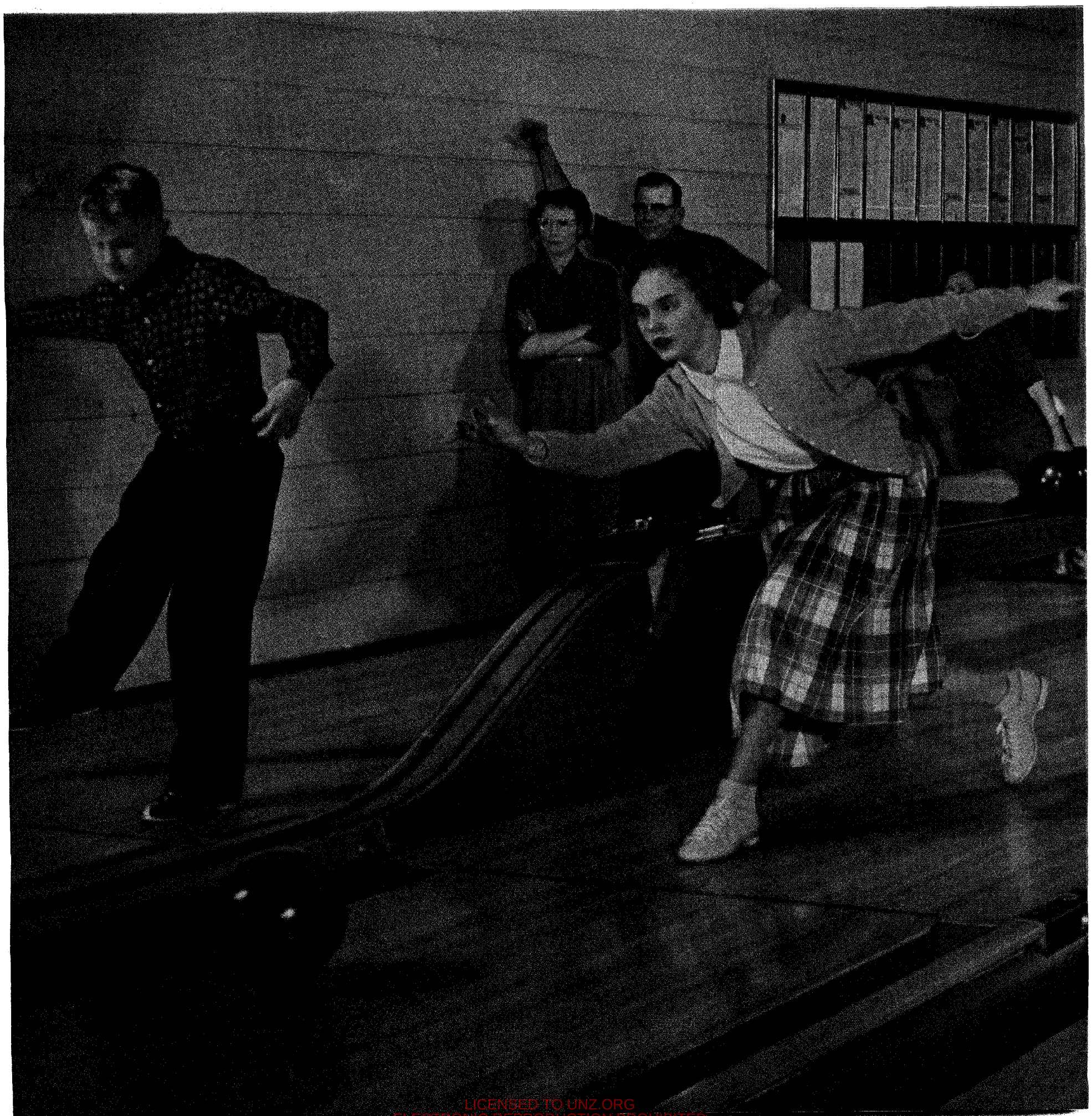
The Face of AMERICA

Strikes and Spares



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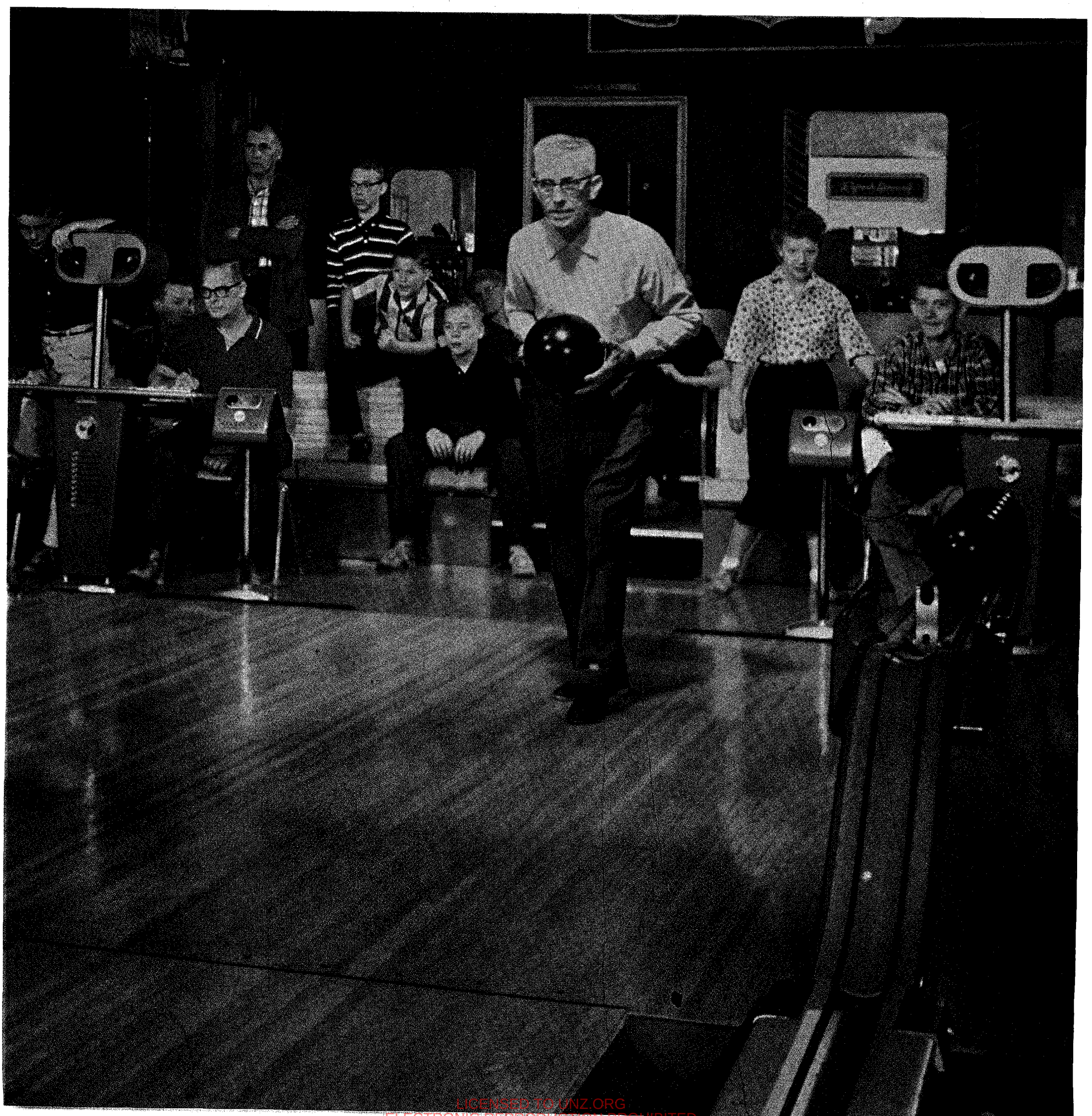
Bowling was invented by cave men thousands of years ago, and it has been growing more popular ever since. One old story has it that Sir Francis Drake let the Spanish Armada wait while he finished a game. Rip Van Winkle took his long nap near a spooky Catskill bowling resort. Today, the American Bowling Congress estimates, more than 22,000,000 Americans bowl about 800,000,000 games a year on 7880 indoor alleys.

In 1841, gamblers had made bowling so disreputable that New York outlawed it. Now it's a family sport. Take the Lynbrook bowling alleys on Highway 100, in Minneapolis. Blair McKinley (left, below) came with his parents (leaning against the wall). Tona Erickson, the plaid-skirted teen-ager, had a bowling date with a boy. Earl Davis, in the alley next to Tona, brought his wife along.

Neon décor, luxury snack bars and automation mark the bowling greens of today. Some of the fancier, million-dollar tenpin palaces look like night clubs and maintain nurseries for children too young to bowl. Which all goes to show that man, the master of the universe, is still child enough to take his pleasure in a Stone Age game. ◉ Photograph by George Burns



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"You," he said, "are going to paint the den?"

Father Was Overruled

When the ladies in the family have a brainstorm, what chance has a poor man got?

By STEVE McNEIL

Mr. Richard McKnight settled down with his evening paper and was more or less thankful that it was the first week in June. His daughter, Susan, was home from college, which event was a mixed blessing. The exchequer would, of course, be able to recover somewhat from the blows it had received in the last nine months. This was a blessing, Mr. McKnight realized, of no small proportions. However, this was somewhat outweighed by certain other happenings. They had lost the use of their telephone, for one thing.

"The telephone," Richard screamed, "is an instrument for communication, not a back fence over which to gossip."

Richard's wife, Edith, said, mildly, "She hasn't seen her old friends for a long time. They have things to talk over."

"Talk over!" Richard said. "Last night she was on the upstairs extension, playing some record with one of those new-type crooners singing some dopey song entitled, You Ain't Too Smart. She played it six times."

"You know, it isn't a bad song. I didn't like it at first, but ——"

"I didn't like it the first time, or the sixth," Richard said.

He could, he realized, lay down the law about the use of the telephone, but he had long since learned that when he became heavy-handed, both Susan and Edith acted as if he were some sort of brutal monster and took to whispering in the kitchen. He never did know what they said, but he had a few ideas about it. Presumably they were agreeing that he was just getting old and cranky.

If he was getting cranky, he had good reason. Edith could never bring herself to go to sleep until Susan was in the house. She naturally assumed that since she could not sleep, he could not sleep either. So, when Susan was out, Edith set up housekeeping in bed. She brought sewing, reading, coffee, a sandwich and very often a manicure set. She was a conversational reader, being unable to read anything without sharing it with Richard.

If she manicured her nails, she wanted to visit; if she ate a sandwich, she wanted him to take bites. Once in a while he'd say, "For heaven's sake, Edith, I'm trying to get some sleep."

She'd then subside hurtfully into a silence that was noisier, in its way, than her conversation.

"What in the devil do they find to do until one o'clock in the morning?" Richard would moan.

"What did you find to do when you were nineteen?"

"I was a drugstore cowboy," Richard said. "We hung around and whistled at the girls, but I don't suppose she's doing that."

"Certainly not. She's just being whistled at."

Of that, Richard was certain. Sometimes he looked at his daughter objectively, and then subjectively became alarmed. She now seemed less like his daughter than like some sleek, tanned, sloe-eyed creature who had come for a visit. He remembered nostalgically the sweet-smelling little blonde who used to climb up on his lap and fish for the nickel he used to put in his shirt pocket for bait. He remembered with amusement the long-legged, pigtailed tomboy who had more skinned knees and elbows than any boy in town. And now, suddenly and seemingly without warning, there was this throaty-voiced female in the house—this shining-haired thing with long, beautiful legs, who had hearts palpitating all over town.

She hadn't been home from college more than two days when crew-cut young men of all shapes and sizes began to arrive. They came by foot, in shining convertibles, in sports cars and in sleek, customized jobs.

Now, as Richard turned to the editorial page, he heard murmurings out in the kitchen which were, he knew, completely unrelated to (Continued on Page 101

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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These coeds in this year's Ka Palapala (student yearbook) beauty contest represented only a few of the Islands' many racial groups. From left: Chinese, Caucasian, Cosmopolitan (mixed) and Japanese.

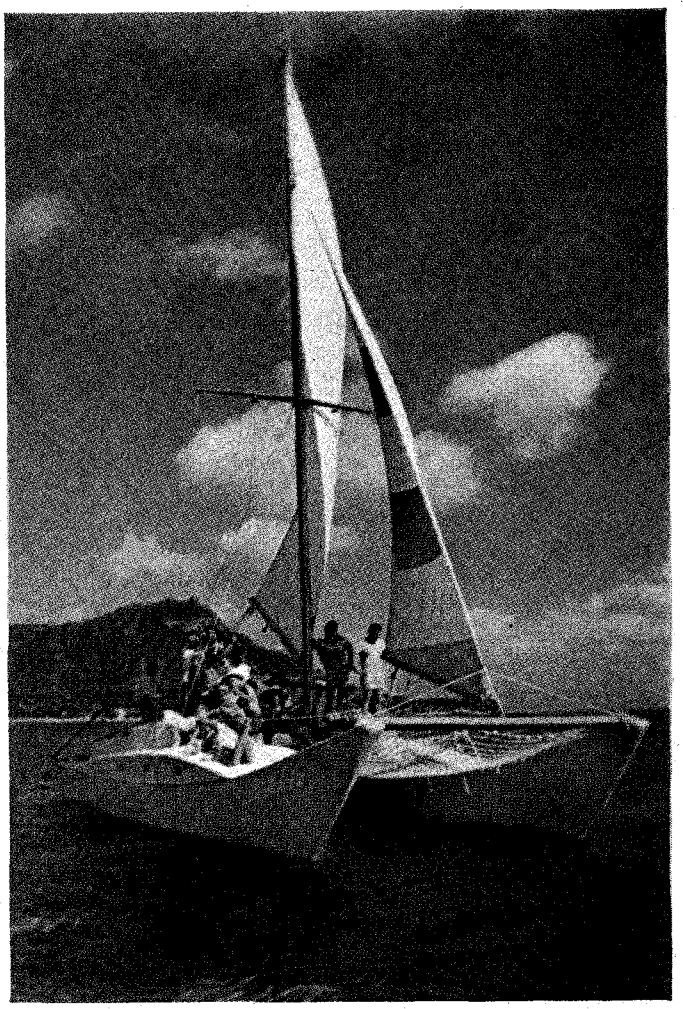
Colorful Campus of the Islands

The University of Hawaii has America's most unusual melting pot full of students. They encounter a multitude of distractions, but most of them manage to get down to the hard business of studying.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Photographs by Werner Stoy

Below: Waiting out the judges' decisions. A beauty queen is named for each of seven major races on campus.



Few other campuses offer such exotic extracurricular activities as sailing off Diamond Head in February.

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Nestling against the mountains that rise behind Honolulu, at the mouth of the lush Manoa Valley and a mere two miles inland from Waikiki Beach, is one of the most unusual and colorful campuses on American soil. The physical setting itself is picturesque enough, but what really sets the University of Hawaii apart is the multi-racial make-up of its student body.

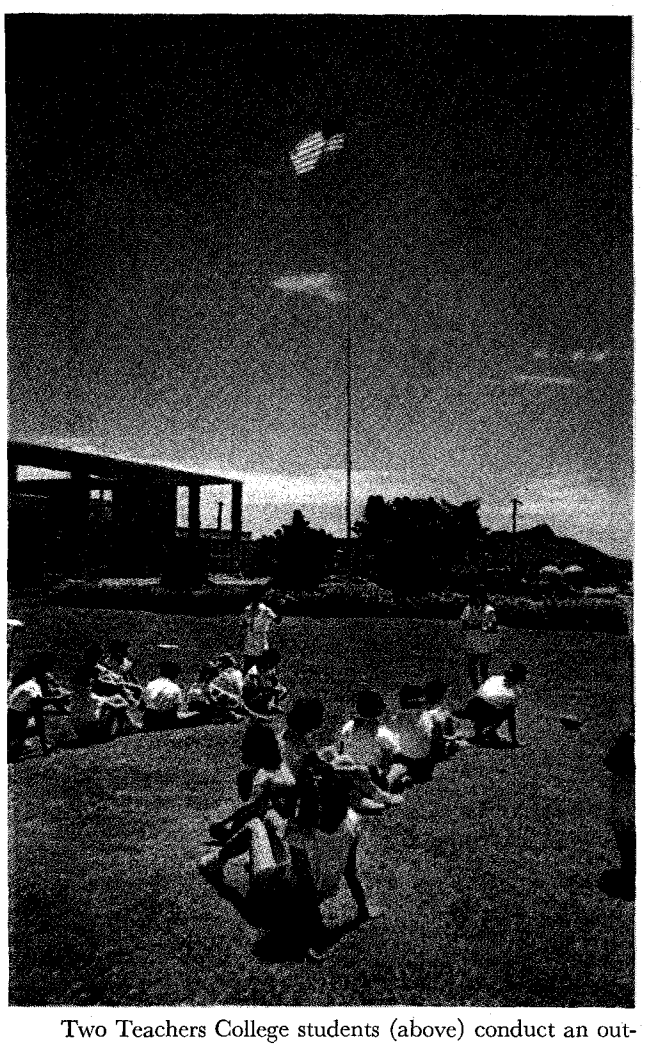
Because the undergraduates come from so many different racial strains, new students were for some years asked on the entrance blank to indicate their ethnic background—Polynesian (Hawaiian or otherwise), Caucasian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean or Filipino. Every so often, however, a card would turn up on which a student had checked not one, but perhaps four or five of the races named. At first the registrar suspected undergraduate levity, but upon making cautious inquiry, he discovered it was nothing of the kind. Some students were indeed a blend of several races.

The university rose to the occasion. It added a new race, Cosmopolitan, and stopped keeping records of racial background. The students, however, found the idea of a seventh race much too good to pass up, and the Cosmopolitan category is perpetuated in an annual campus rite.

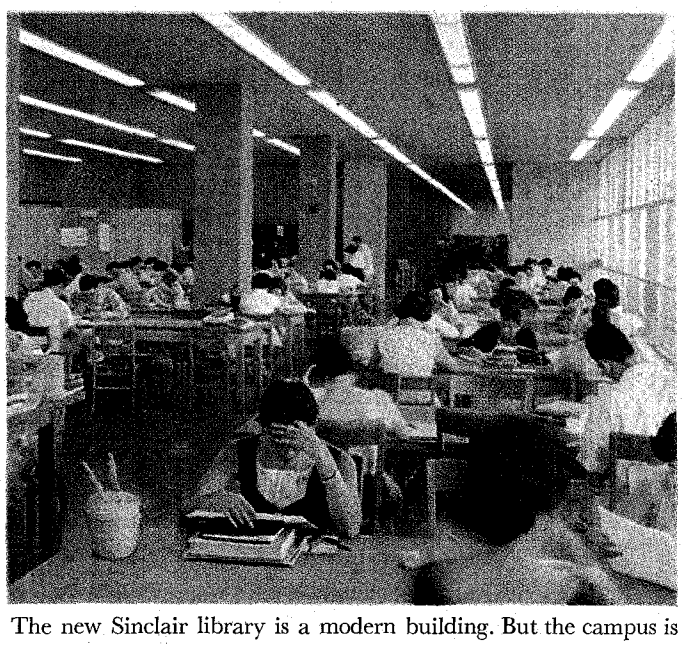
This is the springtime beauty contest staged by the editors of the student yearbook, Ka Palapala—Polynesian for "the writing." As the happy Hawaiians see it, only a campus insensible to the finer things of life would settle for a single beauty queen when there's a perfectly good excuse to have seven of them in a row. Accordingly, the Ka Palapala contest elects a separate queen for each of the seven different racial groups. (Continued on Page 95)

Physicist Walter Steiger is a voluntary exile from stateside to Hawaii, where he can lecture in an aloha shirt.

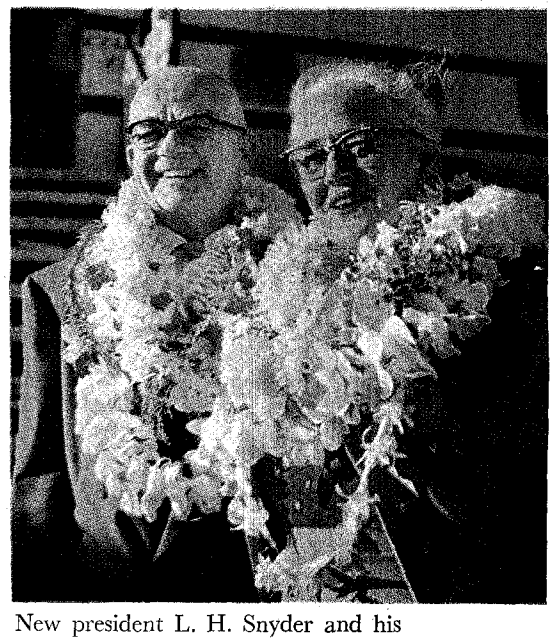
Beach party at Waikiki. The hula is basic training for island-raised girls, and many of the coeds are experts.



Two Teachers College students (above) conduct an outdoor Phys. Ed. class for pupils from University High School.



The new Sinclair library is a modern building. But the campus is still blighted with temporary barracks left over from the war years.



New president L. H. Snyder and his wife came to Hawaii from Oklahoma.

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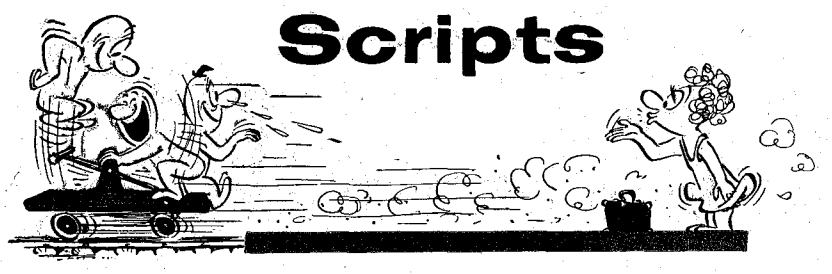
Post Scripts



An Imperfect Day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
  How sweetly your nerves respond!
You're calm, you're cheerful, you're even gay
  Like Carrie Jacobs Bond.

The fragrance of dusk and of dinner blend;
  The sunset itself looks pinker;
But what do you do when you come to the end
  Of a day that's a total stinker?

I'll tell you. Nursing a mood so vile
  You're cross and controversial,
You turn the radio on awhile
  And jeer the spot commercial.

You curse your children for being brats;
  You scorn your helpmate's cooking,
And give your dog a kick in the slats
  When nobody is looking.

However neutral the family stay,
  You vent your spleen and spite,
And, having weathered a lousy day,
  Prepare for a lousy night.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Carefully Compounded

The class in Advanced Pharmacy, having completed the drug and prescription courses, now prepares to get down to serious business. The atmosphere of the classroom is tense as the students realize they are approaching the most dramatic moment of the term. The instructor, a graduate pharmacist, is wearing the white, high-collared jacket that is practically a uniform for medical men. In front of him is an immaculate white table.

INSTRUCTOR (*gravely*): I shall have to ask each of you for your undivided attention today. We are going to take up, without any further introduction, the sandwich. (*Places stack of sliced bread and a number of square metal containers on table.*)

1ST STUDENT: Any particular kind of sandwich?

INSTRUCTOR: The basic sandwich for the drugstore trade is the lettuce and tomato on white with mayonnaise. Later we will go into such variations as "hold the mayonnaise," whole wheat and toasted. We shall now proceed with the standard sandwich. (*Picks up mayonnaise spreader and slice of bread.*)

2ND STUDENT: May I ask a question?

INSTRUCTOR (*pausing*): Yes.

2ND STUDENT: Isn't there such a thing as just a tomato sandwich? Must it always have lettuce?

INSTRUCTOR (*somewhat shaken by this display of unorthodoxy*): That question reveals such ignorance of the traditions of this profession that I choose to ignore it. (*Proceeds with sandwich*): After the mayonnaise comes a handful of lettuce, chiefly the stalk ends. These can be procured for almost nothing, and they cause the sandwich to be taller, thus giving the illusion of containing more filling. The slice of tomato goes on top of the lettuce.

1ST STUDENT: Just *one* slice of tomato?

INSTRUCTOR (*annoyed*): This appears to be a most unusual class. Certainly we recommend only one slice. A good pharmacist should get six sandwiches from a medium-sized tomato. The heel and stem are saved for the chef's salad. To continue, we then put the top slice in place and cut the sandwich like this (*slices*)—and this—and this—and this.

2ND STUDENT: I always wanted to know why a sandwich was cut into little pieces.

INSTRUCTOR: As the customer eats each piece, he keeps thinking the tomato is in one of the other pieces. It helps allay his suspicions.

2ND STUDENT: But doesn't the lettuce keep falling out of the small pieces?

INSTRUCTOR (*nailing down point*): Exactly, and when he fails to find the tomato, the customer naturally assumes he dropped it on the floor. Pharmacy is a practical science.

A bell rings

INSTRUCTOR: Well, that's the end of our period. What's the next class?

3RD STUDENT: Advanced Lending Library, Souvenirs and Household Appliances.

INSTRUCTOR: Good. That's in another classroom. I can leave the sandwich materials here. Tomorrow we will discuss the amount of veal which goes into chicken salad. Class dismissed.

CASKIE STINNETT

After All, You Haven't Seen My Bankbook

The following will always be
  Among my definite impressions:
You can't decide a man's degree
  Of wealth by noting his possessions.

Those people who possess a lot
  And deck themselves with costly raiments
Are often folks who've barely got
  The cash to meet their monthly payments.

Conversely, many folks who dress
  In rather old and worn apparel
And own no symbols of success
  Are blessed with money by the barrel.

So, if my dwelling, car and clothes
  Appear to you about to crumble,
Don't scoff—I might be one of those
  Who're well-to-do, yet very humble.

RICHARD WHEELER

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"You know something, Marge? I was thinking the other night at that movie, the girls today just don't compare with you when you were a g—— I mean, they just don't compare with you! I guess I'm just the cosmopolitan type that prefers the sophisticated, mature woman!"

"Can you beat it, hon? Chet Burdick stopped by the office today to say Dot won't let him out of the house for the Friday-night poker game! He said he sure wished Dot was as swell a scout as you are, and I just said, 'Well, there's only one Marge and I've got her!'"

"Hon, I'm sure glad you kept after me to join the Put-Our-State-on-the-Map Businessmen's Association! You're right; it really gives a person a good feeling to know he's doing his part for the community!"

"Say, Marge, there's an interesting item in tonight's paper. Says you can buy better mink for less money on the East Coast than anywhere else! I was just thinking, if I ever go East again on business or something, I ought to price some stoles and jackets, and maybe ——"

And the fast break:

". . . so at the meeting today of the Put-Our-State-on-the-Map Businessmen's Association, they elected me state judge for the MISS AMERICAN BODY BEAUTIFUL OF 1958 contest, so I guess I'll have to go to Atlantic City next month, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

GUESS WHO

By BILL HARRISON

. . . brought up the subject of baldness

. . . is completely out of debt

. . . heard a noise downstairs

. . . the train belongs to

. . . is not impressed

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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From Great Achievements...An Inspiring Tradition!

Cadillac's many and varied contributions to the cause of automotive progress have, over the years, represented one of the most important and inspiring traditions in all motordom. And certainly, that list of Cadillac's achievements has become all the more meaningful in the light of the current year. For in styling, in design and in engineering, this latest "car of cars" has added dramatic emphasis to the fact of Cadillac leadership. If you have not yet inspected its magnificent new Fleetwood coachcrafting—or experienced its brilliant new performance—you should do so soon. Your dealer will be happy to introduce you to all the new models, including the distinguished Eldorado Brougham.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Every Window of Every Cadillac is Safety Plate Glass

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Cadillac

Standard of the World for more than half a century

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"Barclay 21" above—21" overall diagonal measurement—262 sq. inches of picture area.

"Gramercy 17"—17" overall diagonal measurement—155 square inches of picture area.

General Electric begins a whole new trend in television styling with the "Designer Series"

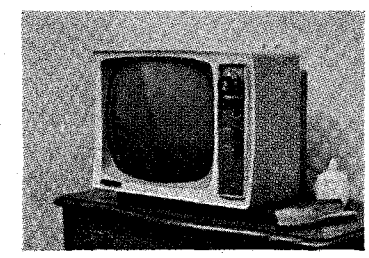
Never before now—sets designed like this! Trim, slim and graceful, the cabinets look less than handspan deep. The "Designers" *belong beautifully* in any room.

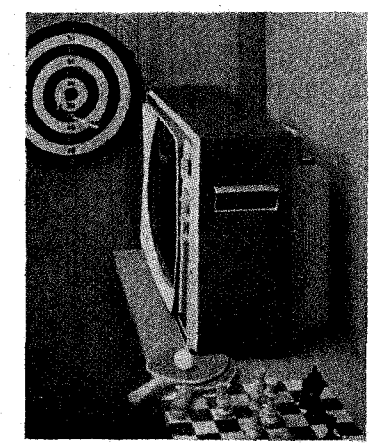
And what's more, you can carry them from room to room—they have recessed handles to make it easy.

But that's not all! *They perform like consoles!* Because they're built like consoles—each packs a high-powered chassis, a power transformer.

And what sound—marvelously clear, lifelike! Built-in telescoping antennas, too. Colors? Choice of 5—fresh, lively, light-hearted as Spring! Prices? Irresistible.

Don't wait! Be the first to own a "Designer." Years from now it'll still be ahead of its time!





Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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ARSON, INCORPORATED

With blackmail the gang neatly sealed their customers' lips.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I've identified the corpse up at Uncle Paddy's," Assistant Fire Marshal Craig Batts told his superior. "His name was William Tecumseh Peabody." Peabody, a wealthy New York socialite, died at the old chief's doorstep as he blurted out a cryptic warning. He was unrecognizable in skid-road clothing. Craig was baffled by his highly respected "uncle's" growing involvement in an ominous series of events. He was, Craig knew, somehow in the power of the unsavory Clyde Tupper, whom Craig saw prowling the scene of an incendiary blaze. In addition to private fears for Fogarty, the young fire marshal was gravely disturbed about the theft from fire-department files of a report on his own father's death in an unsolved conflagration. But so far, Craig found no evidence to link these puzzling affairs with his investigation of the spectacular jewelry-store robbery pulled off by four men disguised as fire fighters. Was it true, as Pieter van Rensselaer suggested, that a mobile ring of arsonist-thieves was at work in the city?

Now, after Fogarty's daughter, Nora, gave the alarming news that her father was missing, Craig went to Tupper's office with a twofold mission: to find the old chief and to prevent the distraught show girl, Annie Mertz, from killing Tupper because of his designs on her younger sister, Fifi.

V

Craig, shaken and bruised, pushed himself to his knees. Annie had struck her head and lay motionless. More or less by reflex action, Craig scrambled to the revolver with which the girl had meant to shoot Tupper. Then he got to his feet and saw Nora standing in the door, her face buried in her father's coat. Tupper was sardonic as he surveyed the scene.

"Should I be grateful to you, Batts, for saving my life?" he asked.

"That," Craig answered shortly, "wasn't the intention."

"No?"

"It was to save a hysterical girl from committing a murder." He narrowed his eyes at the man in the door. "Of which I might personally approve," he added.

Craig picked up the still-unconscious chorus girl and held her in his arms.

"Hadn't we better move this circus inside," asked Craig, "before the neighbors get inquisitive?"

"The neighbors don't get inquisitive," said Tupper bleakly. But he stood aside, as did the Fogartys, to let Craig carry the girl inside.

They were in a reception room which gave into an office. Beyond the office, through an open door, could be seen living quarters. Craig carried Annie to the bedroom.

"Make yourself at home," Tupper said.

There was a complete apartment behind the office—bedroom, kitchenette, living room with dining alcove, and bath. It had cost money to convert the space to its present uses, and it had cost more money to furnish it as Tupper had done. There was surprising good taste and comfort. The rug on the living-room floor was Aubusson. On the walls were excellent prints. There were two handsome Chippendale armchairs, though Craig could not have identified them. In a corner was an ancient olivewood Spanish vargueno inlaid with ivory. There was an overstuffed davenport and deep, soft chairs. The whole was luxurious, costly. Without meaning consciously to do so, Craig memorized the contents.

"Better take a look at the kid," he said to Nora, who went into the bedroom.

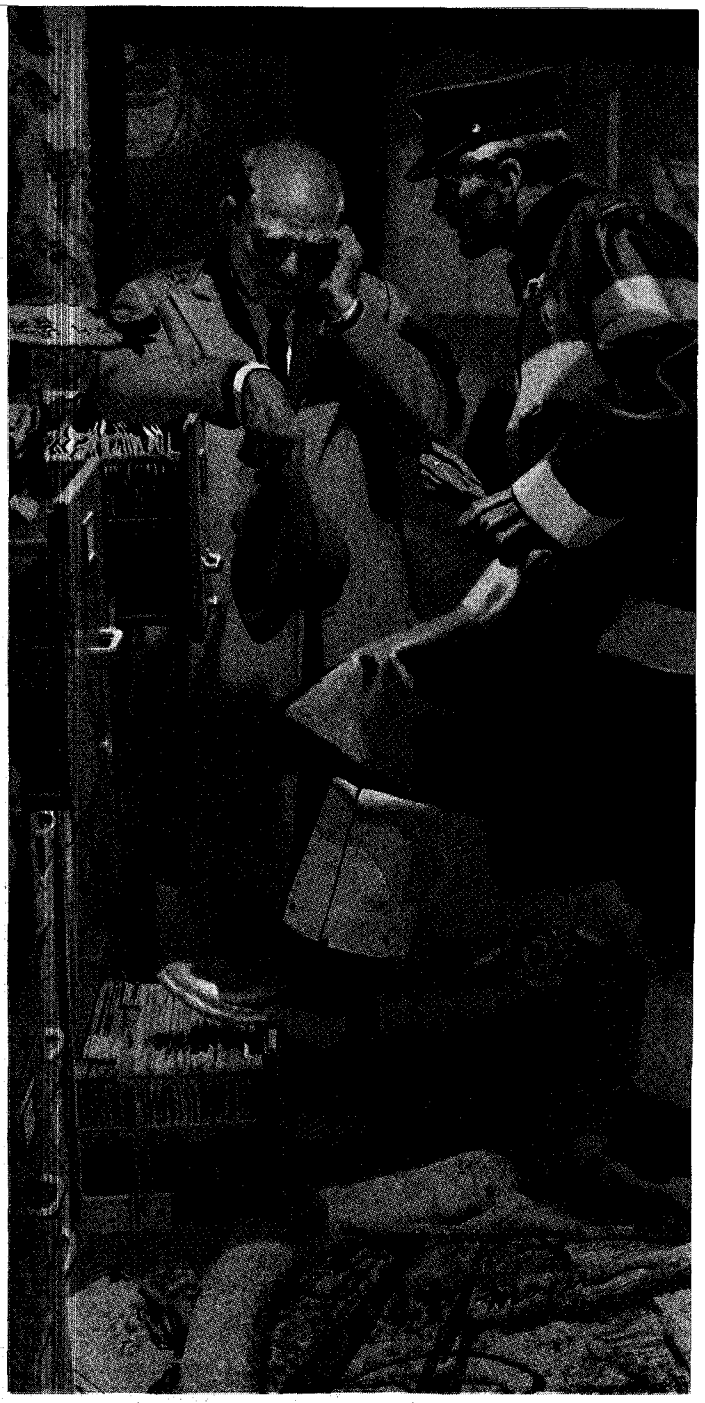
"Can I serve refreshments?" Tupper asked ironically.

Chief Fogarty had not spoken. Now he sat collapsed in a chair in Tupper's office, ghastly pale, hands trembling. The shock of what had gone on under his eyes had been too much for him—so freshly released from the hospital.

"I think he could use a drink," Craig said. "Then I'll get him home to bed."

"Perhaps," Tupper said, "the chief doesn't want to go home to bed. Maybe he wants to finish our conversation."

"That's for him to say," Craig told the man with bristling hair.



"So," said Craig, "you met this Mr. Brown and made a deal to touch off your premises."

Tupper did, however, provide a glass of whisky for the chief, who gulped it. He sat erect now and glowered at Craig.

"I will not be followed and spied upon," he said harshly.

"It was not you, Uncle Paddy, that brought us here, but the Mertz girl with her father's gun. With your private business it would not be fit for me to meddle, though it was with the devil himself."

"Then be on your way."

"There's Nora and the Mertz girl," Craig said.

Tupper walked around his desk and sat in his swivel chair. Craig leaned against the wall. There was silence in the room as they waited.

To Craig's eyes, as he stood there peering about the room, there was nothing to indicate Tupper's business. His desk was neat. There was a blotter, an inkwell, a tray for pencils, and a holder for a pen. That was all. The rest of the office disclosed no more. It contained a filing cabinet, a bookcase containing only a few volumes. There was one book, not strictly a book, but many pages secured in a binder that Craig's eye recognized with surprise. It was a thing not too readily to be obtained by the public. It was the code of regulations for the uniformed force of the fire department of the City of New York.

(Continued on Page 85)

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The Chains of Fear (Continued from Page 20)

Evlalia Grigorievna smiled. "It's true the name is rather rare, but ——"

"Yes, rare," said the man, lowering his voice. "And I —— Never mind," he broke in abruptly, "it's not important. And what's your family name?"

"Sheptareva."

"I see. Sheptareva. You're about thirty then, aren't you?"

"Yes, thirty-one."

"There you are. And I'm Semenov, Pavel Petrovich, forty-six years of age, a party man, no relatives abroad." He joked, clumsily parodying the answers on a questionnaire. "And I work at ——" He mumbled a long composite name of which Evlalia Grigorievna caught only the last word: "Trust."

"Please sit down."

Semenov sat down and looked about again. "That's your corner over there, isn't it?" He nodded his head to the part of the room walled off by furniture and a screen.

"Yes, I'm over there with my son, and right here is papa." She indicated the badly covered bed.

"Your papa?"

"Mine."

"And your husband?"

"I don't have a husband."

"You broke up, then? Or has he been taken away?"

"He—he was arrested two years ago."

"I see." Semenov nodded his head understandingly. "Is your son very big?"

"He'll be five soon."

An involuntary tenderness sounded in her voice. Semenov looked at her attentively. He had noticed earlier that her dress revealed modest, impoverished circumstances even for Soviet conditions, just as he had noticed her weak mouth and almost shy countenance. But when the tenderness sounded in her voice, he noticed another thing—that she was now, undeniably, just what she had always been. Although she felt awkward in his presence, all the same she was herself; even her awkwardness was her very own.

"And your father works somewhere?" he went on.

Evlalia Grigorievna was not surprised at his open inquisitiveness. He asked as though he had a right to ask. "No; papa—he's quite sick," she said as if somehow excusing herself for her father. "I work, but he doesn't."

"It's a tough living then? Your salary's probably not very high?"

"Two-forty."

"Yes, and deductions—the loan, income tax, and so on. What do you have left? Two hundred?"

"Two hundred."

"There you are."

Semenov looked around again. "And why don't I see a typewriter at your place? You're a typist and you don't have a typewriter?"

"I have no typewriter," confessed Evlalia Grigorievna meekly.

"And if you get work on the side, then what'll you do—type it on your office typewriter, or what?"

"No, I—how could I on the office typewriter? That's not right." Evlalia Grigorievna lowered her eyes.

"H'm! How could you!" Semenov smiled wryly. "What's wrong with it?"

Evlalia Grigorievna shrugged her shoulders halfheartedly. "No, it's just not right, that's all."

Semenov stood up. He should have said good-by and gone out, but he didn't go. He stood as if waiting. It seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna that something reticent was hidden beneath the hardness and self-confidence. A question, perhaps? Half a minute elapsed.

"Well, good-by!" he said abruptly. He shook her hand and made a movement to leave, but stopped and stared searchingly at her. Then all at once, quite unexpectedly, he asked, "And if I come around again? May I?" But he did not wait for an answer. "I'll look in," he said a little harshly and, as if irritated, left the room.

Evlalia Grigorievna's son, Shurik, was not at home. He was with Sophia Dmitrievna, the old lady who lived in the "little closet." Whenever Evlalia Grigorievna left for work, she took Shurik to Sophia Dmitrievna's. At first Shurik stayed at home with his grandfather. But Evlalia Grigorievna soon learned that she could not rely on the old man and that under his care Shurik would lack all supervision and might even go hungry, because his grandfather would go out for hours at a time whenever he felt like it, leaving the little boy alone.

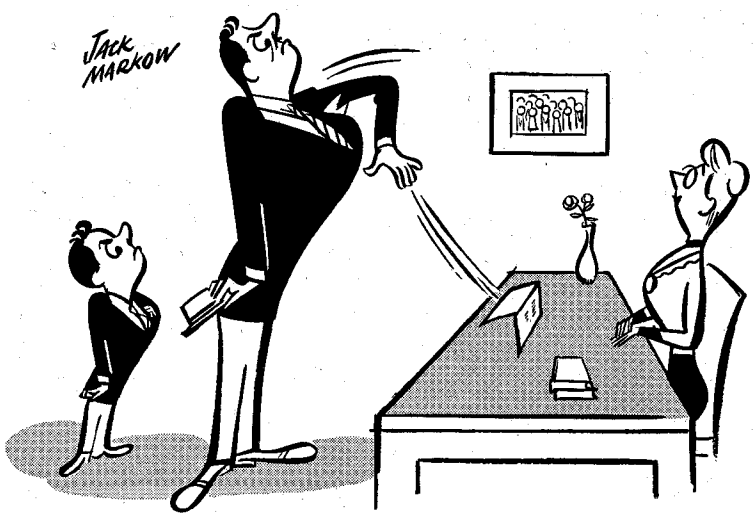
The situation was saved by the old lady who lived next door, Sophia Dmitrievna Divilkova. She offered to keep an eye on Shurik while his mother was at work. Evlalia Grigorievna snatched at the chance, only afraid that it might be beyond her means. But when, faltering and stammering, she brought up the question of a fee, Sophia Dmitrievna seemed insulted. "Fee? Shame on you, Evlalia Grigorievna! I'm not making a business out of friendship and assistance yet, thank God!"

Shurik could not possibly have remained with his grandfather. All his life Grigory Mikhailovich had never done anything which caused himself the slightest inconvenience. Anything that entailed unpleasant work put him into a state of passionate aversion. Back in 1917 the revolutions had filled him with indignation—both the February coup and the October sequel. Before the revolution he had served as an official specially assigned under a provincial governor and had enjoyed an excellent reputation. Moreover, an uncle in St. Petersburg serving as department director in the Ministry of Internal Affairs had been exceedingly well disposed toward Grigory Mikhailovich and had assured him that he wouldn't hit forty before he would be a vice-governor. Thus, Grigory Mikhailovich had been prepared for a brilliant career.

But the revolution had dashed his hopes, and this made Grigory Mikhailovich indignant. For a long time he had hoped that the Bolsheviks would soon collapse, and from year to year he had set the date of their downfall—maligning, cursing, helplessly threatening, and dreaming of reprisal.

It would never have occurred to Grigory Mikhailovich to find work and stop living as he did. At first he did not look for work as a matter of principle, not wishing to work for those "gracious gentlemen," but later he became accustomed to idleness and acquired a taste for it. He found it pleasant to feel no responsibility and be independent. So he lived quietly and comfortably on what his wife, Maria Vladimirovna, was able to earn.

Maria Vladimirovna was not at all like him. She (*Continued on Page 46*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Brown was an impressive-looking man who appeared able and willing to achieve almost anything. To hear him talk, he could build cities, move mountains and change history. His inability to control his only son, a spoiled-brat replica of himself, was notorious in his neighborhood, however. The boy did entirely as he pleased, and his school grades soon reflected this. Mr. Brown, unable to believe that his darling boy had failed in every subject, stormed into the school principal's office. Held at bay by a little, gray-haired secretary, he slammed his boy's report card on her desk.

"If I can't see the principal immediately," he snorted, "just who do I start talking to about my son's grades?"

The little secretary, unawed, said pleasantly: "To your son."

H. T. Hendren

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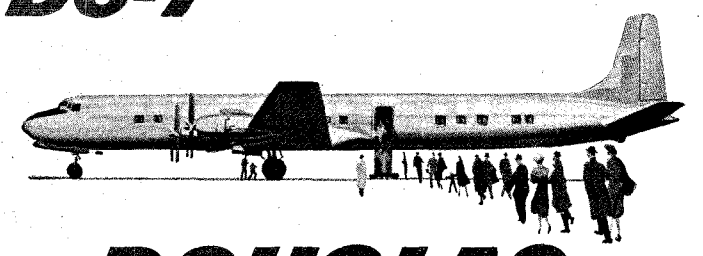

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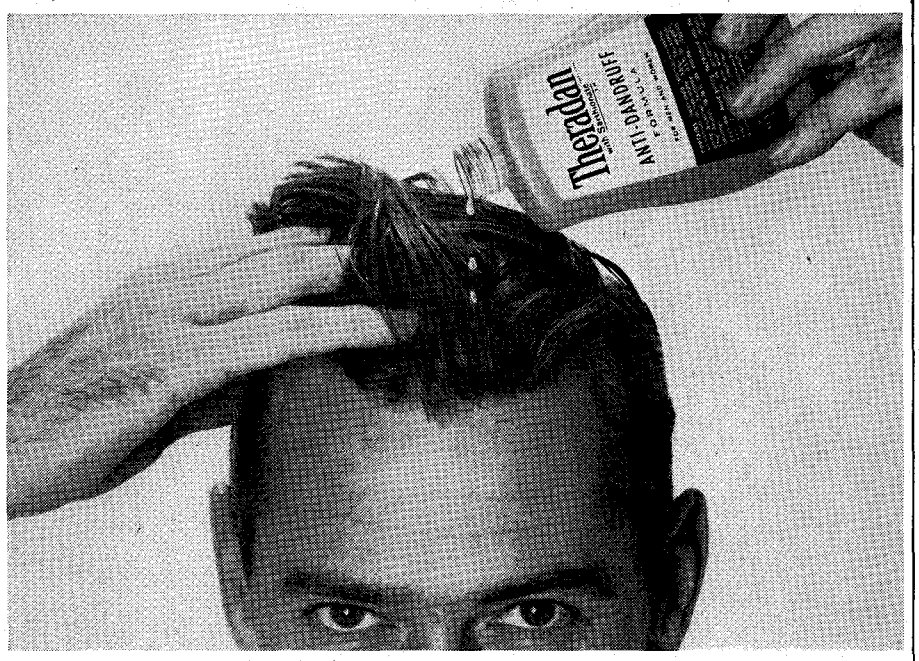

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with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T.M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(*Continued from Page 44*) realized very quickly that a new era was at hand and that she must find work. Without a moment's hesitation, she immediately sought a niche where her knowledge of foreign languages could be useful and found a translator's job at the local office of the State Publishing House.

Grigory Mikhailovich protested heatedly. But Maria Vladimirovna knew her husband and did not argue. "All right," she agreed. "If you don't like it, I won't work for the Bolsheviks and we'll eat whatever slices of bread you earn by working against the Bolsheviks."

Grigory Mikhailovich sniffed, but remained silent, and Maria Vladimirovna started her job. Naturally, it did not pay much, but they managed to get along. The only real unpleasantness was living three in one room, but in 1930, when Evlalia Grigorievna married, they were able to bribe the apartment-house manager and get the room adjoining their own, a small one, into which the young people moved. Life became a little easier, for Vadim Nikolaievich's wages were now added to what Maria Vladimirovna earned.

Meanwhile Grigory Mikhailovich changed neither his indolent ways nor his peevish indignation. He was fastidious and petulant about everything, especially his food. At dinner he would stir his fork around the plate with distaste, make a face and sniff deprecatingly.

Evlalia Grigorievna would glance at her mother, who would reply quietly, "Don't pay any attention. Papa will eat it."

Sure enough, papa, attacked by pangs of hunger, would finish the food.

He had always had an eye for other women, but he had kept within certain limits. After Maria Vladimirovna had a regular job, however, he cast aside his restraint and made the most of the customs of the '20's. In the Soviet era his handsome, princely appearance, his elegant manners, his lightly bifurcated, old-fashioned beard, and his pleasing voice—which he frankly called his "aristocratic baritone"—opened the road to success. His conquests encouraged him to adopt the courtly manner of "a knight and a gentleman"—words to which he gave his own meaning. He never allowed himself to arrive for a rendezvous without flowers and candy. The money for these he took from his wife.

Grigory Mikhailovich had disliked his son-in-law, the young engineer Sheptarev, from the start. In his opinion, Vadim Nikolaievich was a typical Bolshevik. This was entirely false, for Vadim Nikolaievich was strongly and even a little too openly opposed to Bolshevism.

At first, Grigory Mikhailovich announced that he would not tolerate this "unnatural misalliance." But neither Maria Vladimirovna nor Evlalia Grigorievna had paid any attention, and when his daughter married, he had to limit himself to a scornful sniff. The first three years passed comparatively smoothly, for the young couple lived separately, and Maria Vladimirovna's salary was spent only on herself and her husband, with effects that were immediately noticeable. Grigory Mikhailovich took up smoking good tobacco and buying with coupons imported wine and hors d'oeuvres at the Torgsin store.

In October, 1932, Shurik was born, and then in May, 1933, everything suddenly changed. Maria Vladimirovna died. Her death caused Grigory Mikhailovich neither shock nor sorrow, but he soon saw that it would give rise to a serious complication: the apartment-house manager insisted that since Grigory Mikhailovich was now alone, he could no longer occupy such a large room. Evlalia Grigorievna consulted with her husband, and both came to the conclusion that it would be a shame to give up such a splendid large room with a balcony, so they decided to move into it and live together with him. Grigory Mikhailovich grimaced, but agreed.

However, he was faced by another hardship—lack of money. Although Maria Vladimirovna had perseveringly laid aside something for a rainy day, Grigory Mikhailovich had so worked against these savings that after her death only seven hundred rubles remained. Grigory Mikhailovich appropriated this sum and indulged in expensive hors d'oeuvres, bottles of the best wine and candy. All that he purchased he always consumed himself, quite unashamed to do so in the presence of his daughter and son-in-law.

But the money soon melted away, and Grigory Mikhailovich was left literally without a kopeck. Dumfoundedly searching through the folds of a threadbare Moroccan wallet one day, he turned carelessly to his daughter. "Give me ten rubles—better still, twenty."

Complying, Evlalia Grigorievna forced out the words, "This isn't my money, papa, but Vadim's."

Grigory Mikhailovich simply brushed this aside with a positive "Ah, it's all the same."

One day Vadim Nikolaievich had a day off. He waited until Evlalia Grigorievna had gone out to take Shurik for a walk, and when he was alone with Grigory Mikhailovich, he suggested they have a talk.

Some people can trace their family tree back 300 years, but can't tell where their kids were last night.

H. N. FERGUSON

Grigory Mikhailovich, assuming his arrogant, contemptuous look, immediately snapped, "Have a talk? What? What's this?"

Vadim Nikolaievich quietly and calmly explained that his salary amounted to only seven hundred and fifty rubles per month in all, and after deductions, his take-home pay came to a little over six hundred. Therefore, after consulting with his wife, he had decided to offer Grigory Mikhailovich a monthly subsidy.

"Of course, I can't give much, but I can manage twenty-five a month. And it goes without saying that I'll bear the household expenses—the rent, food, laundry, and so on."

Grigory Mikhailovich announced sneeringly that he could not live on somebody else and did not desire to. But it ended with his agreeing to accept the money, but with such evident distaste that one would have said that he was yielding to his son-in-law only against his own will.

At that time there occurred a rather odd change in his life. He was frequently away from home and began to acquire a little money. These were insignificant sums, but it was obvious that he was earning money somewhere. He gave no explanation, but he began to wear a very proud and independent expression—pierced from time to time, however, by a poignant look of worry. Evlalia Grigorievna was keenly aware of all this, and increasingly mystified.

Then, toward the end of 1935, Vadim Nikolaievich had been arrested, and Evlalia Grigorievna's whole life had gone to pieces. Every minute since then she had felt alone and (*Continued on Page 48*)

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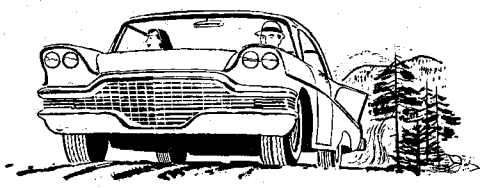

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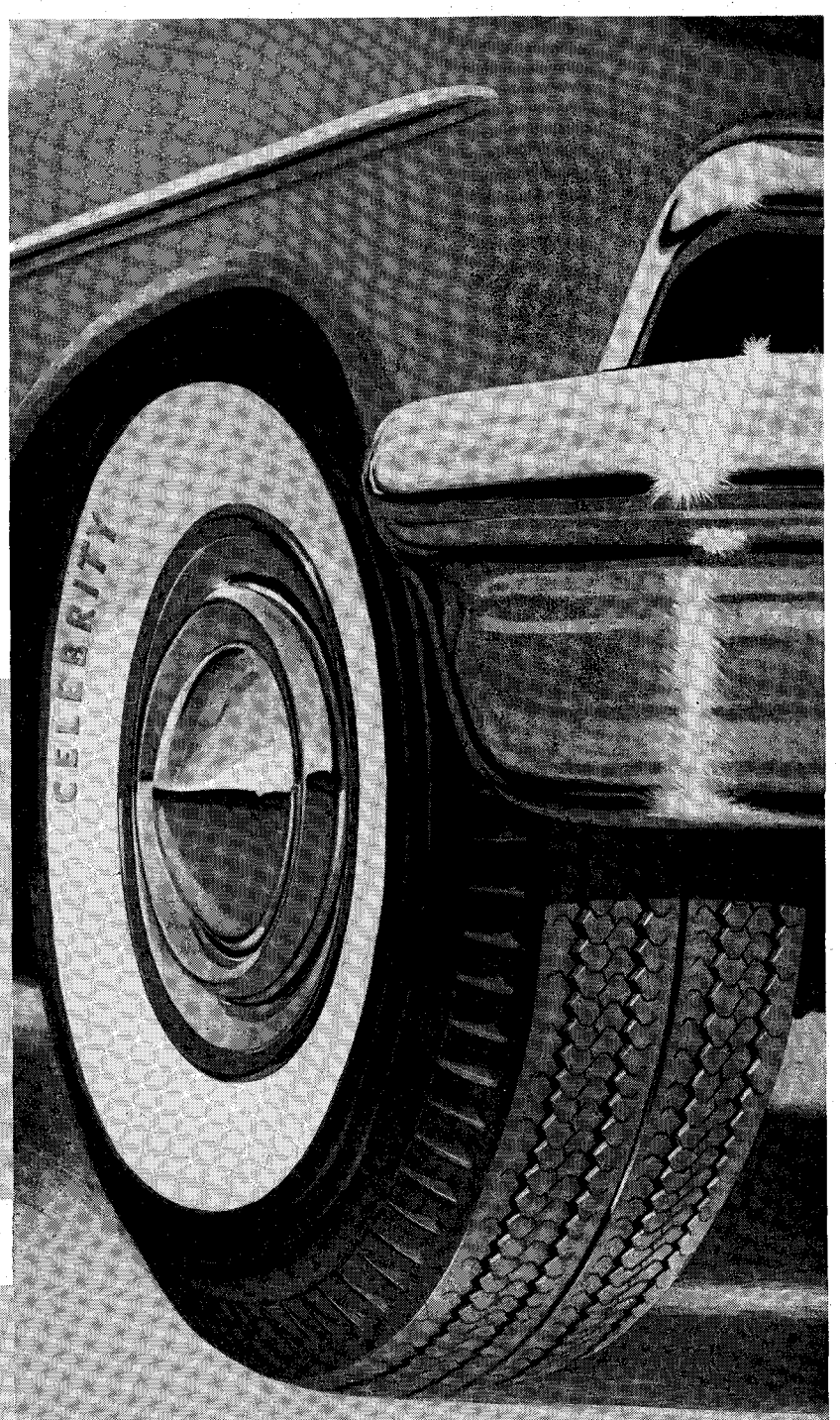

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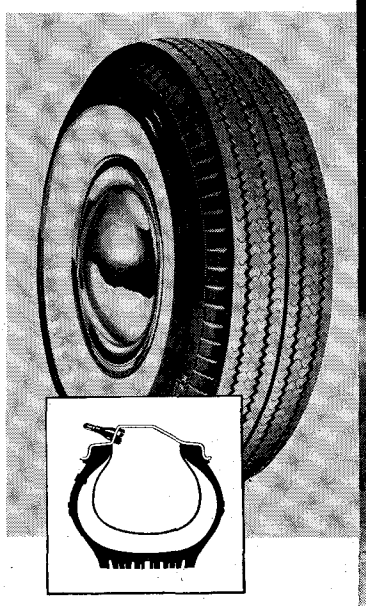

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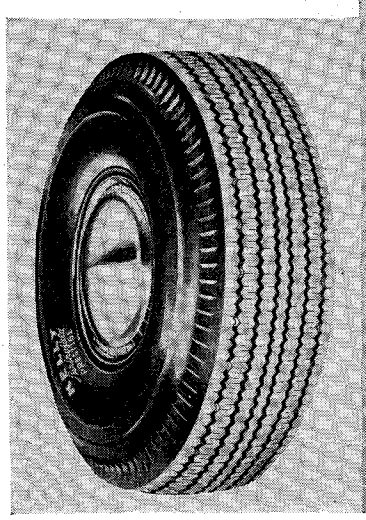

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IONITRON available as simple attachment on all Philco Air Conditioners. You can add the exclusive Philco Ionitron to all '58 Philco Air Conditioners, including the Philco Bantam "carry-home" Air Conditioner.

(*Continued from Page 46*) helpless—so alone that she did not even complain, so alone that she was afraid to cry. True, at first she had rushed hysterically from interrogators to prosecutors, meekly trying to prove something or incoherently entreating. But she had soon found that she was running into an unbreakable wall. Everywhere she was met with cold looks and tight lips by people who seemed to belong to another world, which she could not approach.

After four months, she received a notice: "Vadim Nikolaievich Sheptarev has been sentenced to eight years' exile for wrecking. Right of correspondence denied."

Evlalia Grigorievna's heart contracted in pain. The pain lasted for days and weeks, never abating and always sucking on her heart, especially at night in her sleep. She might not have been able to bear this pain, might have lost her grip, except for the fact that Shurik was always near and she had to hold on. Life had to continue.

Her existence thereafter was divided into two parts—Shurik and papa. There was a third part as well, "I myself," but this third part went unnoticed. Shurik and papa necessitated the solving of hundreds of simple but very vexing problems: Where's the money for the rent? What about bread? Shouldn't Shurik get more than one potato for his meal? Papa needs more tobacco.

It helped a little that Vadim Nikolaievich, during ten years of work, had saved about three thousand rubles. But nearly half this money was spent during the first two months, and she realized she would have to find work. One of the old friends who had been at odds with Grigory Mikhailovich helped her get a place as a typist. The pay was small. They had nothing else to live on, and Evlalia Grigorievna could not calculate a budget. This was especially difficult, for she had neither skill nor experience, and her efforts were constantly undermined by Grigory Mikhailovich: "Have you got five rubles on you? Give it to me, please."

Evlalia Grigorievna could not refuse her father. She simply cast him a frightened look and at the same time reached for her handbag and rummaged feverishly. "Five rubles? Yes, yes, I think so. Here."

Taking the money, Grigory Mikhailovich in a tone of absent-minded thoughtlessness would murmur, "*Merci.*"

Evlalia Grigorievna was so impractical that she never knew how much money she had. She was amazed that the money disappeared so quickly. Her own self-denial knew no bounds. Afraid of wasting money on streetcar fares, she went on foot to the office, a forty-minute walk. She would not permit herself an extra slice of bread for breakfast—"Maybe there won't be enough for papa this evening."

On one occasion she happened to notice that ten rubles were missing from her purse. She had been at home the whole evening and consequently she could have neither lost nor spent them. She was so puzzled that she went to Sophia Dmitrievna.

The old lady said nothing at first, then looked at her angrily and turned away. "Money doesn't have legs, after all. It didn't walk away," she said meaningfully.

Evlalia Grigorievna suddenly understood. Instantly, however, she was shocked by her thought, and she flushed with shame. How had she dared think such a thing of her father?

But at dinner she saw how Grigory Mikhailovich sampled his Far Eastern Sardines with a glass of vodka, cursing with all the spite he could muster "this roach in a suspicious-looking brine which the great Stalin orders to be called 'Sardines in Oil.'" And tensely she tried not to look at her father or the sardines.

On another occasion something particularly disagreeable occurred. Grigory Mikhailovich brought home a can with an eye-catching label, a large red lobster and an unintelligible inscription in English. He set the can on the table with a flourish, made a half step backwards and gestured toward it with a twist of his hand, crooking the fingers in a special manner, "There! Look at that! Isn't it nice? It's imported."

"What is it?" asked Evlalia Grigorievna with involuntary interest.

"Lobster," explained Grigory Mikhailovich, pretending to be bored. "What's so good about it? Haven't I eaten plenty of lobster in my time?"

"Lobster?" Evlalia Grigorievna was amazed. "Where from?"

"M-m-m." Grigory Mikhailovich puckered up his features. "I got it by chance—a little present, you might say."

He put a piece of lobster on his plate and measured it painstakingly with his fork, finally cutting off a tiny sliver and extending it toward his daughter, "Try it. It's not bad at all, devil take it."

It was the first time that Grigory Mikhailovich had offered his daughter anything of "his own." Evlalia Grigorievna had a feeling of distaste, although there was nothing to feel distasteful about. She broke off a crumb-sized piece and swallowed it; then turned quickly to Shurik, "Want some? It's good."

"Now, then, if you please!" Grigory Mikhailovich's face twisted acidly. "You don't waste lobster on a little punk like that. It's certainly not for him!"

Evlalia Grigorievna wanted to scream and jump up, but she only sat, stunned. That night she cried softly to herself, trying her best not to wake her father or her son.

Living with Grigory Mikhailovich was full of trials and anguish. It seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna that their room was cold, comfortless and dreary. As often as possible, she tried to get away to Sophia Dmitrievna's, where there was an atmosphere of ease and simplicity.

Sophia Dmitrievna was a widow who lived alone. Very poor, she lived on a little money which was sent her regularly and punctually by a niece in Leningrad, but she never seemed sorry for herself or dejected.

She showed Evlalia a warm, inoffensive compassion such as one might show an unlucky chick insulted and pecked at by the whole barnyard. Her voice, like the expression in her eyes, was always affectionate. As time went by, she stopped calling Evlalia Grigorievna by her name and patronymic and began calling her Little Bluebird.

"Why 'Little Bluebird'?" protested Evlalia Grigorievna with a smile.

"Now that, I just don't know," admitted Sophia Dmitrievna. "But there's no mistaking what I see. A little bluebird, that's what you are!"

She was outspoken in her dislike for Grigory Mikhailovich. Whenever she had to talk with him—and she avoided it—she spoke severely, curtly and abruptly. Nor did she hide this dislike from Evlalia Grigorievna.

"He's got you in his clutches, Little Bluebird. He's got you tied, hand and foot. Can't I see it? Life would be much easier for you, Little Bluebird, much, much easier if he weren't around."

Evlalia Grigorievna did not dispute this, but looked up with entreaty in her eyes. "Sophia Dmitrievna! Don't talk that way!"

The automobile accident was soon forgotten and Evlalia Grigorievna no longer gave a thought to Semenov, and still less to his promise to "look in." She was amazed when one evening, three weeks later, he came to see her. Grigory Mikhailovich was not at home.

Semenov rang three times, as was indicated on a special schedule of rings posted in the entryway—"Volodeev and Sheptareva, 3 rings"—but somehow Evlalia Grigorievna did not hear, and one of the apartment residents had to open the door for him. Unaccompanied, he walked along the corridor, went up to the door and gave a sharp, loud knock with the knuckle of his middle finger. Then, however, he went directly into the room without waiting for an answer.

"You're at home?" he asked, remaining near the doorway and gloomily—or was his gloom only in her imagination?—staring straight ahead.

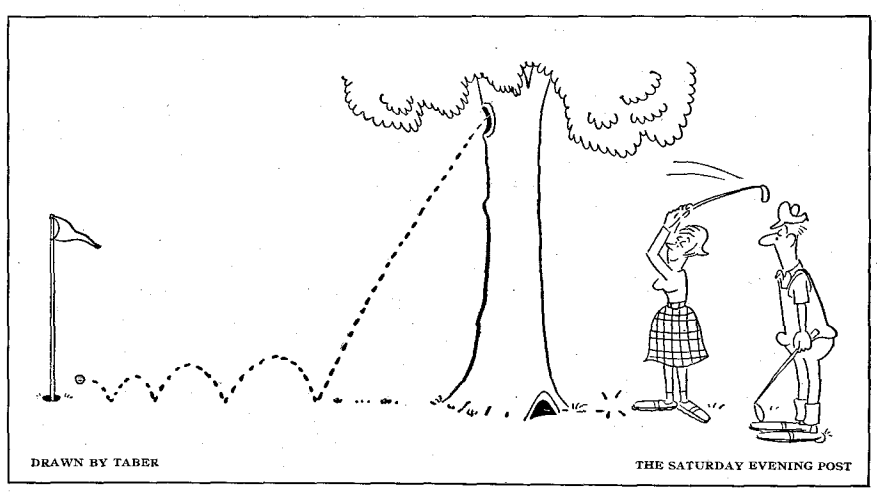
"Please come in." Confused and a little embarrassed, Evlalia Grigorievna advanced to meet him. Shurik stood where he was, regarding Semenov mistrustfully. He was not used to visitors.

"I've not come on business; just to drop in." Semenov looked around the room for a place to put his tightly packed briefcase, set it on the floor against the sideboard and straightened up. "Hello, then." He stretched forth his hand and smiled his unlikely smile.

His hand was soft, not that of a working man, yet large and powerful. When he shook Evlalia Grigorievna's hand, she felt that hers was almost lost in his palm. He looked at her, still smiling, but in spite of the smile, there was no warmth in his face. It remained hard, tense and dour. A pained expression, accompanied by an unpleasant, penetrating inquisitiveness appeared in his eyes.

"Please sit down." Unsure of herself, Evlalia Grigorievna pushed up a chair. She glanced at the disorder on the table. Shurik had just finished his supper and his saucer had left a round, wet blotch on the oilcloth.

Semenov sat down with an easy, carefree motion. (*Continued on Page 50*)



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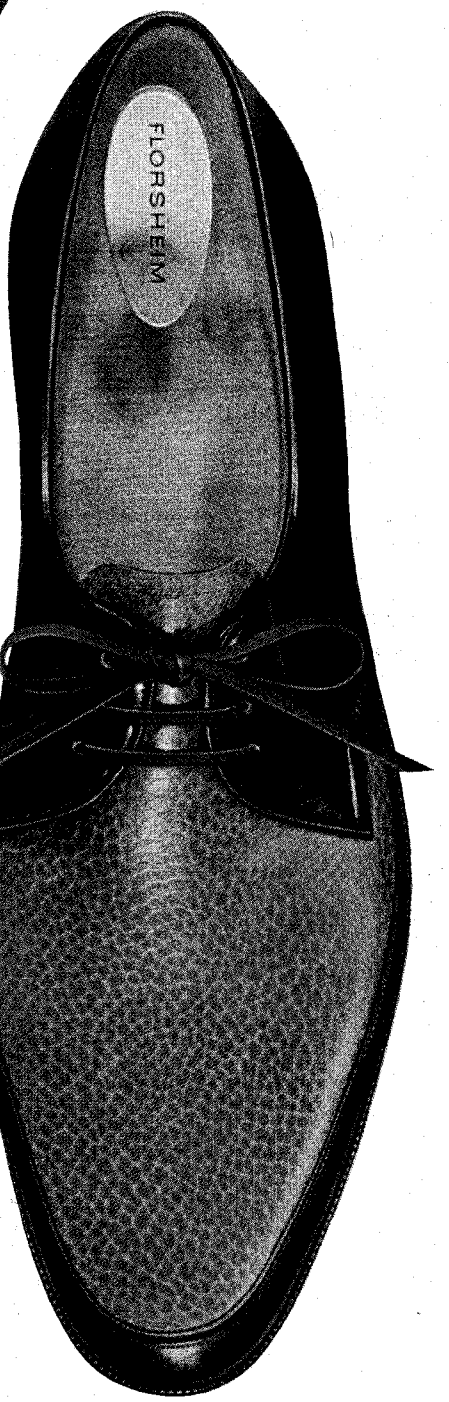

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(*Continued from Page 48*) "Don't mind that," he said, noticing Evlalia Grigorievna's embarrassed look and nodding toward the wet spot. "It's an everyday affair."

Evlalia Grigorievna took a rag out of the sideboard and ran it over the table. Semenov waited.

"I've come on a visit, you see!" he said, when at last she also had taken a seat. "But not because I just wanted to sit with you and, as they say, wag my tongue, but for another reason. I've been meaning to drop around before, Evlalia Grigorievna, but just couldn't find the time. You see, I couldn't begin to describe to you how busy I am."

He stopped and looked at her, and she felt embarrassed again. Semenov had remembered her name and patronymic, but she had entirely forgotten his. Pavel, was it? Or no. Sergei Petrovich? She was disconcerted.

"About that time with the automobile ——" Semenov tilted his head slightly. "It ended harmlessly, of course, but still I think you should know that it has bothered me. Vasya almost ran over you. And it all seems to me ——"

"Oh, it's all right," Evlalia Grigorievna interrupted. She laughed with the simplicity of a child. "Why, I had forgotten it!"

"But I didn't forget, you see." Semenov answered as quietly and gloomily as before. "It's still inside me and no one can do anything about it. It's like a splinter or something."

A pained and troubled expression came like a shadow into his eyes. He looked at Evlalia Grigorievna in confusion, but when he saw only simple wonder on her face, he regained composure. "I was once a railroad engineer, you see, and one time I was on a run," he said, lowering his voice to a confidential, almost friendly tone. "It was a long time ago. And it happened that I ran over a man. It all happened in a wink, of course, but during that time I felt the man hadn't been crushed by the train at all; it was the weight of my heels that had squashed him! Do you understand? Can you conceive of such a thing? And this feeling made me so sick I vomited on the spot, that's the truth."

He raised his head.

"And believe it or not, as you wish, but I couldn't stand the train after that. It wasn't that I couldn't stand it, but that I began to be afraid of it. And I left. I left for another job. That was a long time ago, before the revolution, but I remember it still, even now, how I myself crushed a live human being to death. I've lived through a lot of things since then; I've crushed many a man to death and I don't feel anything special about it, but that time on the train—well, I remember it." He shrugged. "And then, I nearly squashed you!" he added, with special meaning in his voice.

Evlalia Grigorievna looked at him, her eyes wide. "I understand," she said softly and suddenly.

"You understand," nodded Semenov with assurance. "People like you are able to understand such things."

"What things?" she asked, almost shyly.

"I wanted to come to your place, you see," went on Semenov without answering her question. "Do you know why? I wanted to see if you were still alive. Are you alive?"

"I'm still alive." Evlalia Grigorievna smiled.

"All right, then." Semenov seemed almost composed, but frowned. "As long as you're alive, then everything's all right." He looked around. "But your father's not at home, then?"

"No. You remembered that I have a father?"

"I remember everything." He waved his hand carelessly. "I have a good memory. I look at someone or hear something and—I remember it." He got up from the chair abruptly. "So I guess that's all," he said, as if putting a seal on something. "I've had a look. Is she alive? She's alive. And as long as she's alive, I have nothing more to do here."

He bent down, snatched his briefcase off the floor with a jerk and stood erect.

"And I've brought a little present for your kiddy. May I?"

His looking in to see if she were "alive" and bringing along a present with him struck Evlalia Grigorievna as primitive savagery and ugly crudeness. She recoiled slightly.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Why should you bring us a present?"

"Well, I just did. I —— For no reason."

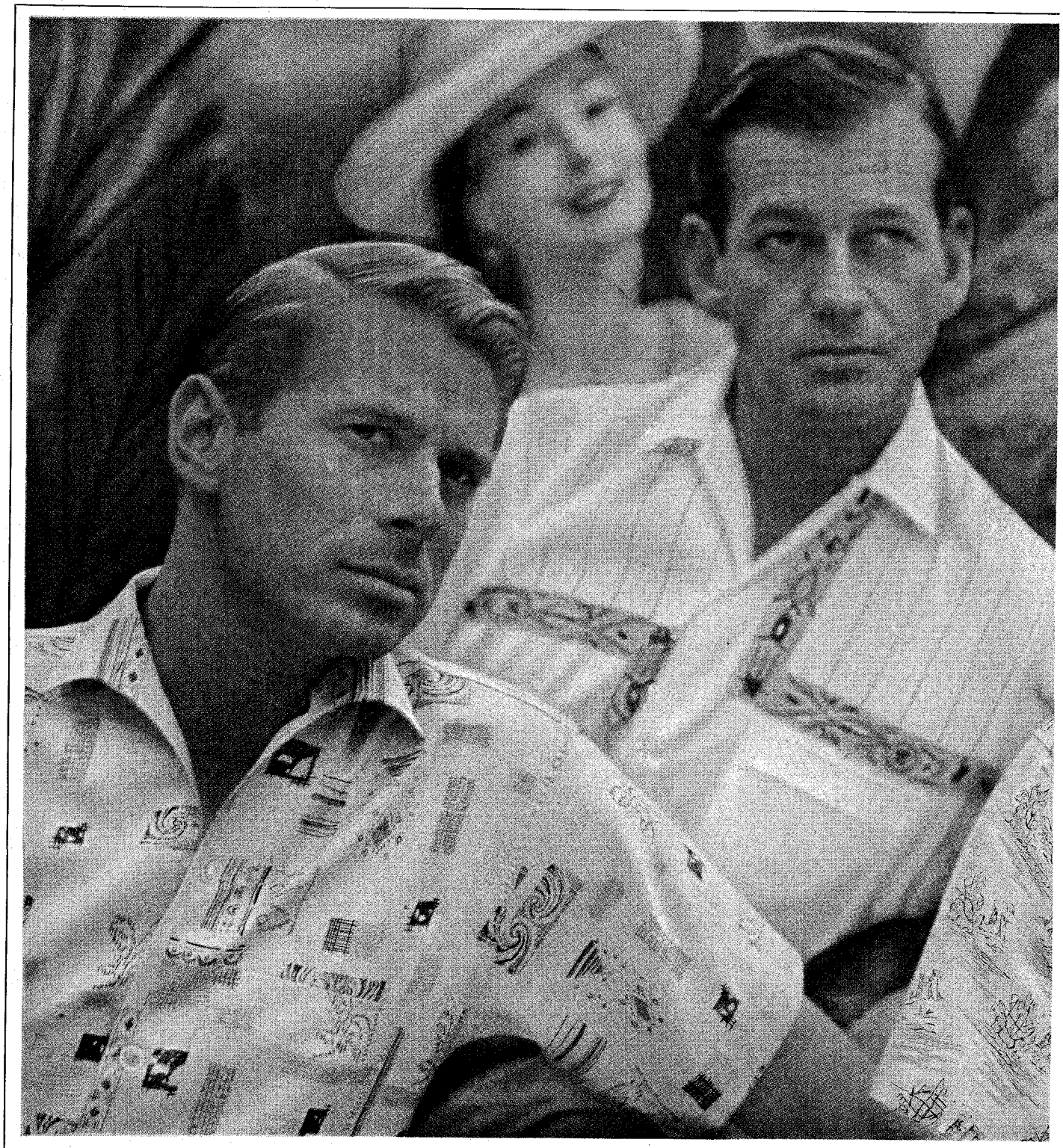
He opened his briefcase and drew out a pair of child's roller skates.

"Imported from Germany!" He knocked the skates together with a clack and turned to Shurik. "Do you know how to roller-skate?"

The little boy reached impulsively for the skates, although Semenov had not let go of them. Shurik gave a quick glance toward his mother. Evlalia Grigorievna did not know what to say.

"Now, really ——" she began uncertainly, but Semenov, not heeding her, slipped the skates into Shurik's hands.

"Learn how to skate. Only learn in the yard and not on the street; you'll get flattened in the street. And don't give them



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to your playmates; they'll smash them in a wink."

"But, but ——" Evlalia Grigorievna almost begged.

"No 'buts' here at all," growled Semenov. "Everything is as it should be. And now I must leave—I've run out of time. The pile of work I have, let me tell you—a wagonload!"

Semenov's visit utterly amazed Evlalia Grigorievna, not because of the story of how his freight train had once crushed a man or because of Shurik's skates, but because there was something concealed in his coming, something disagreeable, even a little sickening. What it was exactly, she could not at all fathom.

Grigory Mikhailovich listened to her account of Semenov's visit in his usual critical way. "Who is he?" he asked haughtily.

"I don't know," faltered Evlalia Grigorievna. "Semenov, Pavel Petrovich. But who he is I don't know."

"Well, what a fool you are!" Grigory Mikhailovich frowned. Finally it was clear that he had reached a conclusion. Peering at his daughter, he said with a curt laugh, "He's fallen in love with you."

"Whatever do you mean?" Evlalia Grigorievna raised her voice, "I'm sure not!"

Grigory Mikhailovich laughed again and looked at her intently. Was she good-looking? He had never thought about it; it had been a matter of the greatest indifference to him. Now he looked at her, trying to judge.

He was a poor judge, however. She had that kind of face which, beautiful in its simplicity, at first glance makes one think nothing special, but which, seen again, holds the gaze and awakens a quiet and slightly sad admiration. Never would she arouse unrestrained passion, but she could stir up, in those capable of experiencing it, perhaps a stronger feeling, which made unbearable the thought of hurting her or of seeing her hurt.

Grigory Mikhailovich had never in his life experienced such a feeling. "Nothing spicy about her," he concluded. "Too bad. This Semenov is probably one of those high-up *grand seigneurs* with a party card. What a fool Lalka is! What a perfect idiot." He sighed.

Sophia Dmitrievna, who, in her dislike for Grigory Mikhailovich, never assented to any of his opinions, listened to Evlalia Grigorievna's description of Semenov's visit and, with her eyes screwed up knowingly, for once agreed: "He's fallen in love with you, Little Bluebird. In love."

The following day, when Evlalia Grigorievna came home from work, Grigory

... ...

Birthday Roses

By Laurence Eisenlohr

I wondered that you
treasure flowers,
Whose beauty disappears
So soon and must be told
in hours,
And not, like love, in years.

But now I share your
fullness when
My roses flood your mood,
For flowers must be given
again,
As love must be renewed.

Thus do I give my love to
you:
There are more roses than
these few.

... ...

Mikhailovich met her with a look of sly insinuation, which seemed to suggest at the same time that he had something pleasant and even cheerful to tell her.

She was dead tired, but before she had time to remove her hat and get her bearings, he gave her a wink and indicated with a glance something lying on the desk. "Well?" He winked a second time. "What's this present? In my day, lovers brought pearls and diamonds, but in your superidiotic era ——"

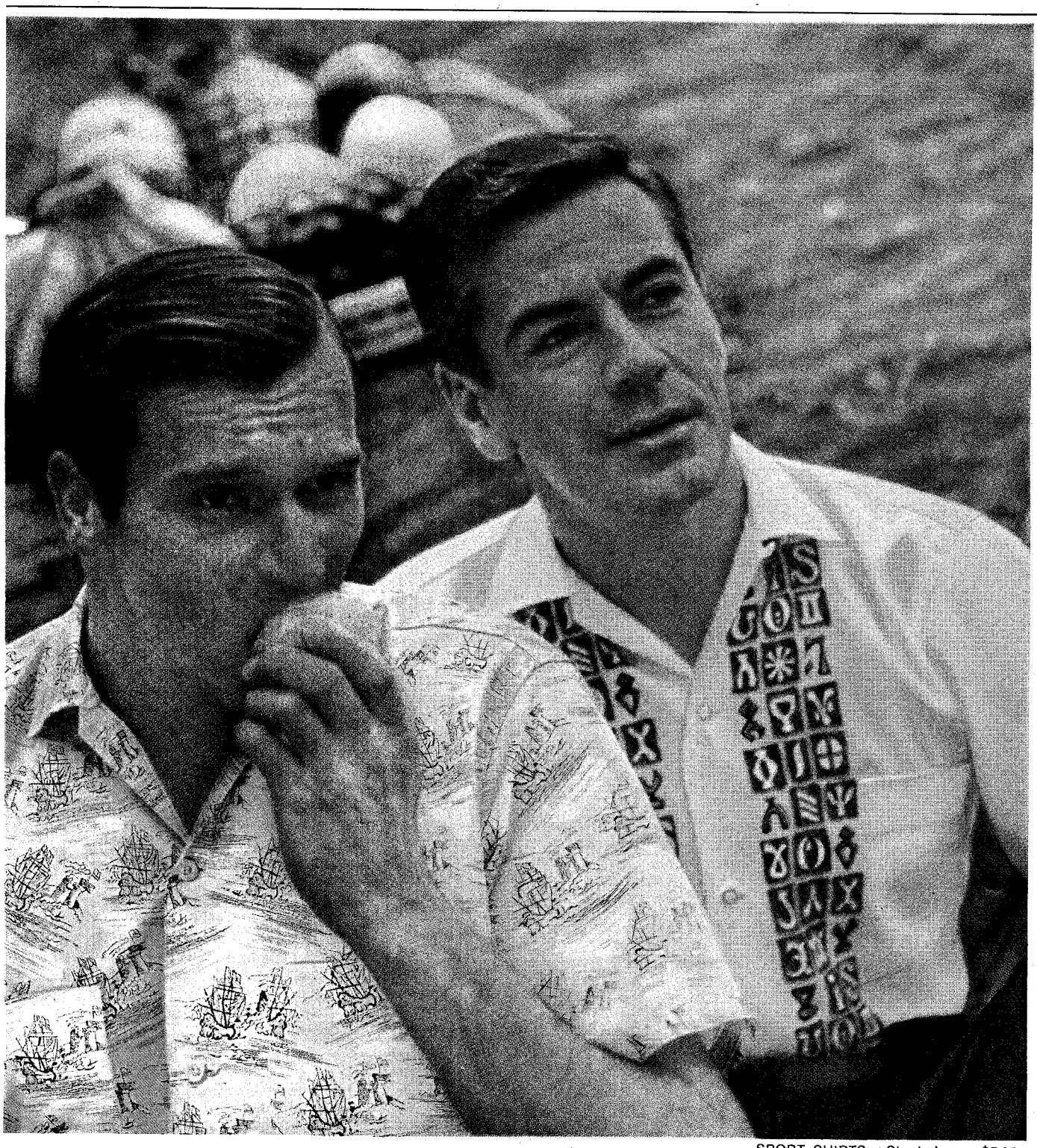
Evlalia Grigorievna looked and, noting what was there, instantly flushed with humiliation. On the desk lay a typewriter in a black metal case with an envelope lying on top.

"This morning one of those gracious gentlemen appeared," said Grigory Mikhailovich, "and brought this thing here. I was going to ask about it, but he only mumbled that it was all explained in the envelope."

He took the envelope and handed it to her. Evlalia Grigorievna accepted it hesitatingly and tore it open, expecting something unpleasant.

I want you to type up a job for me. since you have no typeriter you can use this one for the timebeing. P. SEMENOV.

She laid the letter carefully back on top of the typewriter case and stepped



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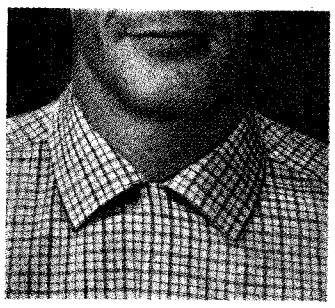

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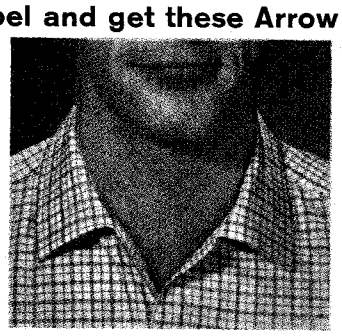

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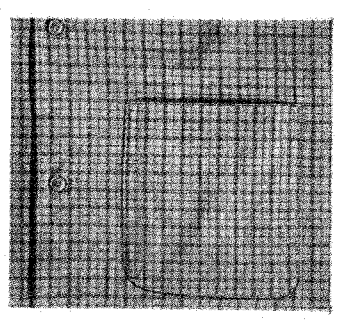

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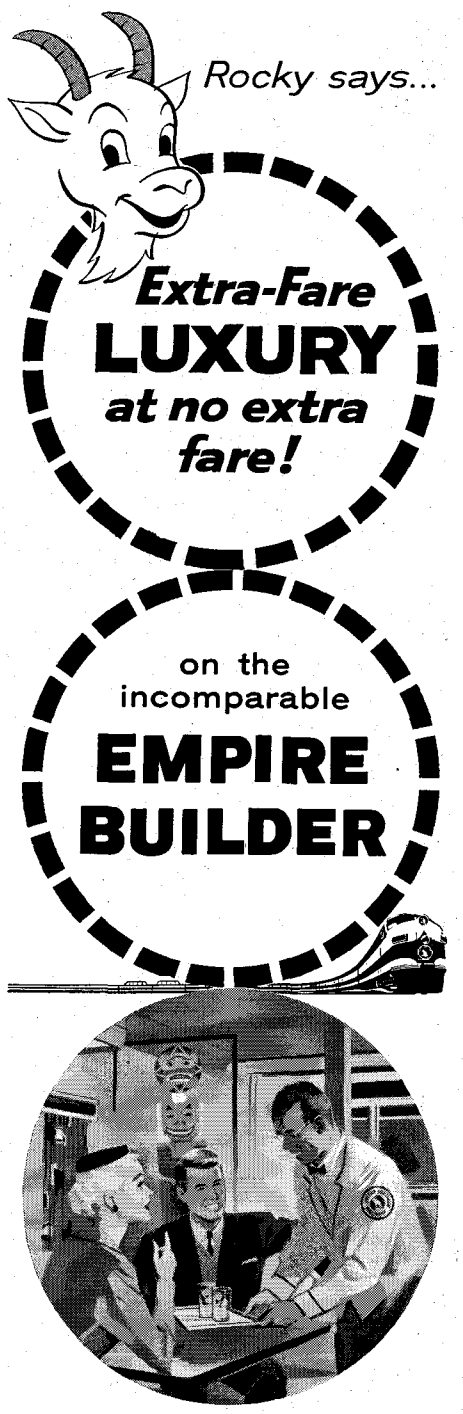

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wordlessly to one side. Grigory Mikhailovich reached out, took the letter and read it. He smiled in his scornful, indifferent, patronizing manner. "Not a single comma; *since* uncapitalized; no *w* in *typewriter;* and *time being* spelled as one word! A typical example of Soviet literacy. The handwriting, to say the least, is that of an unrefined boor, but ——"

He raised his eyes to his daughter and, changing his tone, said with a businesslike air, "But if he actually has work for you, and you can earn a few extra rubles, that's really not so bad."

That morning the typewriter had hardly been delivered when he had opened the envelope and noticed all the mistakes and the "boorish" hand. Coming to the conclusion that "Lalka's such a fool, she might even refuse the offer," he had decided to convince her beforehand in a quiet, businesslike manner.

"He doesn't write when he'll be coming with this 'job,'" he began; "probably tonight or tomorrow. In any case, make sure the room is cleaned up—really cleaned up, that's all!"

But that evening Semenov did not come.

When Evlalia Grigorievna returned from work the following day, she immediately noticed something new in the room. On the wall opposite the door hung a portrait of Stalin—not framed, but glued to a cardboard back. She looked questioningly at her father.

He answered with a majestic, careless flip of his hand and an ironic grimace, "Oh, we have to throw this Semenov of yours a bone. Let him gnaw on it and enjoy himself." After a moment, he added, "It's better this way, you know. That idiotic Stalin cult all over the place, 'Father of the people' and banalities of that kind, but as for us—for all I know, they may even think we're isolating ourselves, that we are ——"

Evlalia Grigorievna did not answer, but she had a disagreeable feeling that she herself had done something dishonest. She went to her place behind the screen, but even there, with the portrait out of sight, she felt its presence.

She considered whether she should accept the work that Semenov had proposed. Without a shade of doubt, she surmised that he had no work of any kind, but had only concocted something on purpose to help her—not work, but covert assistance and nothing more. Without thinking the problem out, she simply surrendered herself to her feelings and made her decision. She would tactfully refuse Semenov's offer. "That's what I'll do; that's just what I'll do."

She put Shurik to bed and sat down to darn socks. Grigory Mikhailovich frowned. "There's no need for that now."

"But they have to be mended."

"Yes, but not today. Our wanted man on the way and —— What a scene! He's probably not coming today, though; it's after eight. What do you think?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"No difference at all, of course, but ——"

Grigory Mikhailovich heard the three rings—he had been listening intently the entire time—and leaped from his place, jarring his side on the edge of the table. Running almost on the tips of his toes, he flung himself into the hall. After a minute, Evlalia Grigorievna heard his voice. He was leading the way along the dark corridor. His tone was obliging, beseeching, saccharine. He was making excuses.

"Chairs stacked here, and—and baskets. Be careful, please. So much dust that —— And no lights in the corridor. We residents don't have time to buy before someone—appropriates them. Heh, heh!"

Evlalia Grigorievna could barely recognize this voice. His self-assured, well-modulated baritone had become an ingratiating tenor. And his "heh, heh" seemed to stab her.

Semenov came into the room, walked up to Evlalia Grigorievna and greeted her in his usual manner—without a sign of friendliness, but quiet and confident. He sat down without waiting to be asked. *I won't take that work for anything*, she thought quickly.

Semenov looked around. He immediately noticed the portrait of Stalin on the wall. He frowned, but brought up another subject. "Did you get the typewriter?"

"Yes, thank you, but I ——"

"I have a job for you here," Semenov went on, not listening. "It's about four hundred pages, I think. Can you type it up for me?"

"I—but, really I ——"

"It's not a rush job, but it would be better to hurry a bit because there's another coming up. There"—he nodded vaguely off in a sideways direction—"they have a lot of work and plenty of money, so they don't have to haggle. Here you are."

He took a thick manuscript out of his briefcase and laid it on the table in front of him.

I must refuse. I must refuse right now, thought Evlalia Grigorievna, but his voice was firm, and the thick manuscript was facing her with compelling reality. Both the voice and the manuscript overwhelmed her, and although she wriggled a little, she remained silent.

"In one copy and—just like this!" went on Semenov, laying his palm flat on the manuscript.

He laid his hand on it lightly, but Evlalia Grigorievna had the feeling that he pressed this mass of paper hard and that he also pressed her—her thoughts and her will.

"I've brought an advance for them," continued Semenov. "Two hundred rubles. And when you've typed it, then there'll be the whole sum. Two rubles a page."

He took the money out of his wallet, put it on top of the manuscript and shoved the pile over to her. Without even attempting to protest, she looked away, hoping that Semenov would not think she was looking at the money.

"Can you have it finished in a month?" he asked.

"I ——"

"I'll come back for it in a month. Give me a separate accounting for the paper and carbons. Well? Can you manage in a month?"

"I—probably I can have it done in three weeks, but ——" She looked at him uncertainly. "But I don't know."

"Don't promise!" Grigory Mikhailovich broke in delicately, almost affectionately. "If you were free all day long, then, of course, you could finish it up in three weeks. But you have your work during the day, after all—your position, that is—" he corrected himself quickly, "so you can type only in the evenings and ——"

"Why, yes," said Semenov. "That's right, of course; you're busy. Now, if only —— Well, all right, I'll think it over. What was I talking about?" He turned to Evlalia Grigorievna. "The quicker you finish it, the better, because there's a lot of work and you'll be ready for more earnings. But if you're hanging around the office all day, then, of course —— But I'll think that over."

Grigory Mikhailovich, now seated at the table, was smoothing the oilcloth in front of him. Semenov turned toward him and gave him a quick, cursory, yet intent glance. He frowned, as if either recalling or considering something. Then he gave what seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna a special kind of omniscient laugh, and asked unpleasantly, "And you? You're working somewhere?"

"Me? No," replied Grigory Mikhailovich uncertainly, calmly oblivious of the animosity in Semenov's tone. "I'm not working now because ——" He hesitated. "After all, someone has to stay at home, you know. Our household isn't large, as you can see, but still —— And then there's no one to leave the child with."

Semenov suddenly turned away from him in complete indifference. "And this?" he asked Evlalia Grigorievna, nodding his head toward the portrait of Stalin. "What's this now! Something new?"

"No. Why something new?" Grigory Mikhailovich spoke quickly, without letting his daughter reply. "It's always been here at our place, but—but ——" Not hitting upon the right "but," he turned to his daughter. "Perhaps you might serve tea."

Evlalia Grigorievna was ready to spring up, but Semenov stopped her. "No, never mind tea. I'm leaving now."

"Don't go. Sit down awhile," protested Grigory Mikhailovich invitingly, looking at his daughter and vexed by her silence. *She's a dumb one. A real dunce*, he thought. He was on the point of nudging her.

"No, I haven't the time," Semenov answered sullenly, looking at his watch.

Grigory Mikhailovich saw him to the outer door and returned with rapid steps.

"Well, that's fine—that's fine," he said delightedly, coming back once more to his normal baritone with its aristocratic timbre. "We'll get eight hundred rubles out of this!" Joyfully he indicated the manuscript. "And you must try to type it up in a couple of weeks, you know. Then you'll have more. That's wonderful. That's really wonderful! H'm? Isn't it wonderful?"

Evlalia Grigorievna hardly heard him. She sat, her hands dropped on her knees, trying to understand. How had it happened that she had agreed to take the work, without protest? After all, she had not wanted to take it. Why had it happened this way?

TO BE CONTINUED

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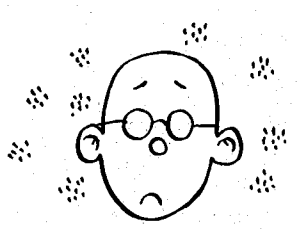
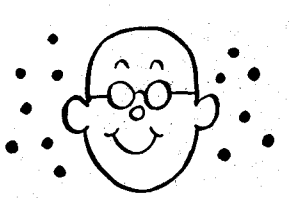


Ordinary Glasses



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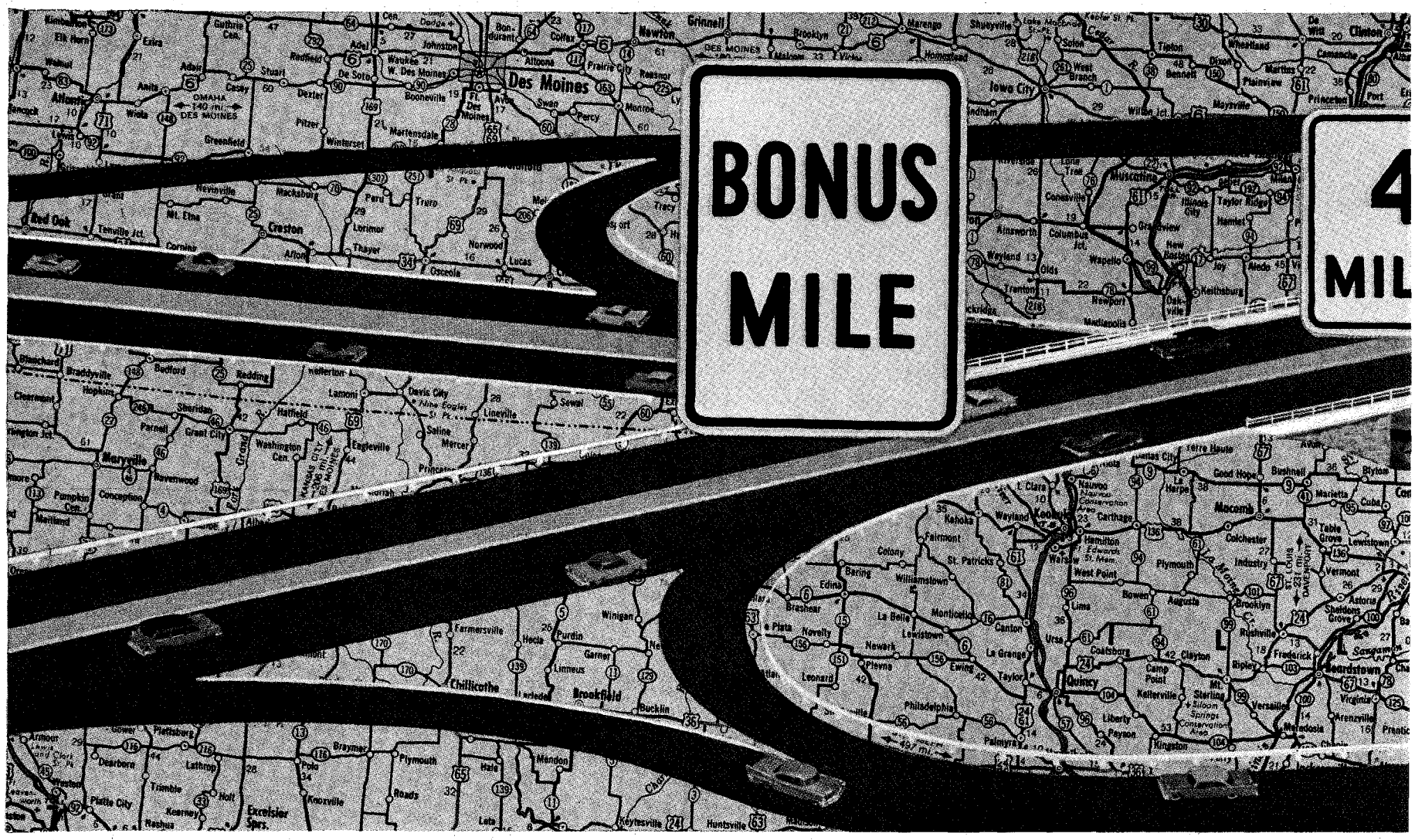

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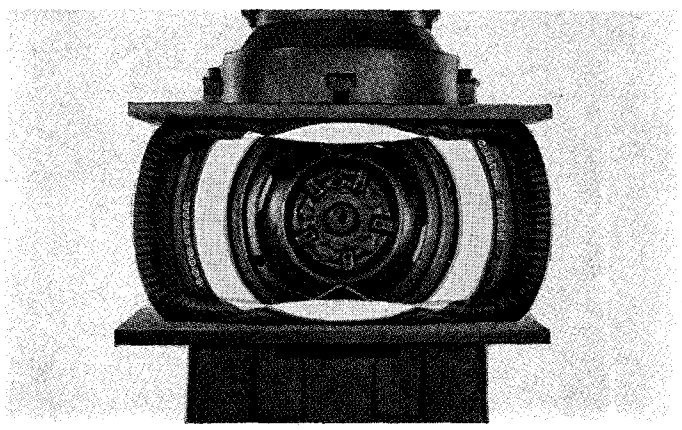

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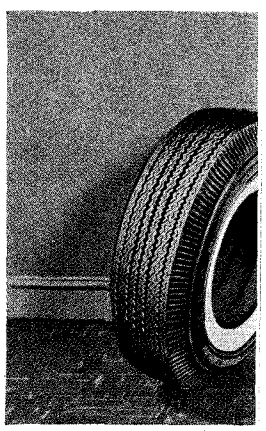

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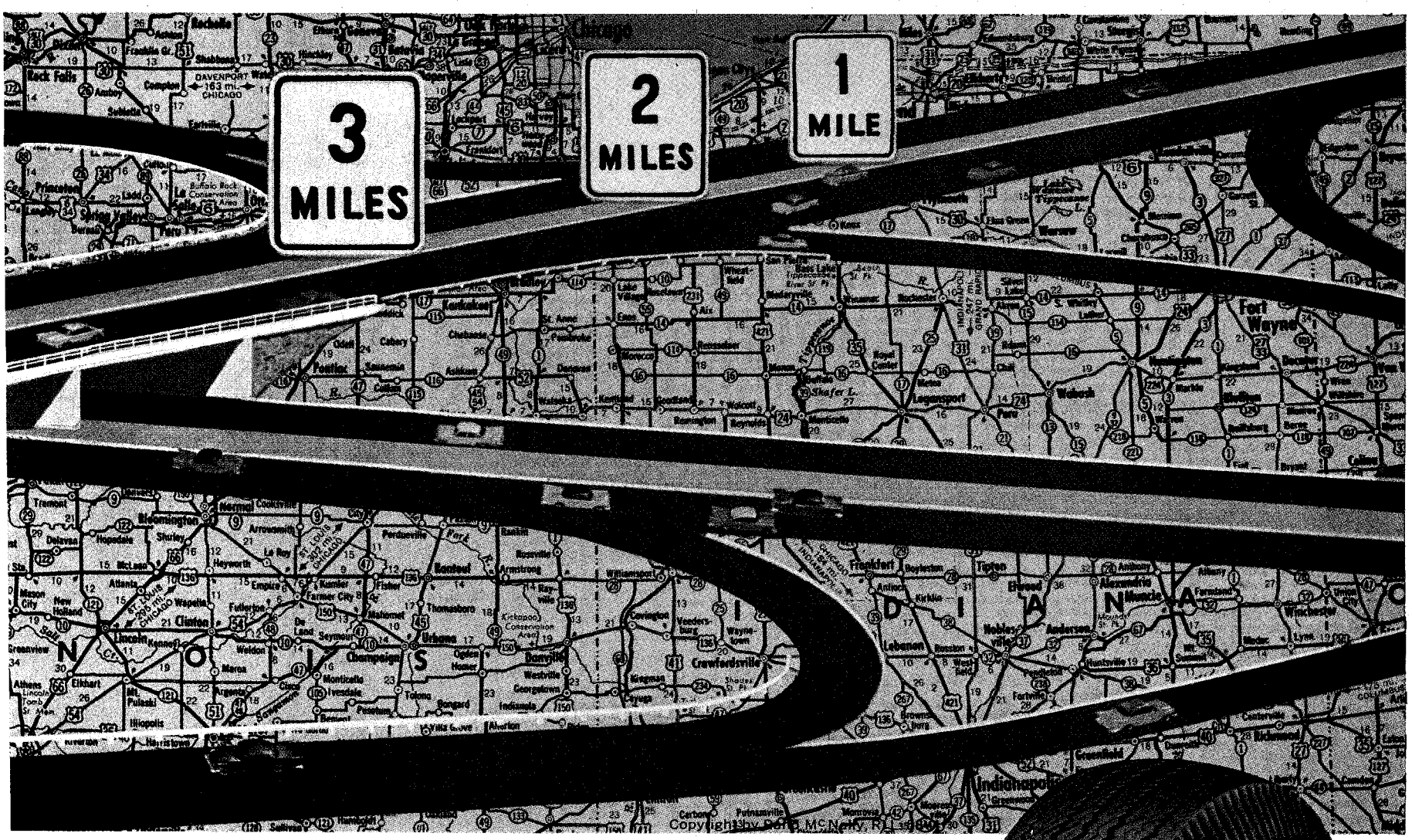

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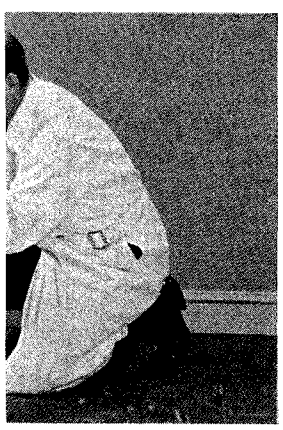

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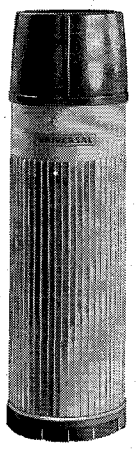

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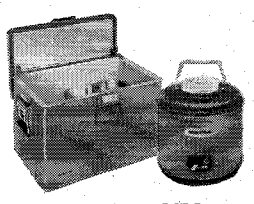

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Girls are for the Asking

(Continued from Page 31)

this new member of the United States Navy does not partake. First there was Naples. Ah, those ravishing Napoli signorinas! And then there was Cannes, and the magnificent bundles on the beach who smiled and smiled and smiled. And then there was —— But it was all there, Ski. You saw it."

Ski said, almost reverently, "Yeah, man. I saw it."

"Fireman Blake neglected it," McCall said in a flat, condemnatory voice. "Fireman Blake used his liberties in sight-seeing, in museum visiting, in taking pictures of ruins. The entire trip, in a truly Navy sense, was lost on him."

"Look," Eddie said. "Everything was fine. I ——"

"You're supposed to have one in every port," McCall told him. "Having the uniform is like having a license. They're supposed to tell you that, when you sign on."

The car stopped at Kelly's on Front Street and Ski paid the fare. He said to Eddie, "You understand the evening is strictly on us. All expenses paid by the Initiation Committee. After this you're on your own."

"I've got money," Eddie said.

"Good. Hold onto it."

They went into the cool dimness of Kelly's and sat in one of the big booths. McCall told the waiter, "Ski and I'll have beer and a couple of shots, Joe. Our friend will have a beer."

"Your friend will have a beer if he's eighteen, Barney."

McCall said, "Show him the ID card, Fireman Blake."

Eddie dug his ID card from his pocket and the waiter looked at it and handed it back. "By two days," he said. "It's lucky you didn't make a fast trip."

The drinks came and McCall lifted his whisky. "To this fine town and the plentiful quail."

Ski nodded. "And they should take weeks to fix those lousy engines."

The beer tasted good. Eddie had had a glass at home quite a few times on a hot summer evening. There had even been hot toddies on two occasions, when he and his father had come in from a long cold day in the duck blind. He wondered if the ship would be in long enough so that he could get ten days' leave to go home. The fishing should be good now on Little River and on Long Lake. He wondered about the boat, if Johnny was taking care of it.

Ski waved to the waiter and indicated McCall and himself. When the drinks came, he said, "O.K., what's the scoop? Where do we go?"

"There's no rush," McCall said. "This is a thing to be carefully planned. We don't want to make a bad impression on our boy."

"The Mill," Ski said.

McCall shook his head. "Rowdy. Coarse. The Shore Patrol hits that layout every night. There's always a brawl."

"Henry's, then."

McCall said, "Not Henry's. We can do better than that."

They were names Eddie had heard on the trip back to the States. He felt himself blushing.

"Well, I sure ain't gonna sit here all night," Ski said. "You two don't do anything to me at all."

Eddie said, "We passed a good movie on the way to here. Gary Cooper. A Western."

They both looked at him, then studied their drinks. McCall raised his head with a smile. "Mamma Jo's."

Ski frowned. "That place gives me the willies. Everybody's so damned polite. You'd think you were in a soda fountain."

"So there's no sawdust on the floor. You always think a joint has to have spittoons. You're never happy unless some guy is breaking a bottle over your thick head. You have low tastes."

"It's just that I don't have to have everything fancied up."

"We'll go to Mamma Jo's," McCall said decisively. "For what it is, Mamma Jo's is a very nice place."

It was a name Eddie had heard spoken of with a certain amount of respect.

"This is gonna cost," Ski said. "You know that, don't you?"

"It won't cost you a dollar more than Henry's or The Mill, in the long run. Good whisky, no mickies, no trouble. You're the only stingy Polack I ever sailed with."

"I'm not stingy. I just wanted to call it to your attention so that when we split the bill you don't start screamin' like always and ——"

"I've got money," Eddie said.

They ignored him. McCall looked at his watch. "One more and we shove off." He turned to Eddie. "You ever going to finish that beer?"

The beer was flat. Eddie wished he could have avoided this whole thing, but the way McCall and Ski had come at him about it, there hadn't been much that he could do but go along. They'd been talking about it for the last week, ever since he'd been foolish enough to answer the question. He would have hurt their feelings if he hadn't come along. Well, maybe it hadn't been only that.

The new beer was fresh and frothy, and he sipped it, wondering what Mamma Jo's would be like.

It was just an ordinary brownstone, three-story house when they got there at six o'clock. The sun was still high enough so that it was hot, but there was the feel of a breeze starting to come in from the sea. They went up the short stoop and McCall pushed the button beside the door. In a few moments it opened and a short, round woman with gleaming black hair and a dazzling white smile stood there. She slapped McCall on the arm. "Barney! It is a long time I don't see you! Where you been?"

McCall patted her plump shoulder. "As if you didn't know. I'll bet you've got the movements of the Sixth Fleet charted on a wall."

"Not back yet!" the woman said. "Not for another three months!"

"We were detached. Something wrong with the engines." They were in a hall, the door closed behind them. McCall said, "You remember Ski, Mamma."

The smile faded a little. "No fights!"

"Doves," McCall said. "We're lambs. And we brought a recruit, Mamma. This is Eddie. He's on our watch."

The woman nodded approvingly and the smile gleamed again. "A nice-looking boy."

Eddie said, "How do you do, ma'am."

She looked at him and nodded again. "Is very nice."

The ground floor of the house, Eddie saw, was mainly one large room. There were ten or twelve tables spaced along the walls, and a juke box was prominent. The lighting was subdued and everything was very clean. Two couples were dancing in a cleared space in the middle of the room and several more sat at scattered tables. It was an all-Navy gathering.

They sat at a large table and McCall told the stout woman what they were drinking. He turned to Eddie. "How do you like it?"

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Eddie said, "It looks very nice. It's a nice place."

"The best," McCall said. "Nothing but the best for you this evening, my lad." He looked at Ski. "And remember, no trouble."

"Don't worry about it," Ski said. "I never start those things."

McCall snorted. "Now I've heard it all. But just keep in mind that I have a very good reputation here."

"It's a great place for it," Ski said.

A dark girl brought their drinks on a tray. McCall said, "Rosie! It's been a long time! Sit down!"

The girl sat down. She was very pretty, Eddie thought. She wore a brown dress with a white collar. She said, "You have a good cruise, Barney?"

"A tour. First-class accommodations. You know Ski?"

The girl looked at Ski and smiled. "Yes. Hello, Ski."

Ski said, "How's the girl?"

"You don't know Eddie," McCall said. "Eddie, this is Rosie."

Eddie got to his feet and said, "How do you do," and sat down.

The girl's eyes embarrassed him. Her voice was very low. "Hello, Eddie." He looked away at the couples dancing.

Soon there were two other girls at the table. Helen and Ethel. Helen was blond, and Ethel had red hair. They were very nice and they talked about movies and about fellows McCall and Ski knew. Helen sat near Eddie and asked him about the trip, and he told her about Naples and Cannes and the other places and dug some pictures out of his wallet.

The place was filling up and the air was getting heavy with smoke. One bunch in a corner was making a lot of noise and there were quite a few people dancing now. McCall was out on the floor with the girl named Rosie, and Eddie could see that he was very good. Ski was drinking quite a lot and laughing with the red-haired girl.

Helen said, "You want to dance, Eddie?"

He'd been afraid of that. "I'm not very good."

"We'll get along," the girl said. She got up and he followed her to the middle of the room.

It was very crowded and he kept bumping into other couples. The girl was close to him and she used a very heavy perfume. He looked down at her and was surprised to see that she was much older than she had seemed to be at the table. Really old. She must be twenty-three or twenty-four, he thought.

She said, "My, you're tall!"

"It runs in the family, I guess. My father's very tall and my mother's quite tall. My kid brother, Johnny, is only fifteen and he's as tall as I am."

The girl said, "You don't say."

There didn't seem to be much more to talk about. When the number finished, they went to the table again. Helen said, "Aren't you going to buy me a drink?"

"Oh, sure!" Eddie said. "I'm sorry I forgot to ask. And I'm sorry about the dancing too. I told you I wasn't very good."

She got up and patted him on the cheek. "We'll do all right. I'll be back in a minute."

He sat there and watched the rest of the people. Ski was dancing with his girl now, but he couldn't see McCall. It was getting pretty noisy, and someone dropped a glass across the room. He saw a couple of fellows from the Robinson and they yelled at him and he waved back.

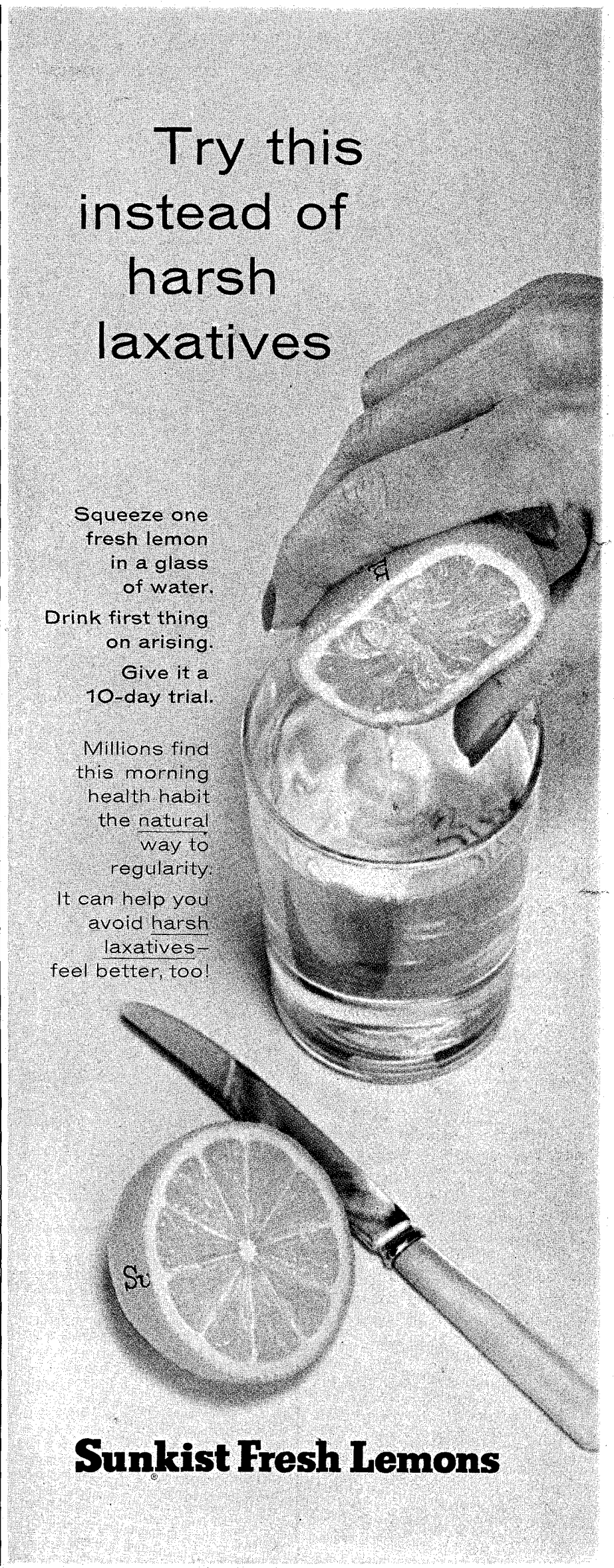
He tasted the beer, but it was getting warm now, and with all the smoke and noise he was starting to get a headache. The place was all right, he guessed. It somehow wasn't like he'd expected it to be. He didn't know how he'd expected it to be, but this wasn't it. He looked again for McCall, but couldn't see him in the crowd.

Then the girl named Helen came by with a gunner's mate named Rogers, from the ship. She said, "You just hang around, Eddie. I'll be right back." They started to dance.

And suddenly he wanted to leave, and there was no one to stop him. He couldn't see either McCall or Ski. He hadn't really wanted to come with them in the first place, but the way they had arranged it, he just hadn't been able to back out. Well, maybe that wasn't all of it. But now that he was here, he didn't like it.

Leaving was simple. He just stood up, took his white hat from the back of the chair and walked out. No one seemed to notice him at all. He walked slowly down the street, feeling ashamed, somehow, but feeling good, too, to be out of the smoke and the noise and the heavy, scent-filled air. He took a deep breath. It was still plenty light, but it had cooled a bit. McCall and Ski would be sore at him, he knew. He'd just tell them he'd felt sick and had to leave. There wasn't any reason to feel bad about it, he told himself. Just

"I promised the little woman I'd take her with me this trip."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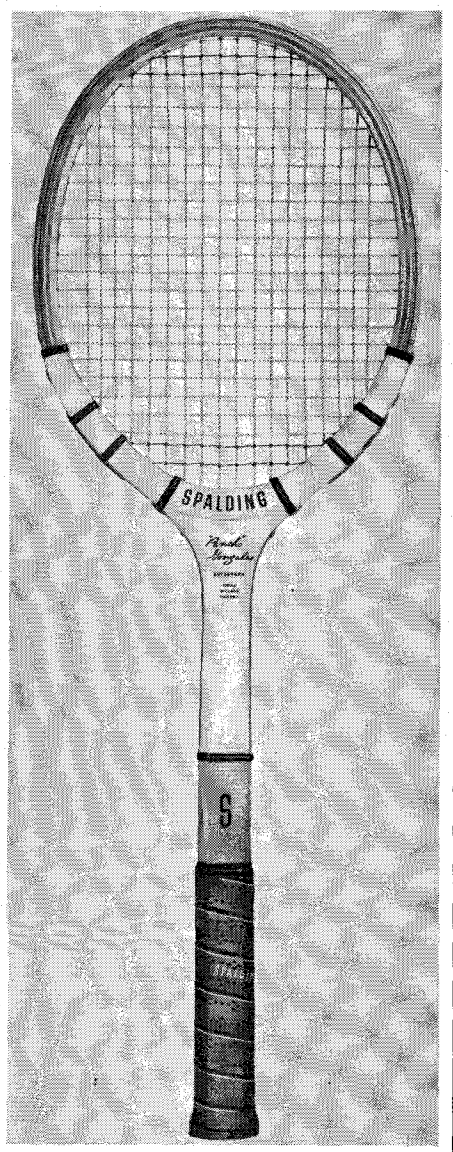

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as there wasn't any reason why you had to go somewhere just because someone asked you to. Maybe a person just didn't feel like going.

He walked for four blocks and suddenly discovered that he was hungry. He was almost down to Front Street again when he saw the restaurant. The sign said: JACK'S—SEAFOOD A SPECIALTY, and it looked clean and not too expensive. He crossed the street and went in.

It wasn't very big. There were maybe fifteen tables, and only four of them were occupied. He took a small table against a wall and hung his hat on a hook above the table. He figured he had never been so hungry. There were quite a few items on the menu and he studied them carefully.

Someone set a glass of water on the table and he looked up.

The girl was very slender and very pretty. Her hair and eyes were brown, and he guessed she was about medium height. She wore a light dress that flounced out somehow, and an apron, and something like a little kerchief on her head. She did not smile.

Eddie ordered clams and clam chowder, and said, "Can I have a steak?"

The girl's voice was very soft. "I guess so, but I'd better ask." She went away. Eddie liked the way she walked.

When she came back, she said, "Yes, we have steak."

Eddie said, "All right, I'll have the steak with some French-fried potatoes. Will you make the steak medium rare?"

She stood there writing it down on a little pad, and he said, "You don't seem to be very busy."

"It's a little late. Most of our customers have been and gone."

"Sure," Eddie said. "I'd forgotten about the time."

She went off to the back of the restaurant, and in a little while brought him a half dozen clams. When he had eaten them, the girl took away the shells and brought him a big bowl of chowder. It was wonderful chowder.

When she came back for the plate, he said, "That chowder is very good."

She said, "Thank you."

Eddie stretched his neck. "I'll bet you made it yourself."

She smiled for the first time. It was a very timid smile. "Oh, no. I didn't make it."

"Well, it was very good chowder."

In a little while she brought him the steak. It was a fine steak, just the way he wanted it. It didn't take him long to eat it and the potatoes and the dish of salad. He felt a lot better.

The girl came for the steak platter and he said, "Now don't tell me you didn't cook that steak. It was very good."

Her smile was not quite so timid this time. "Oh, I couldn't cook like that. My father does all the cooking."

"Is this your father's place?"

She said, "That's right."

"Well, let me tell you, it must be fine to have your father running a restaurant like this. You certainly shouldn't go hungry."

"No," she said. "I certainly never go hungry."

"You'd expect to see a big fat girl," Eddie said. "Her father running a place like this."

The girl said, "No, I don't get fat. Would you like something else?"

"Just some pie and ice cream," Eddie said. "And a glass of milk."

In a few moments she brought the pie and ice cream and the milk. Eddie said, "Do you live here? I mean, in this building?"

The girl shook her head. "We live over on Garland. It's about half a mile."

"Well, I guess it would be nice to live here. Convenient, I mean. Just have all your meals in the restaurant. All you wanted too."

The girl said, "Well, I think it's nicer to have a kitchen right in your own house."

"Well, I guess it would be," Eddie said. He couldn't think of anything else to say. He looked around. The other customers had left. The girl started to move off and he said, "Well, it looks like most of your customers have gone."

The girl nodded. "It usually gets slow around this time."

"Well, I guess you just close up then, don't you?"

"We usually close in about an hour."

She walked off and Eddie ate the ice cream and the pie. He drank the milk and asked for another glass. He tried to figure something else to eat, but he didn't think he could hold any more. The girl was near the rear of the restaurant and he waved to her. "I guess I'd like a check."

She stood there and added up the check and handed it to him. He got a bill out of his wallet and said, "Let me tell you, that was very reasonable for a meal like that."

"I'm glad you think so," the girl said. "I'll get your change."

She went to the register on the little counter near the door, made the change and came back with it on a platter. She put the platter on the table and said, "Thank you very much."

She started to walk away, and Eddie said, "You know, now that you're closing up and all, I don't guess maybe you'd want me to walk you home? Or maybe it isn't too late for a movie?"

She stopped and turned and looked at him very seriously. She said, "I don't know. I'll ask my father." She walked to the back of the restaurant and disappeared.

Eddie wondered if he should get up and walk out. He had forgotten about her father being the cook. He picked up his change, put a half dollar under the platter and took his hat from the hook. He walked around a couple of tables slowly, and then he heard a heavy voice say, "Mary, I told you. I don't want you hanging out with any Navy."

The girl said something Eddie couldn't hear, and then the man said, "All right. Let's take a look."

Eddie started for the door, then pulled up short and faced the back of the room. The girl came out first, followed by a big man, almost as tall as Eddie, but wider and heavier. He stood about five feet from Eddie and looked him up and down. "So you want to take my daughter home. Or to the movies."

Eddie said, "Yes, sir. I mean, I thought if she's all through working she might like—to have someone walk her home."

"What ship you on?"

"The Robinson. It's a destroyer. We're detached from the Sixth Fleet and came back here for engine repairs."

The big man was silent for a moment, then he said, "Lemme see your ID card."

Eddie hesitated, but only for a moment. He dug the card out of the wallet and handed it over. The big man looked at it as if he'd seen a lot of them. He muttered twice to himself, "Blake. 6462348," then handed the card back to Eddie and stared at him for what seemed a long time. Then he nodded. "O.K., Blake. She has the Saturday-night leeway. Have her home before twelve o'clock."

Eddie breathed for the first time in several minutes, it seemed to him. He said, "Yes, sir."

The big man said, "And, Blake." Then he stopped and said, "O.K. Before twelve." He turned and walked back into the kitchen.

The girl went to Eddie's table to clear the dishes. She said, "I'll be right out." Her smile was very shy.

Eddie walked to the front of the restaurant. He felt very light and very tall. He put on his hat and then took it off again. He guessed he had done everything all right.

The girl came out in a little while and he opened the screen door for her. When they were on the sidewalk, he said, "Well, here we are. I thought your father was going to be mad or something."

"He sounds pretty fierce, but he isn't, really."

They walked down the street and Eddie said, "Do you want to go straight home or go to a movie?"

"It's such a nice night. It seems a shame to waste it in a movie."

The last light was blue-green, far down in the west, and a moon two days away from full was walking up the eastern sky. They walked, and Eddie said, "I guess you come from here?"

The girl shook her head. It came just about up to his shoulder, Eddie noticed. "No, I've lived in several places. We've been here about four years. Ever since Pop opened the restaurant."

"It's a nice town. Real nice."

"We like it fine."

Eddie said, "What are all those lights? Over there?" He pointed. "Seems like just outside of town."

"Oh, those. That's Neptune Park. It's an amusement park. They have rides and things. You know."

Eddie thought for a moment. "Could we go there? I mean, it's such a nice night and all."

"We couldn't walk. We'd have to take a bus."

Eddie suddenly said, "Gosh, I don't know your name! I think I heard your father call you Mary, but that's all."

"Mary Taylor," she said. Then she smiled. "I heard my father call you Blake, but I don't know your first name."

"Eddie. Eddie Blake. I'm pleased to meet you." They both laughed. Eddie said, "Where did your father have his restaurant before you came here?"

She looked at him and started to laugh. It was more of a giggle. She said, "He retired from the Navy on twenty years five years ago."

Eddie stared at her. "He what?"

"He was a Chief Commissary Steward. He always wanted to open a restaurant of his own."

"But I heard him tell you that he didn't want you hanging around with any Navy!"

Her laughter had a nice sound. "I know!" Then (*Continued on Page 60*)

... ...

Small Drum Majorette

By Elizabeth Landeweer

With baton whirling,
Face alight,
Pigtails twirling,
Freckles bright,
She comes strutting,
Hand on hip,
Turns a cartwheel
Quick and flip,
Skids expertly
On her seat,
And ends up tangled
In her feet.

... ...

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(*Continued from Page 58*) she said very quietly, "He must have liked you."

"Well!" Eddie said. It was all he could think of.

The bus got them to Neptune Park in fifteen minutes. It was a nice place, right on the beach, and it wasn't crowded. There were lots of rides, a dance pavilion, eating places and game booths. They just walked around, going on this ride, then on another. The Devil's Dip was a fine roller coaster, the fastest Eddie had ever been on, and The Whip was good, and the Flying Airplanes. They talked as they walked, and Eddie learned that the girl was an only child, that she was seventeen, that she had worked in the restaurant during school vacations, this year and the year before. "Pop doesn't want me to work, but the work is easy and the tips are good." She looked at him and grinned, and he felt foolish.

They went on the Ferris Wheel, and it was wonderful swinging in the carriage high up, with the moon silvering a long path on the ocean stretched out before them. Eddie found himself talking about Hilldale, the town in Michigan he came from, and about the farm, and about graduating from high school. "And now I'm taking armed-forces courses. It's almost like going to college. Agricultural courses. Sounds funny, doesn't it? A sailor taking farming lessons?"

"I think it's very nice," the girl said.

The dance pavilion was near the Ferris Wheel, and when they came down, the girl said, "Would you like to dance, Eddie?"

It was the first time she had used his name. He liked it. "I don't dance very well, I guess."

"That's all right."

The band was playing a waltz, and Eddie was thankful. He wasn't so bad at waltzing. He held the girl gently and moved carefully, and it was just like dancing with a feather, he thought. She smiled up at him and said, "Why, you dance very well, Eddie." She smelled like the breeze coming in from the sea, fresh and clean. It was the first time he had ever really enjoyed dancing. When they walked away from the pavilion, he was surprised to find that they were holding hands.

Eddie won a small woolly dog knocking some wooden bottles off a stand with a baseball. When they walked away from the booth, Eddie stretched his neck. "There's a ride we haven't been on. I'll bet it's pretty scary." It was called Tunnel of Love.

The girl said, "Well, I guess so," and Eddie bought some tickets and they got into a small boat held by an attendant. When he let go of it, the boat drifted toward a dark cavern.

It was black as pitch in the tunnel, and every here and there frightening figures flashed at them, and once the girl squealed. Eddie moved to put his arm around her, then stopped. He remained rigid all through the ride.

When they came out into the light again, the girl looked at him. "It was certainly pretty scary."

Eddie laughed. "It sure was." He thought his voice sounded a little funny.

They had custard cones, and walked away from the lights toward the ocean. There was a boardwalk that stretched to the left and right as far as you could see in the moonlight, and they walked for quite a way until they came to an empty bench. They sat facing the sea, and Eddie told the girl about fishing on Little River with his father and Johnny, and she talked about her school and some of the cities she had lived in.

Then they were silent for a little while, and Eddie found that he had stretched his arm along the back of the bench.

The girl turned to him and started to say, "One time in ——"

Eddie's arm just dropped of itself and tightened a little and he kissed her. Her lips were sweet and fresh and soft, and in a moment he felt her hand touch his face lightly. In a few moments he drew back and his arm loosened. The girl's relaxed lightness leaned against him and he drew a deep breath and looked out over the ocean. He was all a little mixed up, but he felt wonderful, and the scent of the girl's hair seemed very soft and important. She didn't move or look at him.

In a little while he said, "Well, gee, I guess we'd better get going." He looked at his watch and they had plenty of time, but he knew he wasn't going to take any chances. Not with this girl.

She said, "I guess we'd better," and they got up and walked along the boardwalk to the park and through the lights and the noise. It seemed very natural to Eddie that they were holding hands now.

There wasn't very much to say on the bus. The girl held his hand and smiled at him when they came to her stop, and they walked four blocks to her house through the soft night.

They stopped in front of a wooden house with a porch, and the girl said, "Well, this is where I live."

Eddie said, "Well, I want to thank you. I had a swell time."

"I want to thank you," the girl said. "It was lots of fun."

He noticed for the first time in an hour that she still held the little dog. He said, "Maybe you'd like to go out there again some night. Or to a movie."

"I think that would be nice."

"I mean, if your father didn't mind."

She smiled. "I don't think he'd mind."

He said, "Well, good night, Mary." He wanted to kiss her again, but he knew somehow that it wouldn't be right, here.

She said, "Good night, Eddie," and walked up the steps of the porch to the door. She turned once and waved to him, then went into the house.

He walked down the street to the bus line and was a little surprised to hear himself whistling. Then he found himself in a panic because he hadn't made a date, really, and he doubted if he could find the house again. But he certainly remembered where the restaurant was. And he guessed it would be all right about the date.

He was just going aboard the Robinson in the yard when he met McCall. McCall was weaving a little, but not bad. He said, "Well! Fireman Blake! What happened to you?"

"I didn't feel so good," Eddie said. "I didn't see you around, so I left."

"You didn't see me around, so you left. That's fine." McCall lit a cigarette. "Where you been?"

"The park," Eddie said. "Neptune Park."

"Neptune Park. I suppose you went on all the rides?"

"I guess we hit most of them."

"We? Who's 'we'?"

"I met a girl," Eddie said. "A very nice girl." He hoped McCall wouldn't say the wrong thing.

"A nice girl, eh?" McCall looked at him unsteadily for a moment. "You know, I'll bet you did, at that. Sometimes I wonder who's smart around this outfit. Who's really smart. I know it isn't me."

He went aboard the ship, and Eddie followed him. He glanced at his watch. It was just midnight. He was glad he'd got Mary home in plenty of time.

The Strange Case of Richard Gant (Continued from Page 24)

"That's very kind of you." He added, "I am also Richard Gant's grandfather."

"Richard —— Oh." John remembered the D. and D. case in Mike's Café. He remarked, "I'm afraid your grandson had one too many that night."

"I'm afraid," Elisha Gant said, "you let an innocent young man be jailed."

John was silent, reflecting that a defendant's family usually felt that way. But it was quite a thing, to have made the long trip north to say so.

Doctor Gant explained, "Richard and I are quite close—his parents, you see, died in a flood and I raised him. His ambition was always toward the business world, and with some help from me, he put himself through the School of Commerce in your university. He boarded with relatives here. Last June one of your department stores started him in their credit office. He wrote me how delighted he was." Doctor Gant paused.

"Richard phoned me from jail about this taproom affair; the warden let him. I gave him the usual 'forget it' talk. But after hanging up, I wondered. I think I know my grandson, and he's not one to break loose like that." He noted John's dubious look. "You think that may be just sentiment speaking? I have something more concrete. He told me he was taken to this place by a Viennese lecturer—do you recall his name?"

"I think so. Kunster?"

"Yes. First name Otto. I became curious about him and called an acquaintance in New York who books lecturers from the other side. To oblige me, he made a thorough check. And there is no foreign lecturer now in this country named Otto Kunster."

"I see." Now, John was growing a little uneasy.

"I decided to fly here to investigate, and went to the police court. They gave me your name." He also went to the taproom and found it closed up. "I learned from a neighbor that the owner left town the afternoon of Richard's hearing. May I suggest why he made himself scarce? I think he was afraid you'd question him again, suspecting he lied in the first place." Doctor Gant's silence said, "He needn't have worried."

John felt himself reddening. Was the owner's testimony, recalling it now, too loud, rushed? He protested, "But your grandson admitted his conduct."

"Admissions can be made in error."

"But why would anyone want to injure him? For what reason?"

"Is there someone else?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That is indeed the mystery." His tone throughout had been gentle, but calmly sure his grandson had been victimized. He contemplated John now, as if to stress the principle involved and the duty to repair an injustice. Their eyes met. Seeming to decide he could skip the moralizing, Doctor Gant smiled and rose instead.

"I must fly back today. I called the prison and was told I just missed a visiting day, so I wasn't able to see Richard. If you do, will you remember me to him? Thank you for giving me your time." With a small bow that included Bill Stuart in a corner chair, he turned. They watched his dignified figure walk from the room.

Bill said, "He sure threw the case back at you."

"That he did." John frowned. "Funny, about that hearing. Arthur Duffeen watched it. Now why would an important lawyer like him be interested? Bill, we'll have to make lunch snappy. I want to see the grandson. Care to come along?"

"You bet. If you want a reason, I like the grandfather."

Later, in a cab to the prison, John cast a critical eye on his part in the case. He had no business passing off any case as minor or taking the testimony for granted. To young Gant, starting out in life, even a short jail term might prove a disaster.

He said, "I suppose he could have been framed. But what's it all about?"

"Money, if Duffeen's in it," Bill grunted.

They interviewed Richard Gant in the warden's office. (*Continued on Page 62*)

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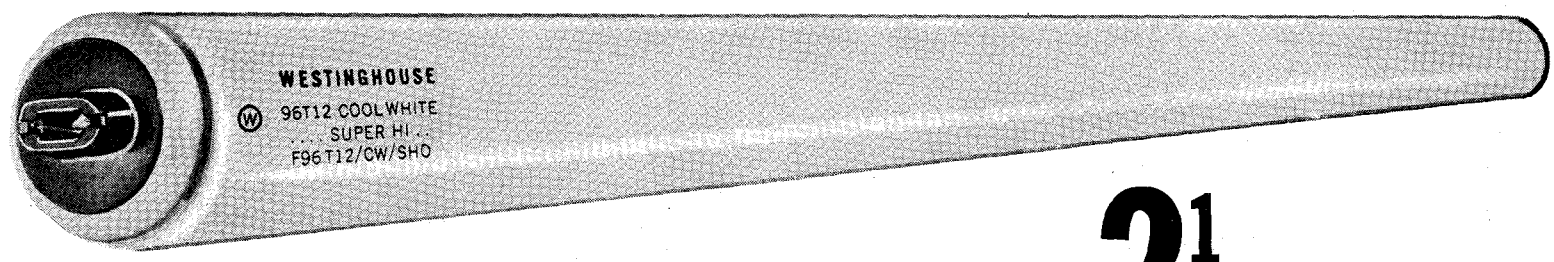

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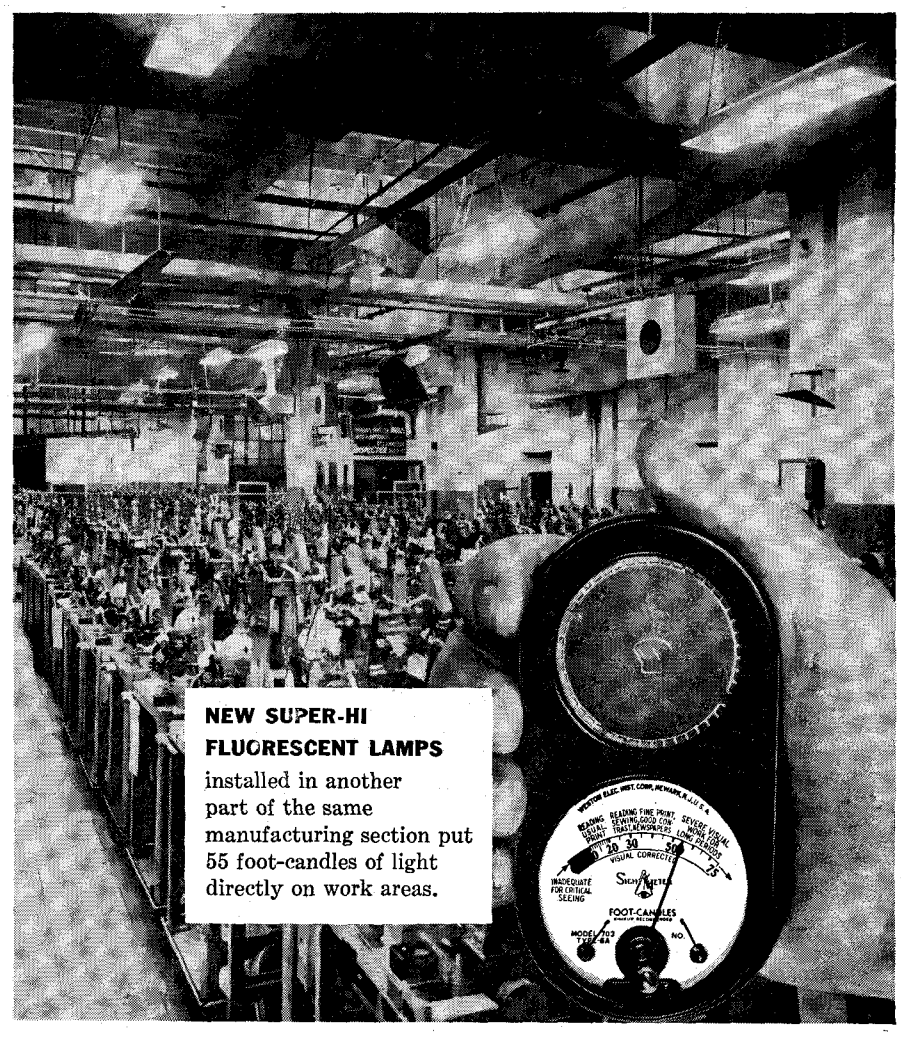
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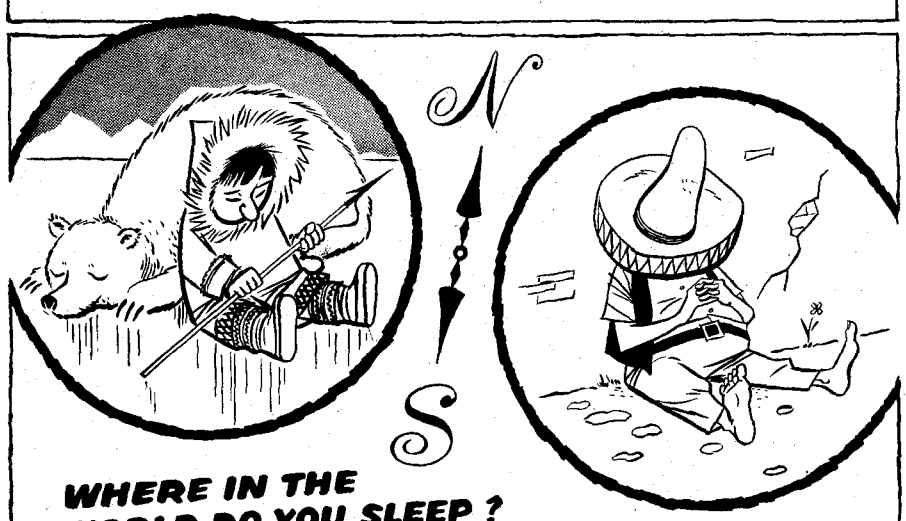

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NATIONAL COTTON BATTING INSTITUTE and NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL, Memphis, Tenn.

(*Continued from Page 60*) After his surprise at seeing them, he listened intently. He smiled when John spoke of his grandfather.

He said, "Grandfather Elisha always was an inquiring soul. The fact is, I'd begun to wonder about this lecturer myself—Herr Professor Kunster, as he called himself in that accent of his. Did you want to know how I met him?"

John nodded.

Kunster, Gant said, came to the department-store office where he worked, shortly before nine that night. "Being Wednesday, we were open late. His story was that he was planning a book on the Negro in American business, and could he have my views? He said he got my name from the School of Commerce. He was very cordial, and, like an idiot, I was flattered. He waited for me and we went out together."

Bill Stuart asked, "What did he look like?"

"Gray-haired and very animated—busy with the cane he carried. He wore glasses. Well, he said he'd noticed a quiet little café where we could talk. It was quiet, all right—empty. He ordered some kind of brandy for us, and —— Well, the place didn't serve coffee, and it seemed childish to say I wasn't used to liquor. We each had a drink and the owner brought over the bottle. By then, I felt a little groggy. The next thing I remember is the owner standing there, yelling at me that he was calling the police."

This, it turned out, was over an hour later; the bottle, half finished, was in his hand and Kunster was gone. "Tables and chairs were wrecked and the owner was shouting that I'd got crazy drunk and done it. I was mixed up and thought it was true. Now, though, I wonder about that brandy I had." He took a deep breath, baffled.

Did he know anyone, John asked, who'd profit by discrediting him? Gant shook his head. Did he know a lawyer named Arthur Duffeen? The name meant nothing to him.

"We'll work on it. Any progress, I'll let you know."

Leaving the jail, Bill said, "The college he went to might give us a lead."

Dean Henly, of the School of Commerce, had left for a Maine vacation. An assistant had his address. Late that afternoon John reached him by long distance.

The dean said, "Richard Gant? Too bad. Some hidden flaw in his character, evidently. . . . Yes, I learned about the taproom business. In time, fortunately."

John said, "In time?"

"Well, since you're the D.A. . . . Do you know about the Walter Crittenden Fund?"

"In a general way." Walter Crittenden, an English immigrant, had made a fortune in real estate in this country; by his will, probated two years ago, he left some three million dollars for scholarships and other aid to young men.

Henly explained, "The will sets up an administration committee to allot the fund, and Mr. Crittenden wanted one young man on it, a recent graduate chosen every two years by the university. Because of his excellent record, we had Gant under consideration. Of course, after this barroom episode, he's out."

By any chance, did Arthur Duffeen inform him of the episode? He did, Henly said. Duffeen was counsel for Rex Wyngard, executor of the will and director of the fund.

"And did this Mr. Wyngard know you had Gant in mind for the committee?"

"Why, yes. I discussed it with him and gave him Gant's background." The wire was silent a moment. "You sound as though you suspect skulduggery."

"I do. Thank you." Now, John thought he had something to dig into.

The headquarters of the Walter Crittenden Fund were simple and homespun, so planned by the director. A bachelor nearing fifty, full-featured and turning decidedly bald, Rex Wyngard brimmed with solid virtue and worth. Gravely, his florid lawyer in another chair, he gave ear while John explained his call. Then, as Duffeen launched into a heated retort, Wyngard's hand went up.

"Remember, he is a district attorney and the Crittenden Fund is a public trust. . . . About this young man, Gant. You suggest we hired an actor to—ah—decoy him to this bar, where his drink was supposedly tampered with, and so on—all this, to keep him off the committee disbursing the fund?" His broad face registered astonishment.

John demanded, "How did Mr. Duffeen know about Gant's hearing? Why was he there? To see for himself that all went well?"

The lawyer snapped, "I don't have to explain to you. Think what you like."

Wyngard spoke in an injured tone, "If you think I objected to Gant because of his color, I'll ask the university to name another young Negro to the committee."

John said, "I'd have to be psychic to know your exact reason, but I will guess it springs from your being head of the fund." He'd had Bill Stuart check on this man. "Recently, you moved into a swanky penthouse and bought a high-bracket car ——"

Duffeen broke in, "Meaning he's stealing from the fund. Don't you know he's answerable to the Probate Court? Have you seen his accounts to the court?"

"I've seen them." He faced Wyngard. "Will you allow an audit of the fund?"

Wyngard pronounced, "I insist on it!" He plainly relished John's surprise.

"Thank you."

John walked out with a last look at the bald fund director; then headed for the accounting firm retained by the prosecutor's office. Eight days later he had a written report on the fund covering its two-year existence.

The accountant said, "They have a modern system in charge of a C.P.A. I checked item by item, and not a penny's gone to Wyngard except his salary. Disappointed?"

"Maybe. Thanks a lot."

He read through the report; then, frowning, rose and paced his room. Wyngard. He'd given thought to him, off and on, and inquired about him. The information was that he had been Walter Crittenden's friend, and certainly his bearing seemed straightforward. Then, too, there was the audit. Yet something in Wyngard's style —— John expressed it to Bill Stuart that night; Bill and his wife had come over for an evening of cards.

"It grows on you—me, anyway—that his frank air is a good imitation—a role he knows how to put over. But why he might have wanted Gant off that committee, assuming he did ——" John spread his hands. "What about the café owner? No lead to his whereabouts?"

Bill shook his head. "I did learn he's had a lot of legal trouble, including a divorce. And guess who his lawyer was? Duffeen. Because of neglect, his café's on the skids, so a piece of cash for framing Gant could have appealed to him."

That part seemed to add up. But the owner had vanished, and all in all, John was at a standstill. He'd promised to report any progress to young Gant. But what progress? Glumly, John described his condition: stumped.

The next day Richard Gant telephoned; he sounded deeply discouraged.

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Could he come over? John said, "Of course." Presently young Gant walked in.

Attempting a grin, he took a chair and explained his trouble. He had written his employers from jail, asking them to hold his job open. They had declined.

"And now that I'm out, nobody will hire me. I can't hide what happened, and besides, it would be deceitful. But as soon as I mention it, it's 'Sorry. . . . We're sorry.' I can read what they're thinking—that I'm unreliable, that any night I might go off on a drunk." Anger and worry shook him. "I've got to have proof I was framed!"

"I wish I had it for you." John voiced his regret. "But so far, frustration only."

Richard became calmer. "I wanted to tell you this about that fake lecturer. He's been on my mind, and —— I don't think he was a professional actor."

John was startled. "You don't?"

"Well," Gant explained, "what he did was rather dirty, and it seems to me a paid actor would've just got it over with. But the more I remember this Herr Kunster ——" He paused. "The way he postured and posed—I swear he got a personal kick out of it."

"I see." John turned that over slowly. Here was a new idea. An amateur Thespian, perhaps, performing a stunt for a friend. Or—the idea took another shape—someone with a talent for putting over a role himself.

He said, "Pardon me." He looked up Duffeen's number and telephoned him.

The lawyer broke in on him, "Again? What for?"

"Call it curiosity." He hung up. Gant staring, John said, "We're making a little call—in your case unannounced."

Today, Wyngard was markedly less civil. A flush mounted his face and bald head. His glance at young Gant, John thought, was apprehensive.

John said, "I believe an introduction is in order. Rex Wyngard, Richard Gant."

Wyngard snapped toward Gant, "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" Gant's eyes on the other were intent. The tableau lengthened and became tense. Richard gave a quick nod and said, "Herr Kunster."

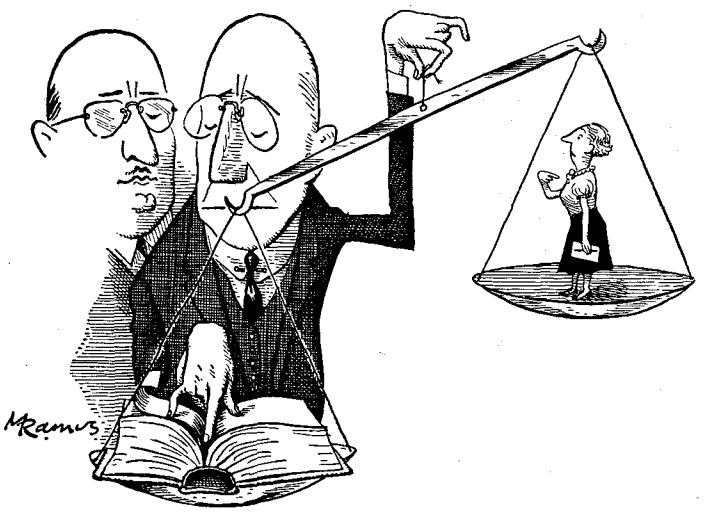
"What?" Wyngard regained his poise. "I don't follow you."

His lawyer spluttered, "Don't talk bosh, young man!"

John said, "We needn't prolong this." He could not resist adding, "It seems you are a do-it-yourself man, Mr. Wyngard. It can be dangerous."

Outside, Gant exclaimed, "Bosh, nothing! Put a gray wig and glasses on that man—the face and jaw are the same. What's more, he wore the same suit that night. But ——" He glanced back over his shoulder, as if the better to picture Wyngard. "Who is he?"

John described the Crittenden Fund and his first visit to Wyngard. "That man has me thwarted. I assumed he was embezzling from the fund, but the audit



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

In the late Mr. Moneybags' safe, his executors found a fat envelope marked, "Property of Miss Goldilocks, my faithful secretary." Miss Goldilocks, elated, remarked, "I always knew the old buzzard would come through." To her dismay, however, the executors refused to hand over the money. So she sued them.

"The writing on the envelope doesn't mean a thing," the executors argued. "It is not a will, because it is not signed and witnessed. Nor is it a gift, because it never was delivered. Hence it is just a part of the property of the estate, like everything else in that safe."

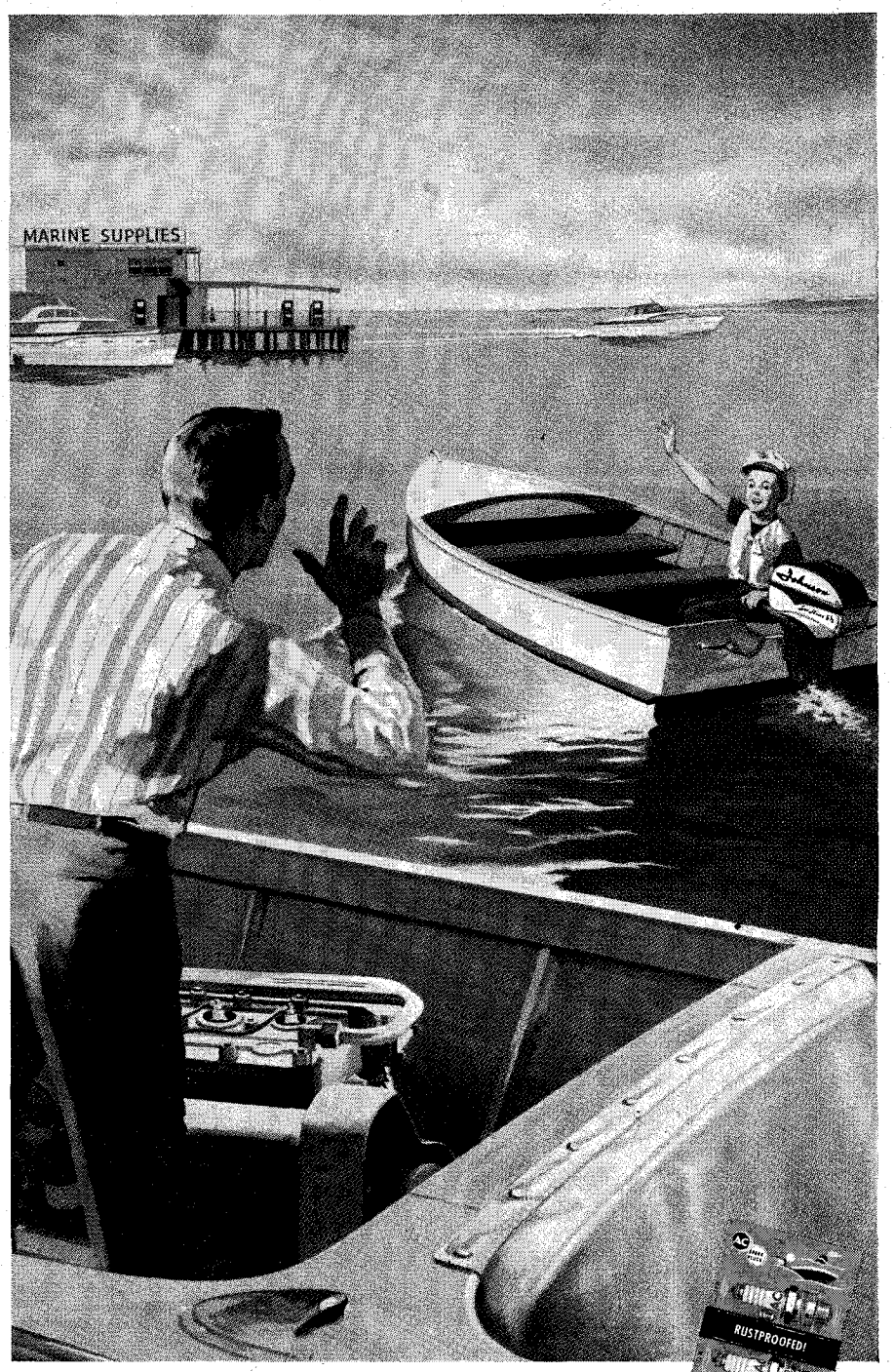
"Why try to confuse things with all that legal double talk?" Miss Goldilocks retorted. "The envelope plainly says, in his handwriting, that the money is my property. If that doesn't make it a gift to me, what does?"

If you were the judge, would you award the money to Miss Goldilocks? ... ...

Miss Goldilocks lost. The court said the writing did not constitute a will and that the money was not a gift because it never was actually given to Miss Goldilocks. Ultimately it went to the deceased's widow and relatives.

Based upon a 1956 New York decision.

Ahoy Captain, make sure they're AC!



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says he's not." He stopped, struck by a possibility he had overlooked. Why, Wyngard had the opportunity to rob the fund another way. Even so, what was the connection to Gant?

He said, "I'm convinced he couldn't let you get on that committee. But what was he afraid of? And why of you, and not anyone else who got on it?"

They had reached city hall. Deep in a frown, Gant said, "Maybe going there did more than you counted on. I'll have to call New Orleans. Then, I think I can tell you."

"Your honor, this is a proceeding in the name of Richard Gant, acting as a friend of the court, to remove Rex Wyngard as director of the Walter Crittenden Fund, charging moral unfitness and fraud." John Doowinkle called, "Richard Gant."

Probate Judge Wahl looked on severely, letting it be seen that he would demand full proof of the charges.

Duffeen rose, all solemnity. "For Mr. Wyngard and myself, may I say we have no fear of the issue. We welcome an inquiry into the fund."

Next to John, Bill Stuart grunted, "I'll bet!"

Court and press table watching, young Gant walked to the stand. He was sworn.

"On the night of August third last, a so-called Otto Kunster maneuvered you into a café off Penn Street. Will you relate the details?"

A little wryly, Gant told the story, to his hearing and ten days in jail.

"Your honor," John said, "we contend his drink was, in the vernacular, spiked; we will go into motive later. . . . And where, minus wig, did you next see this 'lecturer'?"

Gant faced the opposite table. "In Mr. Wyngard's office. He was Kunster."

The reporters scribbled. Whispers rose and fell, eyes on Wyngard. He shrugged.

Duffeen shook a stern finger at Gant. "The plain vernacular is that you got plastered that night and ran wild around the place. And now you call it a plot?"

The young witness said, "I told the facts as they happened."

"We are to believe that this gentleman dressed up like a Halloween character just to trap an innocent youth like yourself?"

"Leaving out the sarcasm, that's correct."

The lawyer said, "Sarcasm hardly expresses it. That's all!"

John faced the bench. "We have been unable to trace Mike Skohl, the café owner. We believe he was shipped off after Gant's hearing. ——"

"Meaning by us? Denied!"

"Perhaps counsel will explain his own presence at the hearing?"

"I will to the court. I've represented Mr. Skohl in the past, happened to go by and saw him on the stand, and walked in. A simple case of curiosity, your honor."

Judge Wahl said, "Let us pass these side matters." He directed John, "Proceed."

John turned. "I call Rex Wyngard under cross-examination."

Hushed attention followed him to the box. With a tolerant air, he took the oath.

John began, "Rex Wyngard is a fine-sounding name. And smacks of England too?"

The bald witness gave him a stare. "Is that meant for humor?"

"Not exactly. Will you sketch your history for us?"

It was quickly told, Wyngard said. His parents, now gone, brought him over from England as a boy, settling in the West. Hardship marked his youth and taught him charity. He made that his career, helping to raise funds for the needy everywhere in the land.

"That was the engaging tale you gave Mr. Crittenden, alleged English birth included? I suggest that was for extra appeal, knowing he was born there. Correct?"

The witness huffed, "If you think it was just a tale, prove it!"

"That's why we're here," John said dryly. "How did you meet Mr. Crittenden?"

The occasion was a fund rally early in '48, Wyngard said. "Our common interest in good works drew us together. He asked me to his home. We became friends."

"Just friends—no business arrangement?"

"Well, he wanted my full-time advice on his contributions, and not being well-to-do, I had to go on salary. We made it four thousand dollars, enough for my needs."

"Which continued until his death two years ago?" John paused. "Incidentally, he was in his eighties during these years?"

"Are you implying he wasn't fully alert?" He looked outraged. "I resent that!"

John remarked, "All I mentioned was his age. Inquiry reveals that his counsel

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---

died during this period, and he then picked Mr. Duffeen. Influenced by you, perhaps?"

"Certainly not. Furthermore, I didn't know Mr. Duffeen."

Duffeen said, "May I add to that? I had met Mr. Crittenden on various occasions. To my pleased surprise, he sent for me and asked me to act for him."

Rising, John stepped toward the witness. Sudden expectancy held the court.

"I'm sure you have noticed that elderly man in the front row. You—ah—seem pained. You wish heartily he were back in New Orleans?"

"Why should I? I've no idea who he is."

John called, "Doctor Elisha Gant."

Curiosity rose; the reporters, too, had observed this quiet, scholarly figure.

John identified the Negro college president. "He is also Richard Gant's grandfather. He may be sworn at the bar of the court." The interest sharpened.

"Doctor Gant, do you recognize the man on the stand?"

Elisha Gant's reply came evenly, "I know him as a swindler named Max Bush."

In the mounting buzz, Duffeen leaped up. "Sir, you are under oath!"

Doctor Gant testified, "In the fall of 1947 this man showed up in New Orleans to raise money for a memorial to the Negro soldier in the war; a heroic statue in Washington, he said. He'd already got some contributions when he came to me for my blessing and aid, as he put it. In fine, I was to urge my people to open their purses and give."

John asked, "And his appearance then?"

"Not quite so bald, and dressed in high style. He had a dashing air he seems to have dropped since. He told me he was ex-Army colonel Max Bush; that he had led Negro troops and was eager to see a tribute to my race. He had credentials and sketches of the proposed memorial and was most spellbinding—he orated at me

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as if I were a mass meeting. However, I am skeptical by nature, and I do not like tributes based on race. I asked him some questions and told him to return the next day for my answer."

"Was anyone present during all this?"

"Yes, my fourteen-year-old grandson, who lived with me. Richard was fascinated by him, which pleased Mr. Bush. Well, I called the local FBI, who said they knew about Max Bush; he was a faker and a crook. But when they went after him, he was gone. He must have seen from my attitude that I meant to check on him, and simply fled. I then fixed his face in my memory, if we should ever meet again, and had my grandson do the same."

He explained his presence in court. "Richard phoned that he thought he'd seen Max Bush again. When he described him, I felt he had. Mr. Doowinkle then got on and said he might need my testimony, and I agreed to come north when he wired me. And to confirm that this man was Bush, he sent me some snapshots of him, taken while leaving his office."

John said, "From information we have, Max Bush was a Chicago-born confidence man with a talent for acting who operated in the South some years ago. The police never caught up with him." He shot at Wyngard, "But you ran fast in New Orleans?"

Wyngard said coolly, "He's making a mistake. I have never been in New Orleans."

Duffeen said, "Oh, I don't doubt Doctor Gant is sincere. . . . Sir, you met this Bush exactly once, nine long years ago? And all memory is fallible, yours included?"

"I don't dispute that. I agree."

"You agree. Your testimony here, then, is open to doubt?"

Doctor Gant said, "It is arguable. But I will say that man is Bush."

"And I, sir, will say you are wrong. That's all!"

John said, "Thank you, Doctor Gant. . . . Your honor, we can now size up Wyngard, once Bush. After turning tail in New Orleans, it appears he headed north. He evidently heard of Walter Crittenden and contrived to latch on to him and live off him, adopting a chaste personality and an alias; Max was now Rex. Why was the old gentleman taken in? Perhaps he was lonely, and here seemed a kindred spirit, a countryman. In the end, he named Mr. Wyngard executor of his will, without requiring a surety bond——"

Duffeen cut in, "Is that a criticism? We saved the expense."

"I suggest that was slipped in to avoid supervision by a surety company. In addition, Mr. Wyngard was named head of the fund created by the will." John paused.

"But after all the smooth sailing, danger loomed. Young Gant was about to be named to the administration committee. Mr. Wyngard must have cursed the coincidence. He remembered Richard; suppose Richard remembered Max Bush? Exposure meant his finish. We have seen how he blocked the appointment. In his foreign-lecturer disguise, with heavy accent to match, he felt safe from recognition and even enjoyed his feat."

"Absurd! The witness is Rex Wyngard and no other. And his conduct of the fund is without stain. Their own accountant hunted for theft. Did he find any?"

John said, "There are more ways than one to skin a cat—or a fund." His voice rose to Wyngard, "Your way, using your position as executor, was to help yourself to a good slice of Mr. Crittenden's estate before it went into the fund?"

The witness shouted above the murmur, "That's a lie!"

"We shall see. The inventory you filed lists mostly real estate; only a few thousand dollars in stocks and bonds. Strange for a wealthy man to leave so few securities?"

Wyngard assumed a blank look. "Strange?"

"We thought so, and inquired among brokers. We learn that during his last two years the deceased converted common stocks totaling half a million dollars, perhaps more, into coupon bonds issued by cities and school districts, unregistered and negotiable, like money." John demanded, "Did you have a hand in that?"

"I did not. We never discussed it."

"I will guess he was urged that bonds were safer, and these were tax-free ——"

"Objection! He said they never discussed it."

"Perhaps Mr. Duffeen did the urging?"

"That's denied!"

The court very still now, John said to Wyngard, "What became of those bonds?"

"How would I know? He had relatives, charities—I suppose he gave them away."

Judge Wahl remarked, "Assuming the witness did lay hands on the bonds, wouldn't he simply have absconded with them?"

John said, "For the executor of such an estate to decamp would have set off an investigation, and maybe becoming a fugitive didn't appeal to him. Shrewdly, he controlled his itch to use the bonds for two years. . . . But lately you began selling them? Hence the penthouse, no doubt lavishly furnished, and the big car?"

"Oh, that." He used part of his executor's fee, Wyngard said, and a friend made

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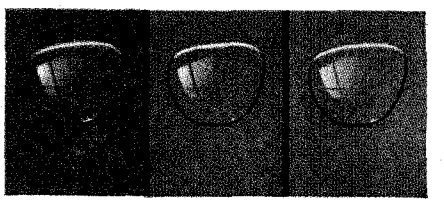

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a lucky investment for him with the balance. Would he care to name this Mr. X? He would not. "It would be breaking a confidence."

Where, John pressed, had he sold some of the bonds? Where were those still left?

"Objection! There's no evidence that he took them."

"We find no safe-deposit box for you in this city. Have you one elsewhere?"

Wyngard said, "I have no boxes anywhere. I've no need for them."

John walked slowly to his table for a word with Bill Stuart. Together, they had tackled the problem: Where had Wyngard put the bonds? How would his mind have worked? They had formed an opinion; John wondered what Bill thought today.

Bill spoke in a low tone, an eye on Wyngard. "I'm standing pat. He wasn't planning a getaway, so having them handy wasn't an item. I think he'd figure his genius earned him the bonds and he'd want them protected. That means a deposit box."

John nodded in agreement. "Box it is." He stood grimly. Their prepared strategy, now, would take finesse—and a share of luck. He turned back to Wyngard.

"You deny possession of the bonds. I propose a search by Lieutenant Stuart, the officer beside me, in the presence of your counsel and a court officer. Do you consent?" The quick challenge drew all eyes to the witness. He stiffened.

A reporter murmured, "He just about has to say yes—or admit he has them."

John persisted, "Your office? Your penthouse?" Wyngard and his lawyer both eyed him. He spoke again, sharply, "Or do you fear the bonds will be found?"

Wyngard seemed to relax. "Sure, let him look. Anywhere at all."

Duffeen echoed, "Yes, anywhere! Then we can have an end to their wild charges!"

John faced the bench. "The penthouse is nearby and I ask your honor to direct an immediate search by Lieutenant Stuart, the witness to remain in court meanwhile."

"So ordered." He said to a court officer, "Mr. MacDade, you will go with the lieutenant and Mr. Duffeen. . . . I see you carry a key chain, Mr. Wyngard. Please hand the court officer your keys. Do you have a safe requiring a combination?"

"I do not."

"Very well. We will not recess; we will simply wait until they return."

The three men filed out. The courtroom rustled. Judge Wahl perused papers from another case. John and Richard walked back and chatted with Doctor Gant; after a time, they returned to John's table. In the lengthening wait, his nerves tightened. He pictured Bill rummaging fruitlessly in Wyngard's place. Perhaps this was all a blunder?

On the stand, worry seemed to overtake Wyngard. He half rose, eying the exit.

John cautioned him, "You are not to leave the court."

Twenty more minutes. Suddenly heads turned. Duffeen marched in, his arms flailing. Behind him, Bill Stuart looked grimly pleased. The court officer was with him.

Duffeen stormed, "A despicable trick, your honor!"

"Let us be calm. . . . State what happened, Mr. MacDade."

The court officer became the hub of attention. "Well, first Lieutenant Stuart satisfied himself there wasn't a safe anywhere, including a wall safe. Then he sort of toured around and came to an antique desk in the living room with a lot of drawers and compartments. One of these keys opened the drawers, but he found nothing to interest him. . . . Oh. Here are your keys, Mr. Wyngard."

The witness took them, glaring.

"Then he tried the compartments, fingering them one by one, with Mr. Duffeen all the while hurrying him, and finally a panel slid down, and behind it was a secret little drawer. Mr. Duffeen said, 'Now, you know a bond can't get in there,' and Stuart said, 'Maybe a midget bond.' At that, Mr. Duffeen blew up, shouting he had no right to search in there, but the lieutenant went ahead and found a small envelope. He looked inside and gave it to me for evidence. Mr. Duffeen ordered me to put it back, that it wasn't evidence, and I said that wasn't for me to rule." He fished in his pocket. "This is the envelope."

John said, "May I see that?" In the silence, he opened the envelope and removed a slim, longish key. He examined it and passed it up to the bench.

He said, "From its appearance and the number stamped on it, this is obviously a deposit-box key. The witness denied owning a box, yet this was found in his desk ——"

"By a trick! The lieutenant was to look for bonds only!"

"I at no time said so, your honor. But I admit I wished them to think so."

Judge Wahl was nettled. "You made the court think so too. Why didn't you specify you were after such a key, and ask for a search warrant?"

"That, I am sure, would have met with every delaying tactic, and meanwhile he might have managed to remove the key. We wished to get into the penthouse, where we believed he had it, at once. For misleading the court, I accept responsibility." John paused. "The decisions are clear that evidence obtained by ruse is admissible. I offer the key in evidence and ask the court to take steps to find and open the box."

"Objection! Trespass on personal rights!"

"The right of grand larceny, perhaps?" Judge Wahl turned to Wyngard. "Where is this box?"

"That's nobody's business but mine!"

The judge's tone bit, "You testified you had no box; that was perjury. You are now removed as director of the Crittenden Fund. You are also ordered to give the location of this box, with authority to open it. Refusing to do so, you will be committed for contempt and the court will take its own steps to find it." His voice hardened, "I suggest you will not help yourself by defiance. What is your answer?"

Wyngard seemed to crumple in his chair. "I'm licked! Licked!"

"The box," John told reporters in his cubicle, "is in a New York bank, and there's close to half a million dollars in bonds left for the fund. He could hardly sell them as Rex Wyngard, so he rented an apartment under another alias and established an identity for the double purpose of safekeeping and sale. In New York he put on his handy gray wig and became Andrew Smith, a retired merchant from the Coast."

"Busy guy," a newsman said. "Let's see. How many aliases does that make?"

A colleague said, "I count three, including Kunster. Of course, he put Duffeen over on the old gentleman? I'll take a guess on Duffeen's cut. Two hundred grand?"

John raised an eyebrow. "Sure you weren't there?"

He answered more questions. "Duffeen fixed the taproom owner to frame Richard. It appears Skohl took himself off for a vacation upstate, and Lieutenant Stuart's on his way to bring him in. . . . Yes, action will be taken against Duffeen."

A reporter said, "What about you?"

"Me? You mean my dodge to get that key. I guess I'm in for a judicial reprimand. But let's give the floor to Richard. He has a pleasant piece of news." He nodded to young Gant across his desk.

"Well, Mr. Doowinkle asked the head of the department store where I used to work to be in court, and I'm going back on the job tomorrow." He grinned. "And I made him a solemn promise. In the future, I'll beware of spiked liquor."

John answered his phone as the reporters left. "Well, Martha, Doctor Gant conveyed his thanks, but he thought he'd better leave for home. Richard said he'd be delighted." He hung up. "My wife. Dinner's at seven. And we'll open a bottle of unspiked wine!" THE END

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The Shock (Continued from Page 28)

Alexander gave the man a sidewise, scathing glance. He stood up with a fluid grace most unusual for a boy. Staring at him, Allen thought at once of a cat, a weasel, some creature whose beautiful co-ordination was as smooth as flowing water. The boy smiled, or at least the corners of his mouth turned up; his look at the screen was so superior that it constituted an insult. There was a low murmur from the studio audience. The announcer hadn't seen the expression, but had seen the fluid movement; he did a double take.

"Why, you move like a ballplayer, Alexander," he said. "I didn't know you were also an athlete, boy."

A shadow of vexation flitted across the boy's face, and he stumbled and awkwardly caught himself. "I'm not," Alexander said. "I have to study too hard."

"H'm," the man said; and added quickly, "Well, sit down, son, and we'll see if our sponsor has a Ph.D. on his hands."

Alexander sat down, and it seemed to Allen that he was consciously clumsy; he slumped a little in his chair, which he hadn't done before.

"Well, folks," the announcer said, "here we go. Two final questions for that big Ph.D. . . . Now, Alexander, the temples of ancient times were built to various gods, in many architectural styles and of many materials. They varied exceedingly, but there was one thing in their design they had in common. What was it?"

"They had altars to all sorts of silly animals," Alexander said, "stars, improbable gods and other delusions, but I'm sure that isn't what you meant."

"No," the announcer said, pursing his lips, "it isn't."

"Good," Alexander said coolly. "The design, of course, would have less to do with human folly."

There was another murmur from the audience, a little louder this time. The announcer frowned. "Alexander," he said, "confine yourself to the question, please."

"As you wish," Alexander said. "The thing they had in common was orientation. They pointed to something. They all faced the rising sun on a certain day, the direction from which fertilizing floods came or something similar. This impressed the ignor——"

"Correct!" the announcer said, interrupting him. "That's absolutely right, Alexander!" There was a scattering of applause, and Alexander sneered. The applause ceased raggedly, and the announcer looked a bit haggard for a moment. He passed a hand quickly over his brow and said, "You are now halfway to that scholarship, my boy. Here is the final question." He paused and held up a hand against the background murmur. "Quiet, please. Here is the final question, and," he added, with an appearance of satisfaction which he quickly covered by turning away, "I believe our young friend will have to think about it for a moment. . . . Alexander, where did the term 'proletariat' come from?"

"It is a badly misused word," Alexander said, "and has come to be a term glossing over the fact that the entire history of man—despite all his talk of striving for the good—is evidence that he never wanted to do anything but enslave everyone else."

He paused for breath, and the announcer, who had begun to fidget, said, "You must have a very happy home life, my boy, to study so well."

Alexander gave him a sardonic stare. "My home life is probably of less interest to you than your selfish dishonesties," he said, and gestured toward the screen, "and those of your fellows are to me."

There was a strange and shocking air of menace about him as he said this. Allen felt a chill go up his back, and he could hear the rising clamor as the audience began to get out of hand.

The announcer ran back and forth, raising his hands. "Folks! Folks! Quiet, please! Quiet! Let's get this over as decently as we can."

The background noise quieted down, except for scattered outbursts. "The answer, Alexander," the announcer said desperately. "No comments. Just the answer."

"The term came from Rome," Alexander said. "It came from *proletarius*, the enrolled class who raised *proles*, offspring, citizens for the state. They were usually sent off as colonizers."

"The answer is correct!" the announcer shouted. "Alexander has won his scholarship and will be an ornament to ——"

Tom stepped forward and shut the television off. There was an immediate and concerted outcry from the two little girls. "Turn it on again, if you want," he said to them. . . . "Come on, grown folks. Let's blow."

They followed him into the other living room and shut the door. He put his back against it and spread his arms. "Go on and enjoy yourselves," he said. "I'll do my best to keep him out of here." He dropped his arms, took the strange girl by the hand and brought her over to Allen. "Allen, this is Iris Weller. She wants to take you for a ride in her sports car."

"I've been hoping this is the way it would turn out ever since I saw the car," Allen said, and they shook hands.

The arm the boy had slapped pained him as he raised it, but he forgot it at once because the girl had such a warm and friendly smile. She was even prettier in the soft light of the living room, away from the television's sepulchral glow. She was almost as tall as he; a quiet girl, but not too quiet; not too anything.

"Sit down and I'll fetch some drinks," Tom said. "We need something after that."

They sat down in front of the fireplace, and Deirdre said, "Well, give. What did you think of our boy?"

"Your boy?" Allen said. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, indeed. He's Iris' neighbor."

Allen turned to the girl. "There must be another house on the other side," he said, "full of trapdoors and bats, where Charles Addams keeps the rest of his characters."

"It was awful, wasn't it?" she asked. "I don't know what to expect now. He's been a little superior on the other broadcasts, but nothing like this. I don't know what's happened."

"I think it was me," Allen said, and told them of his encounter. When he touched his arm to show them where the boy had hit him, it was so painful that he took off his coat and rolled his shirt sleeve up. The arm was black and blue halfway to the elbow.

Tom came in, looked at the arm and passed the drinks around. He backed up to the fireplace as Allen put his coat on again. "I could hear you being lighthearted about our young friend," he said. "I wish he struck me that way. He'll obviously be a big shot and control a lot of lives someday, but I doubt I'll be here for that. I get a creepy feeling that he has something to do with now—with the present."

"Oh, come, Tom," Deirdre said. "Next you'll be saying that this little Hitler dropped from a satellite or is one of the new generation ruined by atomic fallout."

"Tom's not going off into science fiction," Allen said. "I felt the same thing. He doesn't look like a kid, or act—or hit—like one. No eleven-year-old could have such comparatively obscure information or be so actually menacing."

"He was menacing," Tom said. "The little devil made my hair stand up. . . . Iris, what are his parents ——"

"Pardon," Deirdre broke in decisively. "I know I started this, but now it's got to stop. Let's talk about something else."

When it was time to leave, Allen announced that he would follow Iris home.

"You don't have to do that," she said. "I've been out after dark before."

"I didn't know you then," Allen said. "It's different now. Something might catch you, and I don't want that."

"I'll admit," Iris said with a smile, "to being scared. Alexander will be home from his program before I am."

They said their good-bys and went out. Following the red convertible, Allen, who had a critical eye for the drivers of sports cars, was pleased by the way Iris handled it. Then she began to pull away, leading him on; he moved closer, and presently they were having a sort of swift and exhilarating progress, like a dance, through the moonlit night. He was sorry when she turned into a long and curving drive, passed the big house among the trees and came to her garage. He waited for her outside, standing in the driveway.

"You should always bring yourself," he said. "That was fun. Do you dance as well as you drive?"

"When I have as good a partner."

"We'll have to see," Allen said. "Do you have to go in quite yet?"

"I should," she said. "But let's walk down to the pool. It's nice on moonlit nights."

They went through a rather formalized garden which opened up on to a long stretch of lawn at the bottom of which a dark rectangle of tall evergreens stood. Allen judged that the pool was there, and as they started down the lawn he saw the other house several hundred yards away. He recalled that Deirdre had mentioned Alexander being Iris' neighbor. He had forgotten Alexander, and suddenly wished that he could forget him again.

"Is that where he lives?" he asked. "Alexander, I mean."

"Alexander? Yes."

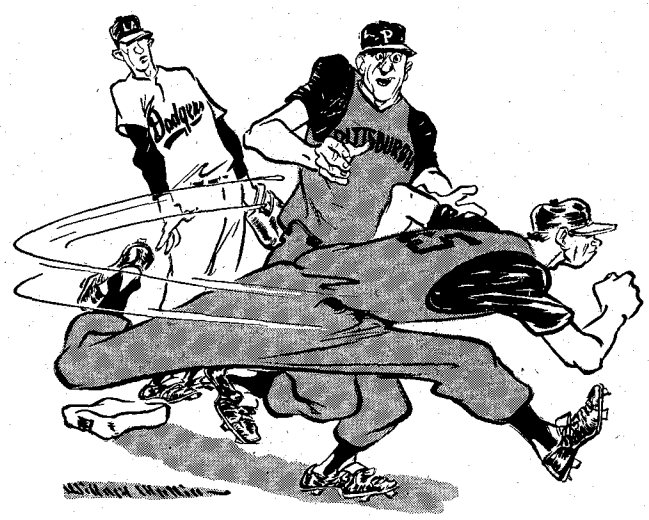
"Iris," he said, "what are his parents like?"

"They're nice, but he isn't their child. They adopted him four or five years ago."

"Was he always like that?"

"I don't really know," she said. "I have quick impressions, that's all. I see very little of him. He's always reading, or going to the United Nations, or something like that. He's ——" She suddenly stopped, and the look she gave Allen was startled. "Do you know," she said, "I've never thought of it before, but I'm sure he was the same size when they got him. I don't think he's grown at all."

He stared back at her, realizing with dismay that the exhilaration of the drive had gone (*Continued on Page 70*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Base running can create bewildering situations, but the umpire is expected to decide instantly. Here, in simulated major-league setting, is an unusual play which actually occurred last year.

Say the Los Angeles Dodgers and Pittsburgh Pirates are tied, 3–3, as the Pirates come to bat at Los Angeles in the sixth. Singles by Ron Kline and the next man up, and a walk to Bob Skinner, load the bases.

With two out, Frank Thomas runs up a three-two count. As the Dodger pitcher winds up, the Pirates on first and second break and run. Kline, however, is only a little way off third base. The Pirate runner from second rounds third and charges past him just after the umpire calls a fourth ball on Thomas. For passing Kline, the runner from second is declared out—the third out.

Immediately there is a major conflict. Is Kline entitled to a run because of the bases-full walk to Thomas (Section 7.04b)? Or is it impossible to score because of the third out (Section 4.09a)?

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

See Page 70 for answer

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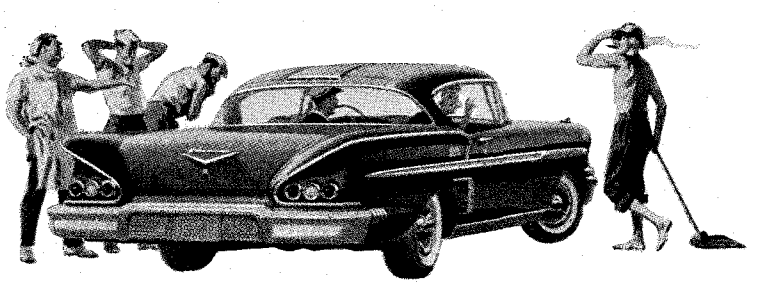

CHEVROLET

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(*Continued from Page 68*) when Alexander and this new bit of information about him had come into the conversation. He could see that she felt it too.

"I'm sorry I mentioned him," he said.

"I am too," she said a little ruefully. "The way he looked and spoke, and the talk at Tom's —— There couldn't be anything in it, of course, but ——"

A slight shiver went through her, and her voice died away. They started to walk again. They came through the evergreens, and it was only then that they realized there was someone in the pool. Allen had a confused impression of the disturbed moonlit water, the white borders of the pool against the dark trees and the sinuous white body playing about with a sleekness and skill of an otter, that superlative swimmer. Nothing human, Allen thought in his confusion, could move in water with that silence and speed and flowing grace.

He watched in fascination, and felt Iris' hand tighten on his arm. He drew her back into the dense shadow, and as he did so the creature turned over on its back, swimming, and raised two white arms in the air, its joined hands cupping water. It moved back and forth, like an effortless ghost, and in the water cupped in the hands a small, bright white light like a star was born. It moved eerily, floating, and went out.

The man, creature, whatever it was, shot out of the pool and landed on its feet on the border. It was Alexander; he was too close to mistake. He dropped his arms and the water ran in little silver streams from his hands.

Then he moved, swung about, his head turned toward them and he stared for a long moment, like an animal frozen at a sound. His eyes were faintly luminous in the moonlight with a cold and feral glow.

He turned again and Allen could see, at each side of his neck near the base of it, a heavy dark line. He thought, wildly, of gills. Alexander slid into the water, which closed over him with hardly a ripple, and Allen put his arm around Iris and hurried her toward the house.

They didn't stop until they were at the side door. They faced each other, and the girl's eyes were wide. "Oh, Allen!" she said. "Did you see ——"

"Yes," he said, shaken. "Don't think about it now, Iris. Take a sleeping pill. Two pills. I'm sorry I let you in for this."

"It was me," she said, in a small and shaking voice. "He didn't see us, did he?"

"No," Allen said, wondering with revulsion and even fear if he was right.

"Allen, what will we do?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll call you. Take the pills and go to bed, for now."

"Yes," she said. "Allen?"

He moved closer to her, and took her in his arms. They kissed softly, like frightened children comforting each other, and she went into the house.

Allen got up reluctantly in the gray light of morning. He had slept badly. Memories, all too pictorial, had run endlessly through his head, and with their march had come an oppressive feeling of impending evil. There was too much that he couldn't begin to understand or appraise, no point from which to start out. He felt an almost overwhelming urge to do something, to act, and didn't know what to do. To whom could he go? He had nothing but a wild tale which would probably get him committed if he tried to tell it.

As he stood before the bathroom mirror he felt like the loneliest, most helpless man in the world, beset with inimical phantoms; and then, suddenly, he thought of Iris. The warmth and comfort of the kiss came back to him and warmed him again. He went to the phone and called her.

"Iris," he said, "did you sleep?"

"Not very well. Did you?"

"No," he said. "But I discovered one thing. If it had to be someone, I'm glad it was you."

"It's odd," she said without coquetry, "but I am too. Allen, whatever you do, let me help you."

"Thank you for that. It may be very dangerous, Iris. Do you still think, because of that ——"

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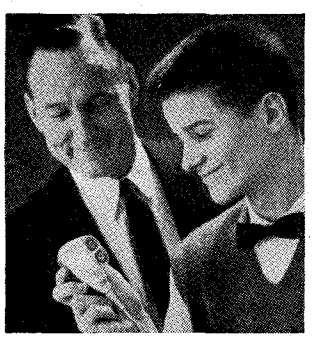

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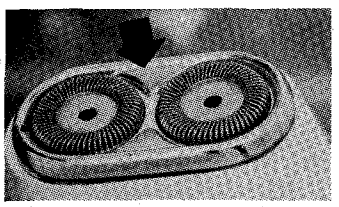
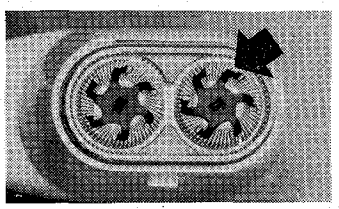


Tomorrow's velvet-touch luxury! Contour skin-stretcher rim stands whiskers erect, *holds* them erect for Norelco's rotary blades to stroke off below skin-level for a lasting shave.



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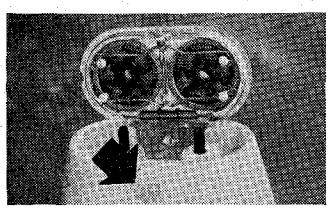

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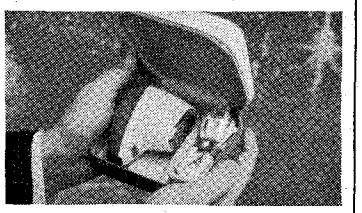

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 68

Let Kline score his run.

In like cases, such rules authorities as John B. Foster and Billy Evans, both deceased, always held that "it is impossible to take away something to which you are entitled in baseball." Frank Shaughnessy, present interpretations member of the Playing Rules Committee, holds the same way. He would give Kline the run, although there is growing opposition to this thinking.

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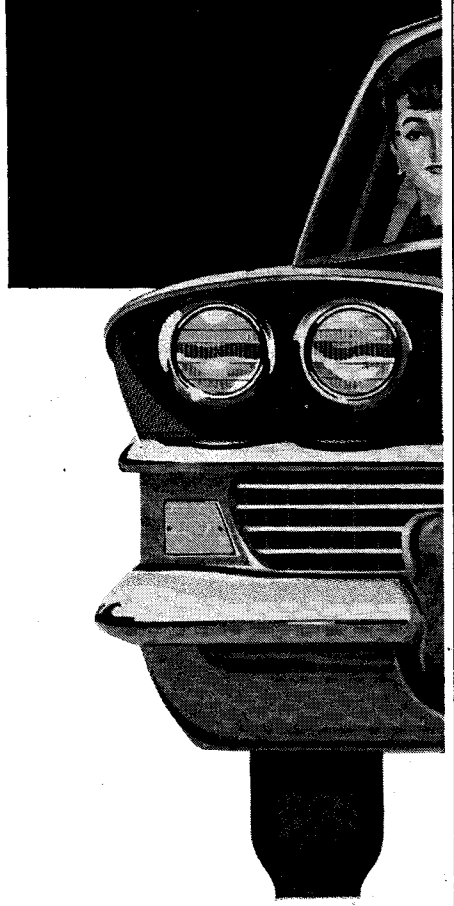

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"Yes," she said.

"We must get some evidence, something. People will think we're raving mad without it. If only ——" He was silent for a long moment, then an idea came to him. "Iris, under the pretext of having a friend who wants to adopt a child, can you get from—Alexander's mother the information about his adoption? The place, the man to see, everything you can? It may be a place to start."

"I can do it, I think."

"Then meet me for lunch at the University Club. Could you?"

"Yes," she said. "Good-by."

After they'd sat down at a table and ordered, Iris said, "Have you seen the morning paper? There was nearly a riot in the studio, and now there's a great uproar. Elizabeth Bovary, Alexander's mother, is nearly out of her mind. She never looks at television, she didn't know he'd got on the broadcasts, and people are calling up and threatening all sorts of things. He's been doing a lot of things they haven't known about lately."

"He certainly gets around, for an eleven-year-old."

"He's been doing it for nearly a year. At first they were pleased because he was precocious, and encouraged him. But something's happened to him, Allen; he's changed. I had the feeling that things have been happening that she can't understand. I think she's very frightened and lost. She cried, and talked about the little boy he was—he used to be."

Their lunch came, but neither of them felt like eating it; Alexander, with his cupped hands, his glowing eyes, lay upon them like a pall. They both pushed their food around a little with their forks, and then Iris looked up.

"I can't," she said finally. "I'm sorry, Allen."

He reached across the table and took her hand, and they stood up and walked out. They came to the Foundation, the impressive small building the address of which Iris had got from Elizabeth Bovary; and after Allen had talked with the receptionist, they were ushered into the beautifully furnished office of a man named Berringer. He seemed affable enough, but guarded. "I'd like to help you," he said, "but, as you probably know, our information is quite confidential."

"I was sure it might be," Allen said, "but could you give us a little background on the boy? I assure you it will be completely off the record. Everybody's going to do a piece on Alexander; a lot of sour things are going to be said, and we want to be fair. The more we know—even if we don't say it—the fairer we can be."

Berringer looked at him for a long moment. "Well," he said finally, "that's better than I expected from the press, particularly after this morning's paper. We don't want any more bad publicity, especially from a national magazine."

Iris looked at Allen in surprise, but he gestured and caught Berringer's eye. "Did you see the broadcast?" he asked.

"Ah," Berringer said. "Yes. Yes, I did."

Obviously he had been disturbed by it, but apparently he had decided to say as little as he could. Allen waited for a moment, then said, "Mr. Berringer, was there anything unusual in the physical records of that child?" He drew a finger lightly along the base of his neck.

Berringer started up as though an electric shock had gone through him, and stared at Allen with an expression that seemed compounded of apprehension and loathing. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and in a measure got control of himself.

"I don't know how you ——" he began, and stopped. He licked his lips. "The embryonic gill slits, which never closed. We thought they would —— In time. I wasn't with the Foundation when he came here, but there was ——" He stopped again.

"There were other things," Allen said. "What of the records?"

"I will tell you something," Berringer said unhappily. "Because you know a fact which is unknown to anyone else now but the foster parents and myself. I must ask you to keep it entirely to yourself until after the directors meet this evening. Mr. MacCormack, our records on our children are kept in a vault, and no one but myself has access to them. Our entire file on this boy has vanished since last night."

Allen looked at Iris; her face had lost a good deal of its color. He turned to Berringer again and stood up.

"In that case," he said, "I will do nothing until I see you in the morning. It is most disturbing, and I may be able to help you later. Thank you, Mr. Berringer. Good-by."

Berringer stood up and somberly watched them leave. Allen had taken Iris' arm and hurried her down the hall. As they passed the switchboard the phone began to ring. "Hurry!" Allen said, and increased his pace. He almost ran out the door. He hailed a passing cab, fairly stuffed Iris into it, and told the driver to get him to his office as quickly as he could.

"Whew!" he said, after the cab had turned the corner. "I told them we were researchers for a news magazine, and that made us liable to arrest for impersonation. I was scared stiff that the magazine men would come in while we were there. That might (*Continued on Page 73*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ferguson's gone back to the 'Hard Sell.'"

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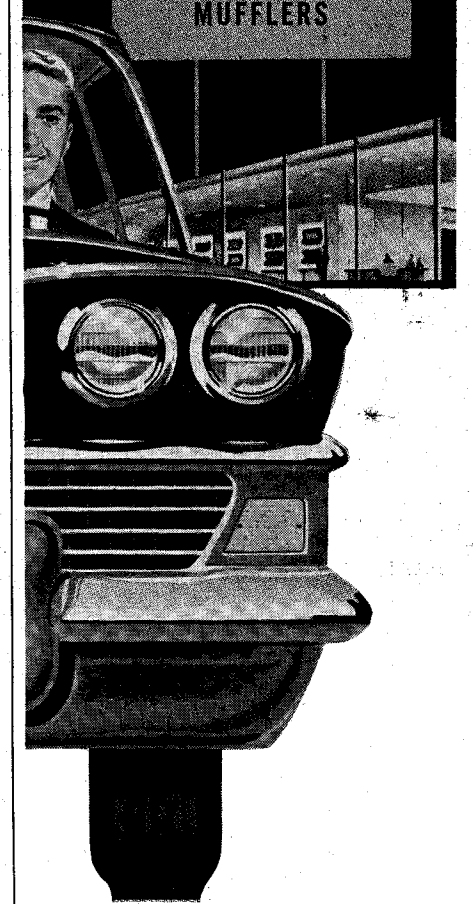

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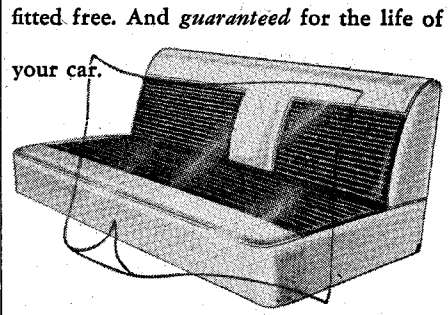

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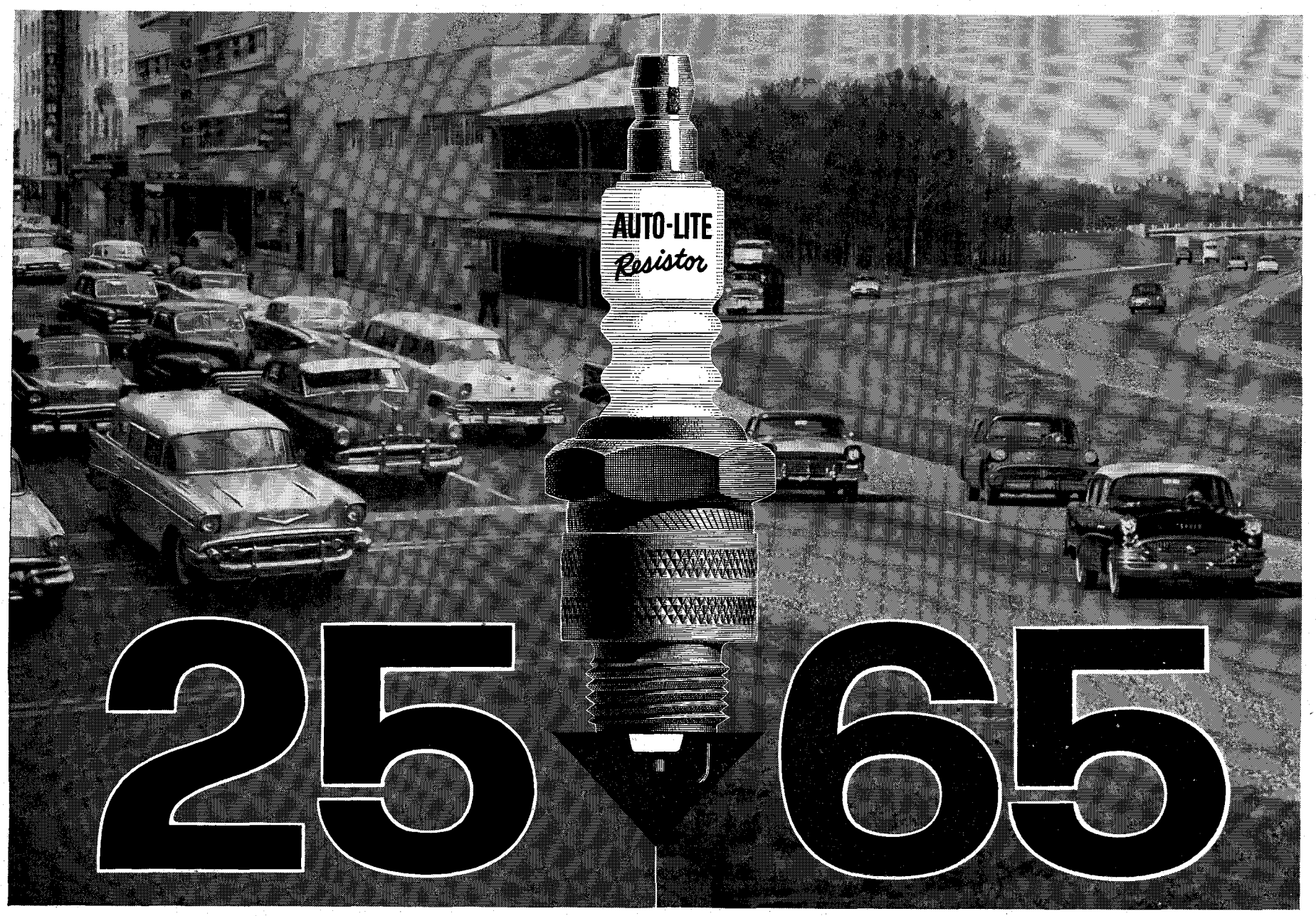

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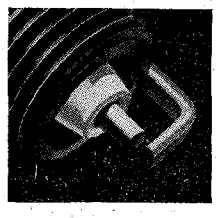

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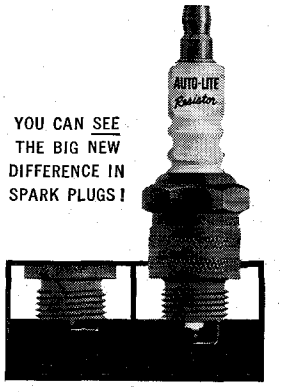

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(*Continued from Page 71*) have been a phone call from New York as we left." He paused. She still had some of her pallor, but her eyes were a little speculative as she looked at him from her corner. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm learning about you," she said, and then gave him a little smile. "I didn't think you could be such an efficient reducer. I wouldn't have liked to be Mr. Berringer."

"I wouldn't like it either," Allen said, and took her hand. "He still knows more than he's saying. But tomorrow, I think, we can go back with the FBI."

"Allen, will you be careful? We still have nothing but intangibles, but they frighten me, and they're mounting up. Be careful, please."

"Yes," he said. "But you forget already what an efficient reducer I am. Just think of that after I get out and the cab takes you home."

After he had waved at the departing cab and turned to go into his office building, Allen dropped the cheerful manner he had put on for the girl. He was greatly disturbed, and wondered what to do. His mention of the FBI had been merely something to say, a comforting phrase for her benefit; he was well aware that he had nothing to go to the FBI with. If he told them of the scene at the pool, they would think him a crackpot; if he offered to take them there to wait, Alexander would probably not appear; and if he brought up the matter of the missing records, they would surely say that Berringer had misplaced them and was covering himself up with a fantastic tale. The local police would be worse; they would probably put him under surveillance, and he couldn't blame them.

He was helpless and alone, and, besides this feeling, there was a terrible urge upon him to act quickly. As Iris had said, the frightening intangibles were mounting up, and he didn't know what they would mount up to. The more he thought about it the more he felt like a man in a dark closet fighting an increasing mass of choking cobwebs, while a great spider coldly waited and watched from farther in the gloom. He sat at his desk thinking these things. His secretary looked in upon him once and he motioned her away. Her expression was concerned, but he didn't notice it.

Sometime later, his brother Tom came in. "Well, boy," Tom said, after a moment, "you look as though you'd seen a ghost."

Tom smiled, and Allen suddenly felt as though air and sunlight had come in with him. "I'm glad you came," he said. "But what brought you?"

"Your secretary called me. She saw a look on you that scared her, and she didn't want to go to the brass. What is it, Allen?"

As Allen told him, he listened quietly, playing absently with a pencil that he'd taken from the desk. "I didn't sleep either," he said, when Allen had finished. "Maybe you remember that I had a creepy feeling about the present. But what is he, Allen? Where did he come from?"

"Or what's he going to do?" Allen asked. "Tom, I have a feeling—a compulsion, really—that we've got to get rid of him. Quickly, before something ——"

Tom dropped the pencil. "That can wait," he said. "We've got to get him figured first."

"Tom, we've got no basis. There's nothing in this world like him." His voice rose a little. "The swimming and the light in his hand. Like a way of communication with—with ——"

"Forget that," Tom said. "Why did he get on that program, attract attention to himself? I'll tell you why. I talked to the president of my company about him after his last broadcast. The brass—and other brass too—is interested in him. He's extraordinarily bright. He attracts attention and worms his way in at the top. From something Iris said once, I gather he might have done the same thing at the U.N. and in Washington. He gets in, he learns, maybe he pops up with an idea, a notion that sounds good, but is disruptive. Subtle, not noticeable at first, maybe, but when all of them are added up there is a spreading confusion. He did it to us; it was —— But there's no use going into that now. But where's it going to stop?"

"Tom," Allen said. "Tom, we've got to stop it."

"How?" Tom asked.

They looked at each other for a long moment, in a sort of anguished helplessness.

"But," Tom said, "look. He's not only attracted attention to himself. Lately he's aroused hostility. That's not what he wants, I'm sure that's not what he wants. Something has happened, Allen. Something's gone haywire."

"Yes," Allen said. He had listened until now, or half listened, engrossed by his impressions—the luminous eyes, the physical strangeness. Now an excitement began to take hold on him. "Tom, Iris said that too. She talked to his mother, who is worried half out of her mind by the change in him. Ah, why didn't I think of it? You were always the level-headed one."

"I didn't see what you saw."

"Tom," Allen said as his excitement increased, "maybe there's a way. Maybe we can't hurt him or even touch him. We don't know what he's proof against. But maybe he has to have water and be out under the stars. The gills and the swimming, maybe there's a connection with the place he came from. He's in trouble; he has to—communicate and needs that. There's not much water around here. Tom ——"

The excitement in him increased as he talked; he stood up quickly and began to walk around.

Tom stared at him. "Maybe you've hit on something," Tom said. "And whatever you've got in mind, count me in."

"No," Allen said. "You've got kids and Deirdre. If anything happens, you can get help then and march in."

Tom stood up. "I don't like it that way," he said. "I don't like it for a damn."

"And don't follow me," Allen said. "Don't do it, Tom."

"Allen ——"

Allen put a hand on his shoulder. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks for that level head. I'll call you, kid."

They shook hands and Tom went out.

Allen had no appetite for dinner. He went to his apartment and sat looking out the window until after dark. He watched the lights of the city come on in their orderly, familiar progression, and wondered with an odd feeling of detachment whether he would ever see them again. After a while he went to the telephone, called the Bovary house and asked for Alexander.

"This is Allen MacCormack," he said. "We met in front of the studio building before your broadcast. Do you remember?"

"Yes," Alexander said.

"I'd like to meet you again. In half an hour at the pool." There was a silence, and Allen said, "Alexander?"

"Yes," Alexander said. "And if I do not find it convenient to come?"

A tightness began to gather in Allen's chest. "There aren't many pools nearby," Allen said, "and they can all be drained." The silence fell again, and sweat came out on the palms of Allen's hands. "It's fifty miles to the nearest lake or stream of any size, and more inconvenient for you to get to any of them than for me."

The open line crackled faintly and Allen imagined that he could see the luminous eyes staring at him from the blank and shadowed wall. He wondered desperately if he had been wrong and had no hold on the boy.

"I will come," Alexander said suddenly, and hung up.

Allen took out his handkerchief and dried his hands. He stood up, and although the floor seemed to stream away and fall on all sides of him, he didn't stumble. Steadiness came to him. He left the apartment, rode the elevator down to the garage, got into his car and started toward Iris' house. He didn't turn into the drive, but parked in the road and walked across the fields.

Alexander was waiting for him, sitting on the marble bench at the end of the pool. Allen stopped several feet away, and Alexander stood up. His expression in the moonlight was unreadable, but calm.

"Greeting," he said, and it sounded curiously archaic to Allen, in view of what had happened. "You have discovered much," Alexander said, "and the fault was mine. I fell into error; I revealed myself. I allowed the different intensities of phenomena—the photons electromagnetism and radioactivity—of this planet, this earth, to affect me. If," he added, with a flash of scorn, "you know what that means."

Allen said nothing.

"We seldom destroy," Alexander said. "Our procedure is otherwise. But we will put it to the question, and see whether you have ended my usefulness or whether we will end yours." His expression changed; it became sardonic, and a touch of menace returned to it. The dark lines on his neck seemed accentuated. "However," he said, "if I go, do not be comforted. You cannot know how many we are or how we will prevail. Whenever you see a brilliant child, you will wonder. And you will never know. Zentho!" he said, in a curious, singing tone, and slid into the pool.

He moved like a playful otter; his arms came up, and the cupped hands. The light was born and moved eerily, and then turned a fiery red, as though the power that controlled and spoke through it, its far-distant and mysterious master, was bitterly displeased and wrathful. Suddenly the water of the pool was gathered up and shattered, and Alexander was gone. Allen looked above his head, into the sky. There was a wink of silvery light high above him, and that was all.

Presently he turned away, and then saw Iris standing there. She was in her stocking feet, for quietness, and held a futile shotgun in her hands. He was so moved that he couldn't speak.

"Allen," she said. "Allen. I felt something and came to be with you. But I was late; I saw you start, and followed. You shouldn't have come without me, Allen."

He moved then, and took the shotgun from her and laid it on the grass and took her in his arms. "Never," he said. "Never any more." THE END

Opinions

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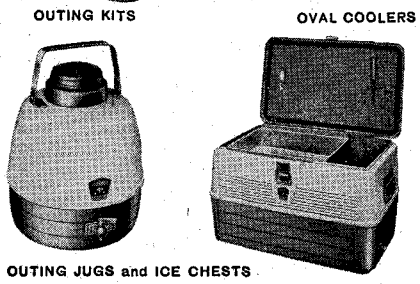

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My Beauty and My Beasts

(Continued from Page 23)

from the booth, but I clung to the edge and stared and stared. Her figure was perfect—full, rounded hips which swayed slightly as she moved, and she was wearing a close-fitting blouse that showed off her beautiful form to perfection.

An Indian had forced his way through the crowd to see what all the excitement was about. He took one look at the girl, and then asked sneeringly, "What are you—some sort of Eurasian?"

"Yes, I am a Eurasian," said the girl quietly, and turned to wait on another customer.

The Indian laughed loudly. "I thought that's what you were!" he said proudly, as though with great shrewdness he'd detected the girl in some despicable crime. He looked at the rest of us contemptuously and then forced his way out of the mob.

I didn't care what the girl was, and apparently neither did anyone else. When my turn finally came, I asked for a folder or a timetable or some such thing, and then begged her to have dinner with me. She quietly refused and then turned to the next man.

As I couldn't get into the jungle because of the bandits, my collecting was limited to the town and its environs. I found that I could often pick up mangrove snakes or sometimes even small pythons in the city reservoir, so I spent much of my time there. That evening I picked up a nice little eight-foot regal python and hurried back to the hotel with my capture. In the lobby, I ran into the girl again, just going off duty. The girl's eyes widened when she saw the python, and she jumped out of my way, looking at me curiously as I hurried past. The next evening I happened to meet the girl again in the hotel lobby.

She smiled and asked, "How's the boa constrictor?"

"He's not a boa; he's a regal python," I told her.

The girl laughed. "You're like the scientist in Africa whose wife rushed in to tell him that their child had been eaten by an alligator. He said indignantly, 'My dear, it must have been a crocodile. There aren't any alligators in Africa.'"

I was delighted that she knew a little something about animals. "Why don't we have dinner together and I'll explain the difference between a boa and a python?" I suggested.

She hesitated. "I'll have dinner with you, but don't talk about snakes. I hate them."

Fortunately, I was able to sell the python to a native dealer for a few Straits dollars, so I had some money. We ate at a little Chinese restaurant where they served *satée*—meat on sticks roasted over charcoal and served with chili and hot peanut sauce. The girl's name was Mercia and before the evening was over we told each other our life histories.

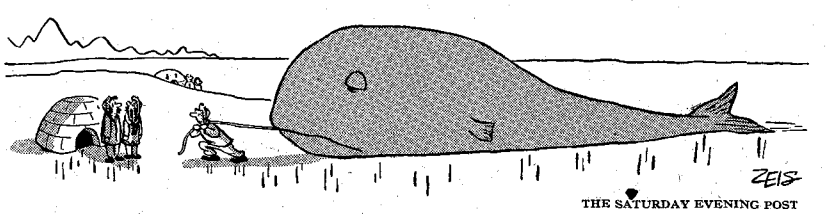
Mercia's father was an English rubber planter and her mother a beautiful Eurasian woman, half English and half Malayan. Her parents had separated when Mercia was five and she was put in a Singapore institute for children of mixed parentage. When the war came and the threat of a Japanese invasion was imminent, the children were sent to India. Mercia was taken in by a school for English girls. She had no money, but occasionally she was able to earn a few annas doing odd jobs around the school. When the other girls bought fruit in the market, the fruit was peeled for them by the merchants. Mercia would then buy the peels and suck them, pretending that they were real fruit. When the girls went to hill stations during vacation, Mercia remained behind in the school, but she helped the other children pack. "Then I could pretend that I was going away too," Mercia explained. Her most painful time came after the war when the other girls went Home—Home always being England. Mercia had no home to go to, but she packed up for the other girls for the last time before going out into the world to make a living.

Mercia had no training that fitted her for any business or profession, so she took whatever jobs she could find. She had been a receptionist, a clerk, a saleswoman and a tourist guide. Her remarkable beauty was both an advantage and a handicap. It gave her an enormous power in dealing with men, which she had learned to use with cold calculation, but in Singapore society it was taken for granted that a handsome Eurasian girl would naturally become the mistress of some wealthy white man, so Mercia's attempts to support herself were regarded with exasperated amusement.

Mercia agreed to help me with the animal business as a sort of unpaid secretary. I soon learned to leave all business arrangements to her. Mercia was willing to bargain with a native trapper all day if she could pick up an animal for a few Straits dollars less than the asking price. I've never seen anyone like her at publicity. Publicity is vitally important to an animal collector, for, unless the zoos and big dealers have heard of you, they ignore your letters. Every newspaper photographer in Singapore wanted pictures of Mercia, but it was a problem how to include the animals we wanted to sell.

Mercia would pose with any animal except snakes. I had several dozen mangrove snakes—shiny, bluish-black reptiles with neon-yellow bellies and chins. I got Mercia to pose for some press photographers, reclining on a couch in a skin-tight, green bathing suit. Then I quickly dumped a basketful of mangrove snakes over her, counting on Mercia's business sense to keep her from screaming or showing any panic. Mercia didn't disappoint me. She continued to smile sweetly with the snakes crawling all over her. As a result of the publicity, I was able to sell the snakes for a good price. Mercia wasn't mad at me. She only said, "After this, I'll pose with any snake if you'll only tell me about it ahead of time; not dump it on me unexpectedly."

I'd fallen in love with Mercia almost from the first moment I'd seen her, and at the end of a month she agreed to marry me. We spent our honeymoon at



"One thing I've got to say for Umlak—he's a good provider."

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Bedok, a real Malay village with houses on stilts. Often we spent the whole night on the beach under the palm trees, cooking little meals over driftwood fires and watching fishermen catching crabs in their scoop nets by the light of the moon.

Since Bedok was too far from the docks where the animals had to be shipped, we were forced to move to Singapore and stayed in a hotel that did not allow animals. Mercia used to smuggle small animals up to our room under her blouse and this gave rise to the rumor that she was pregnant. Mercia encouraged the belief and used to stage fainting fits in the lobby. After she had been revived with cold water and smelling salts, she would weakly thank the clerks and stagger out the door, returning an hour or so later with anything from a bagful of snakes to a pair of mouse deer hidden about her person. No one dared to interfere with her.

However, there weren't enough animals in Singapore to make collecting profitable, and it soon became obvious that we'd have to move to a better territory. By the greatest of good luck, I got a check from the Bristol Zoo in England for £300 in payment for a jaguar that I'd sent them many months before. There was a considerable demand for Siamese animals, so we decided to try our luck there. We flew to Bangkok and then went on by rail to a village named Suratthani in the heart of the jungle. Suratthani was a lovely place built on both sides of a river full of valuable crocodiles, and the natives assured us it was an excellent place for king cobras, worth $200 each in the United States or Europe. We rented a small native house on the outskirts of the village and formed a partnership with a Swedish mining engineer who was prospecting for wolfram, a mineral used in the production of steel.

Suratthani turned out to be an animal collector's paradise. There were black leopards, tigers, gibbons, the rare spectacled langur and plenty of king cobras. The first day we arrived, the natives told us of a pair of king cobras that were nesting near a little waterfall in the jungle. We rented an elephant to go in after them. Mercia stayed in Suratthani while the Swede and I set out on the elephant with a native trapper and guide.

There was no trouble finding the pair, even in the waist-high grass. As soon as they saw us, both snakes reared up nearly as high as a man. We went after the female first, still riding on the elephant, using a fifteen-foot pole with a sliding noose on the end. We got the female without any trouble and popped her into a bag. Then we went after the male.

He was the biggest king cobra I've ever seen—a little more than seventeen feet long. As I advanced the pole toward him, he dodged the noose and charged. He struck the elephant on the foot before I could get the noose around his neck. The native trapper slipped off the pad and grabbed the giant snake by his little mouse head just above the hood. We got him into the bag, the poison still dripping from his fangs—although he put up a tremendous struggle.

The elephant stood trembling, and the mahout said quietly, "He has had it."

"Nonsense," said the Swede. "A cobra bite can't kill anything as big as an elephant."

The mahout repeated dispassionately, "He has had it," and sat down to wait. The elephant stood shaking for about twenty minutes. Then he sank slowly to his knees, groaned a few times and fell over dead.

The Swede said in an awe-struck voice, "Good God!"

We could do nothing but walk back to Suratthani. The mahout made us go first, as he said the country was full of cobras and no one in his right mind ever went on foot. Forcing our way through waist-high grass in cobra country was an unpleasant experience, especially as the death of the poor elephant was still in our minds. We saw several other cobras, but they slipped away into the grass before we could catch them.

The mahout charged us 8000 ticals—about $400—for the elephant. However, there were still plenty of king cobras around, and we spent days catching them. They are very aggressive snakes and will charge a man at astonishing speed. Luckily, they generally rear up before striking, which gives you a chance to jump out of their way. The Swede didn't like the cobras and used to take along a shotgun for protection. He killed one that attacked him—a fine fourteen-foot female—and Mercia was furious at the loss. She wouldn't allow the Swede to go out after that, but went herself, with a noose pole, although she still disliked snakes, especially poisonous ones.

Mercia kept all the accounts, doling out to the Swede and me whatever sums she considered necessary for liquor and tobacco. As a business manager, Mercia was splendid, and I was happy to find that she was remarkably good with baby animals too. Only a woman can be really successful in raising baby animals. A collector has too many other things to do. The babies require constant care and, what is equally important, affection. Without love, they pine away and die.

Mercia raised several young leopards on bottles and was the best person I've

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ever seen with baby gibbons. Gibbons are apes, like gorillas and chimps, and so belong to a higher order of primates than do monkeys. They are extremely intelligent and in captivity are absolutely dependent on human love.

The natives shot gibbons for food, and would sometimes find a baby clinging to the dead mother's breast. Mercia raised the babies on goats' milk. The gibbons used to sit in a circle on Mercia's desk, watching while she made out the accounts. They were fascinated by the pencils and papers, but, after a scolding or two, never touched them. They were perfectly tame, but we had to keep them chained most of the time because they were insanely jealous of the village children and would make the most murderous attacks on any child who went near Mercia. Whenever she could, Mercia would take a troupe of five or six for walks along the edge of the jungle, Mercia keeping to the paths and the gibbons swinging through the trees by their long arms. Except possibly for chimps, gibbons are my favorite primates. They have only one bad habit. Every morning at dawn they set up a loud "hoo-hooing" that carries for miles and makes sleep impossible.

There was only one animal that didn't get along with Mercia—a huge, red-faced monkey the size of a small child, and far more powerful than a man. He was the roughest, meanest monkey I've ever seen. He hated Mercia and whenever he could escape from his chain he took a fiendish delight in tearing the clothes she'd hung up to dry. Old Red-Face loved durian, which is a horribly smelly fruit, and Mercia used to gather it for him, although the odor made her ill. But it never changed his dislike of her. Mercia didn't think much of him either.

Siam is excellent monkey country, especially for rhesus. Rhesus are so common that there is little use in collecting them, but a native boy brought in a little rhesus he'd caught when the mother had put the baby down to get some grubs from under a log. We gave him a tical or two for the baby and, as the mother was hanging around our camp, tried to return the baby to her. She refused to accept him and we had to bottle-raise the orphan. A few days later, the mother kidnaped a kitten, which she nursed as though it were her own baby—although, curiously, she continued to ignore her real child. I'm afraid the kitten had a short life. I saw the mother rhesus trying to train it to swing from branch to branch and then beating the poor thing severely when it refused to learn.

At the end of six months' hard work, mixed with some real dangers and plenty of disappointments, we had collected about $75,000 worth of animals. Subtracting expenses, shipping charges, permits, and so on, each of us should have realized a profit of about $10,000—no fabulous sum, but we were well content. Then occurred what seemed to us a crushing disaster, but which was to establish me as an internationally known animal collector.

We were making our final arrangements to ship the animals when a telegram arrived from my old friend, Theo Meier, who is an artist. Theo was in Bangkok, passing through on his way from Europe to his home in Bali. He wanted me to have a drink with him.

Leaving Mercia in charge of the animals, I took a train to Bangkok. I arrived the next day still wearing my jungle clothes, sandals and a stained pair of old khaki drills, and met Theo at the Swimming Club. Theo is a short, dark man, who seems almost Oriental from his years in the Far East. He, too, was wearing sandals and a brilliant Balinese blouse of his own design.

"Peter, my old friend!" he shouted in a voice that could be heard halfway to the Floating Market. "Come and have a glass of this *mekong!* It's nearly as good as the *tuak* we used to drink in Bali."

We had a glass, and then another and another. At two o'clock the next morning we found ourselves in an obscure bar, drinking gimlets and eating coriander leaves mixed with fried, hair-fine spaghetti, shrimps and limes. I suddenly remembered that I had no hotel reservations.

"Think nothing of it," Theo assured me. "I'm staying at the palace. Prince Rangsit will give you a room there."

Still in our disreputable clothing, we got a taxi and drove to the palace. It was a huge, rambling, white building, partly European and partly Oriental in architecture. Servants in brilliant blue-and-white livery led us to our room. We stripped off our clothes and fell asleep on the beds.

When I awakened, it was late afternoon. A slender, dark man was standing by the bed regarding me somewhat curiously.

I said, "*Savadee* (greetings)."

From the next bed, Theo roared, "Get up, you fool! That's Prince Rangsit! Don't lie in bed when you're talking to a prince!"

I sprang up and the prince and I shook hands. He asked if I'd enjoyed my sleep, invited us both to dinner to meet his father, the regent, and then passed on.

We had dinner that evening in the great dining hall. Each of us had three of the liveried servants standing behind his chair and a little lamp by his plate, as the lights in the room were purposely kept dim. We were presented to the prince's father, a very old man who knew a surprising amount about the animal business. He was also the king's uncle and regent. The king was a young man finishing his education in Europe and was the grandson of King Mongkut, the sovereign of Anna and the King of Siam.

Dinner finished, we sat back to enjoy our cognac and Havana cigars. The regent suddenly said casually to me, "Oh, by the way, I just signed a bill that will affect you. All shipments of wild animals from Siam are forbidden." Then he continued his talk with Theo as though he had asked if I were enjoying my cigar.

I sat stunned. Six months' work and all my savings had gone into this expedition. And Mercia—after months of hard work, enduring jungle fever and insects, handling leopards and the terrible cobras she dreaded so—she would have to be told that it was all for nothing. What would she think of me? Although I was not conscious of making a noise, Theo later told me that I groaned aloud.

Prince Rangsit said gently, "But, my father, surely this law doesn't apply to this man, as he came here in good faith and has spent much time and money making his collection."

"I know, I know," said the old regent somewhat irritably. "It will be hard on him. But the people will have it so. They know that animals are worth a great deal of money and they resent having them taken out of the country. With the Chinese Reds in the north and our hills full of their hired bandits, we must have the people's confidence. We cannot risk their resentment for a few leopards and monkeys."

What he said was true, and looking at the sad faces of Prince Rangsit and Theo, I knew I was ruined.

I returned immediately to Suratthani. As I crossed the river in the sampan ferry, I dreaded most of all having to break the news to Mercia. She met me at the gate of our compound. In the graceful sarong that showed her beautiful slim legs and perfect figure, she looked as though she had just stepped off a South Sea set in a Hollywood studio, but for the first time, my heart did not jump at the sight of her. Instead, I tried to think of what I would have naturally said.

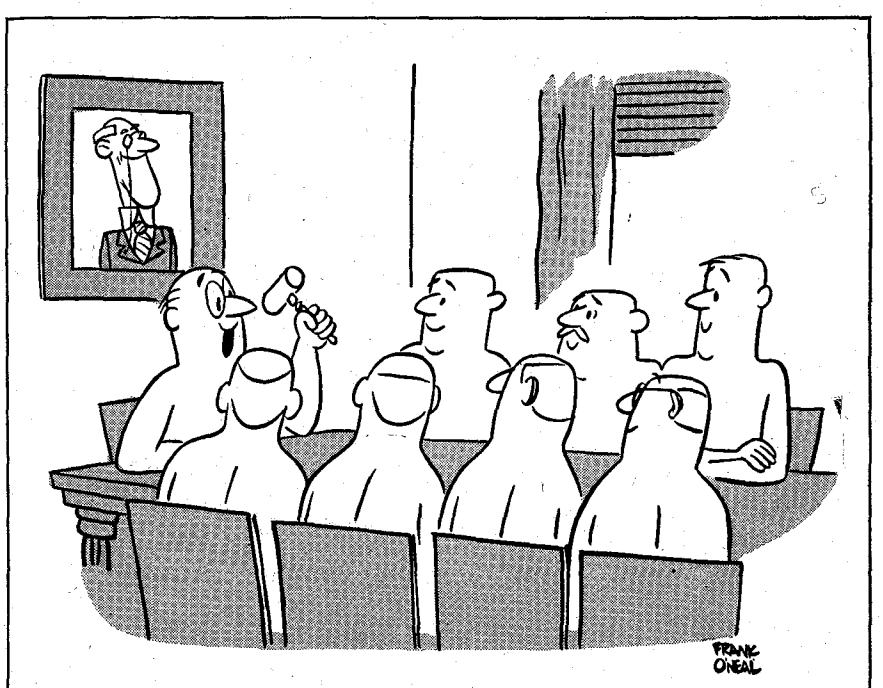
I called, "How are the animals? Oh, yes, and how are you?"

I was never able to fool Mercia for an instant. She said at once, "What has happened? Tell me the worst."

I told her. If there is too much seasoning in a dish or a train is five minutes late, Mercia often goes into fits of violent temper, but in a crisis she is always calm. She stood with her hands folded in front of her like a child, her delicately carved face as expressionless as that of a Buddha.

She said slowly, "Then there is no help for it. We must get the rhinos."

I gave an angry laugh and went by her. Mercia knew nothing about the animal business. All she possessed was a savage determination that would listen to no reason and admit of no obstacles. Her remark about the rhinos was typical of her fierce obsessions.



"Then it's agreed. We air-condition the building!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Three months before, I had received a cable from Doctor Hediger, director of the Basel Zoo, which read simply, "Ship rhinos at once." Puzzled, I had cabled back that I was not in Africa. I got a longer cable in reply. An old animal dealer who had been my partner at one time had cabled Doctor Hediger that as long as I was in the Far East, it would be easy for me to pick up a pair of Indian rhinos. He might as well have said that I could get a pair of Abominable Snowmen.

There are only about 350 Indian rhinos left, which makes them one of the world's rarest animals. Approximately 300 of this number live on a reserve in Assam, a province of India north of Burma and East Pakistan and bordering on Tibet. Another fifty or so are in Nepal. Both lots are carefully protected and rightly so. No one can get a permit to shoot or capture a rhino and no one but an idiot would even try.

However, after getting Doctor Hediger's second cable I'd begun to think a bit. A couple of years before, I'd been having drinks with an English tea planter in the bar of the old Spence Hotel in Calcutta. I'd told the man that I was in the animal business, and he at once assumed a knowing look.

"I'll wager you'd like to get your hands on an Indian rhino," he said, hiccuping and placing his finger alongside his nose. "Tell you what. Write Pat Stracey. That bloke can get you anything. Senior conservation officer of the forests at Assam. Just mention my name."

"What is your name?" I'd asked.

The tea planter winked at me. "That's a secret. 'No names, no pack drill,' eh? Just tell old Pat you know me." And putting his head on the table, the planter had gone fast to sleep.

I'd mentioned the incident to Mercia as a joke, together with the information that an Indian rhino was easily worth $10,000. After that, Mercia was determined to get a rhino—several rhinos. She'd persuaded me to write to Pat Stracey, but I'd got no reply. I didn't really expect one.

The next morning we sold our animals to local merchants for whatever they would bring, splitting 50-50 with our Swedish partner, who left Suratthani that afternoon. Most of the animals were bought by an old Chinaman, who, I learned later, sold them to the Peking Zoo, sending them by a cargo ship that had been smuggling arms to the Red guerrillas in the hills. Apart from the financial loss, it was heartbreaking to lose the ones that had become pets. That's the worst part of the animal business—having to sell the ones that love and trust you. Mercia even had to sell her clothes. Since she always took great pride in being well dressed, especially in the presence of the rather dowdy British *memsahibs*, this was the greatest of deprivations to her, but there was no help for it.

Before leaving, we went to the post office to get our mail. To our astonishment, there was a whole sack of it.

The clerk explained indifferently, "There have been serious floods which held up all the mail for a month."

We sat down on the porch of the post office and tore open the letters. They were the usual thing. A crazy American millionaire wanted to buy a white elephant for the Pope. An English lord wanted to get a dozen zebras to train for polo, having heard that zebras can turn very quickly. Then I found a letter from the India Forest Department. It was postmarked "Assam."

Mercia snatched the letter out of my hand and ripped it open. She screamed, "Stracey is giving you two permits to get a pair of rhinos!"

"Why?" I asked, astonished.

"He doesn't say, and who cares? But the permits cost twenty thousand rupees each—about five thousand dollars. You'll have to go to Assam to catch the rhinos yourself, but Stracey promises you the help of the forestry department and the free use of elephants."

Thank heaven we had enough from the sale of the animals to cable Doctor Hediger. Doctor Hediger was willing to advance us 30,000 Swiss francs—about $7000. For that, we could fly to Assam and get at least one rhino.

We arranged to leave Suratthani at once. We had disposed of all our animals except the big red-faced monkey. No one would accept this monkey even as a gift, but he refused to leave us, out of sheer contrariness. Finally Mercia put a pile of his favorite durians on the bank of the river, and while he was eating them, we jumped into a sampan and the boatman shoved off.

When old Red-Face saw we were leaving him, he went into a perfect spasm of fury, turning somersaults with rage and dancing up and down on the bank.

Mercia screamed at him, "Now you can go and gather your own durian! And I hope a python gets you!" We crossed the river with Mercia screaming at the monkey and the monkey screaming back at her. But I couldn't worry about Mr. Red-Face. He'd go back to the jungle. Meanwhile, Mercia and I were starting out on what proved to be the most difficult and dangerous job of my career.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles. The second will appear next week.

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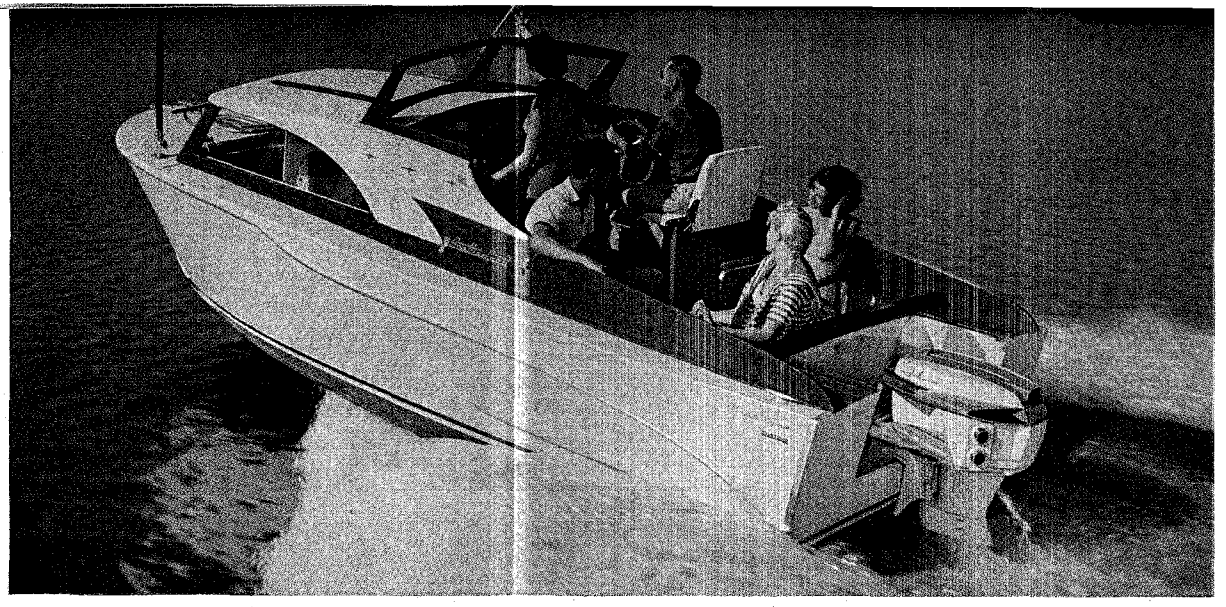

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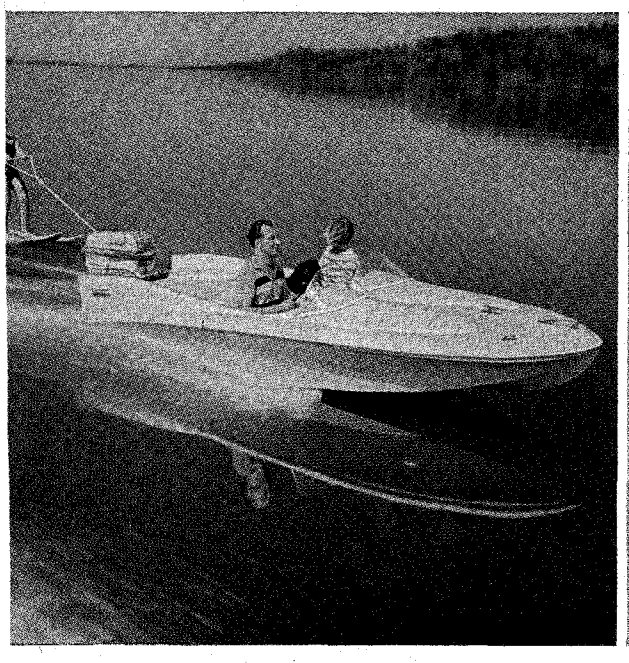

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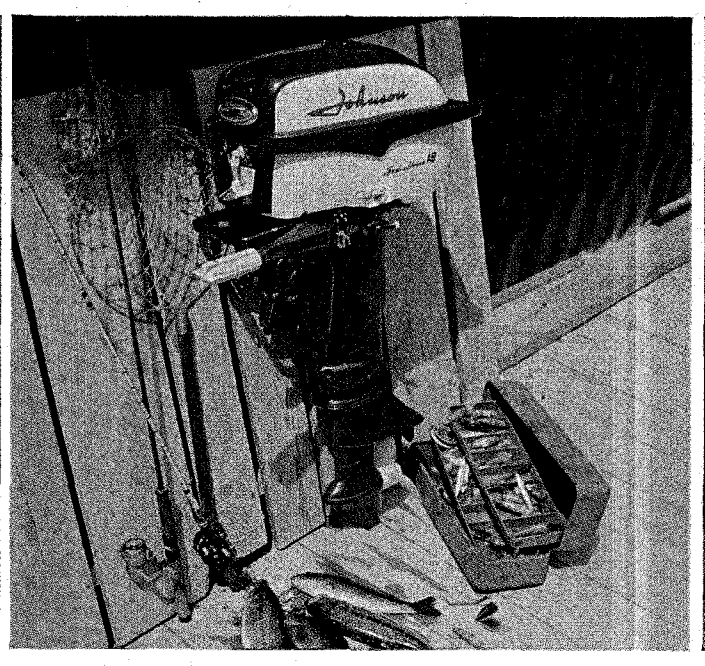

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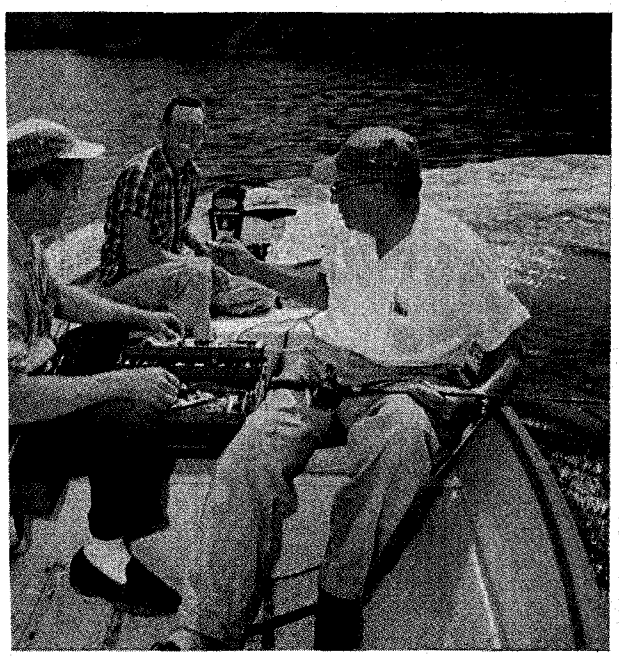

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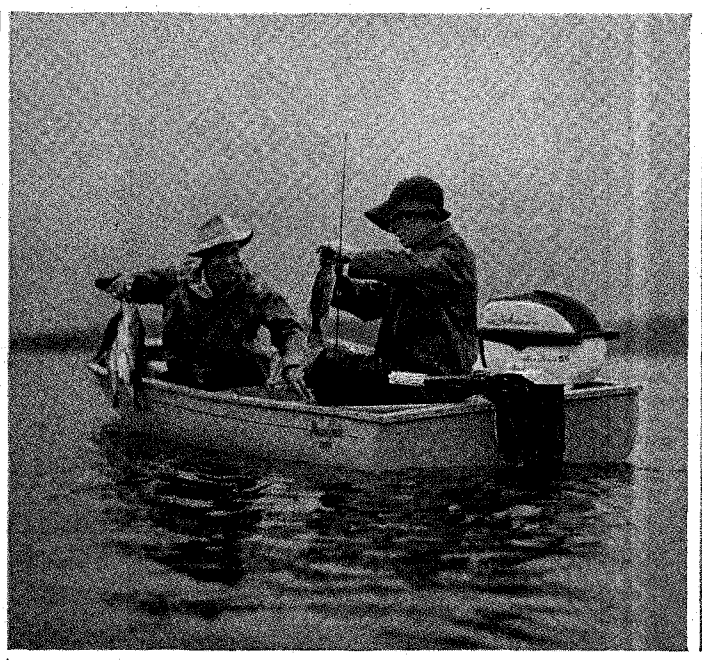

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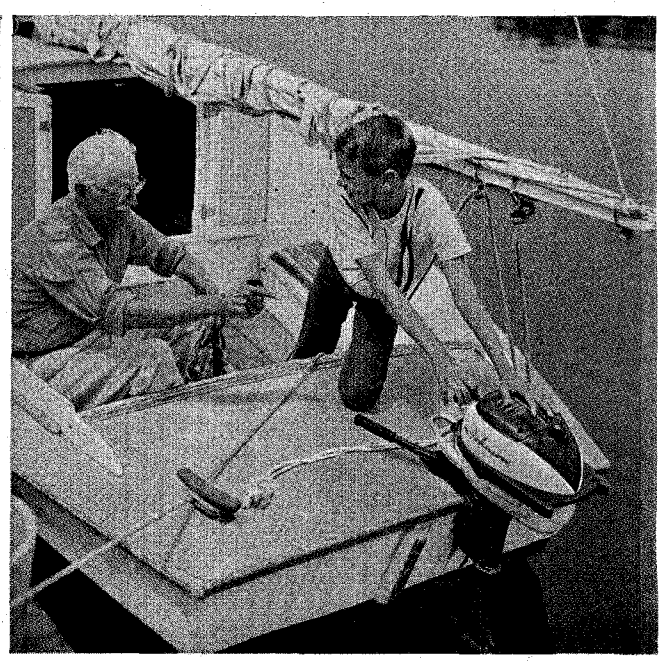

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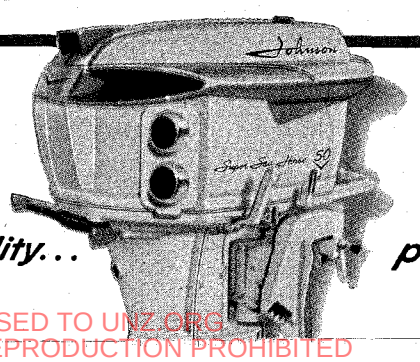

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Baseball's Cockiest Star

(Continued from Page 25)

It took Lonas Edgar Bailey, Jr., half a dozen years to prove himself as a catcher, but he demonstrated his bumptiousness from the start. Signed by the Redlegs at the age of eighteen for a $13,000 bonus, he reported for spring training with them in 1950 and immediately established himself as a clean-up performer in the dining room. Word came to club president Warren C. Giles—now president of the National League—that the kid catcher was threatening to eat himself out of baseball before he ever got into it.

Giles is a distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman and a very imposing personage to the average rookie. Giles took Bailey aside and delivered a friendly lecture on the importance of moderation for young athletes. He warned, "A ballplayer can never afford to get fat."

Bailey grinned. "You mean like you?" he said, giving the portly Giles a playful jab in the midsection.

Another time that spring, riding down in a crowded elevator in the club's Tampa hotel, Bailey was complaining loudly about the troubles he was having with his new automobile.

"Well, what did you buy it for?" a companion asked.

"I didn't," Bailey wisecracked, in a reference to his bonus money. "Old man Giles bought it for me."

When the elevator emptied out at the first floor, a familiar, distinguished-looking, white-haired gentleman emerged from the rear of the car. He caught up to Bailey and quietly took him by the arm.

"Young man," he said, "from now on you will refer to me as Mr. Giles."

Bailey's flippancy always stops well short of insubordination and usually is delivered with such a disarming air of high good humor that even his bosses never can get really mad at him. Giles today looks back on his Bailey experiences with amused fondness. He relates how, when the inevitable time arrived that first spring for Bailey to be shipped to the Cincinnati minor-league base for reassignment, he undertook to soften the transition for the youngster.

Giles wanted to prepare Bailey for the fact that he would find things considerably less deluxe at the minor-league camp. Searching for an analogy that would drive home the point to a lad with Bailey's country-town background, Giles said, "Son, it's as different as chicken salad and chicken feathers."

"Mr. Giles," Bailey declared firmly, "I want you to know that I wasn't raised on chicken salad."

Says Giles now, "Right then and there I knew he was going to be a good one."

He means that this was evidence of the determination which underlies Bailey's cocksure manner. In fact, a psychologist might guess that it actually isn't cocksureness at all, but a defense mechanism against inward self-doubt. In this connection it may be stated that when Bailey is going poorly, he seems to become all the more talkative.

Anyway, leaving psychologists and club presidents out of it, the 1950 Redleg camp had ballplayers who were entirely capable of coping with a fresh rookie. In particular, there was veteran catcher Walker Cooper—now managing Indianapolis—who was with Cincinnati that spring. Cooper played innumerable practical jokes on Bailey—nailing his shoes to the floor, tying his clothes in knots, luring him into sucker bets. Bailey kept trying, with indifferent success, to get even.

These outward appearances to the contrary, the old catcher and the young one hit it off very well. Cooper was a boyhood idol of Bailey's, while Coop saw in Ed a throwback to his own younger days. "You could tell right away that nothing was ever going to bother ole Ed," Cooper says affectionately.

Since then Bailey has been pulling on new rookies the gags that Cooper taught him. Even today, though, he doesn't always come out ahead. There was the case of Claude Osteen, a young left-handed bonus pitcher who was signed by the Redlegs last year out of a high school in the Cincinnati suburb of Reading, Ohio.

Osteen, who is pitching in the Class B Northwest League this season, joined the Redlegs late last year and roomed with Bailey on the road. Bailey had no trouble convincing Osteen that as a newcomer he was expected to carry the luggage and run assorted other errands for the two of them.

Running into Walker Cooper—then with the St. Louis Cardinals—in a New York hotel one day, Bailey put his old buddy up to getting Osteen to bite on the following question: "Say, kid, do you know you're being cheated?"

"How's that?" the youngster asked in puzzlement.

"Why, Little Leaguers are supposed to pitch from only forty feet out," responded Coop—whereupon he and Bailey began guffawing fit to kill.

At training camp this spring Bailey found himself in the batting cage one day facing Osteen. "Hey, Claude, move back a little," he said. "You're not a Little Leaguer any more."

"I know," Osteen shot back. "This year I have a new roommate."

It was one of the few known occasions when Ed Bailey has been reduced to speechlessness—the state in which he so often leaves other people. Even manager Birdie Tebbetts, a masterful ad-libber, sometimes lets Bailey's remarks pass without any rejoinder.

It probably is more than just a coincidence that Bailey's development as a major-league catcher has taken place during the Tebbetts regime at Cincinnati. As a long-time catcher himself—and by no means a bashful one—Tebbetts was especially fitted to see the possibilities of this youngster, both as a ballplayer and as a take-charge guy.

When Tebbetts took over the Redlegs in 1954, Bailey was still just a rookie trying to win a job. One day in spring training Ed made a couple of bad throws during infield practice.

Tebbetts began giving him the needle. "Can't you do any better than that?" he called. "Come on, try again."

Bailey made another bad throw. Tebbetts got on him some more. "You know, when I get my arm in shape I generally throw against my catchers for sodas," he said. "At the rate you're going, your arm won't even be strong enough for you to pick up the tab."

"Just get that little dab of yours warmed up!" Bailey shouted. "I'll be here!"

Tebbetts smiles when he tells this story today. "He was so mad," Birdie says, "that if I hadn't been the manager I think he would have clouted me."

Ed wound up staying with the Redlegs that year. He didn't get to start many games, however, and he didn't hesitate to let his manager know how he felt about that either.

Once when the club was getting ready for a road trip, Bailey came to Tebbetts and said, "Shall I bring my glove along?" Another time, before going out to take up his station in the bull pen at the start of a game, he pinned a note for Birdie above the bull-pen buzzer in the dugout. The message read, "Here's my number if you need me."

This sort of irreverence might have queered Bailey's chances with a less flexible manager than Tebbetts. However, Birdie saw no reason to change his opinion that Bailey had the makings of a topflight catcher.

"He was a tremendous mountain of untapped potential," is the way Tebbetts states it now. "He could run pretty good, throw pretty good, hit pretty good. That was the trouble then—he could do everything *pretty* good."

Tebbetts, who misses few opportunities to praise his men in public, says that today Bailey is the best catcher in baseball. But he adds that Ed still must learn to "take charge more intelligently and hit more consistently." Bailey's batting average fell off from a sparkling .300 in 1956

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON LUCY AND DESI

By Pete Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

NUMBER FIVE:

MAGIC EYES FOR MEDICINE

By V. K. Zworykin

COOKOUTS CAN BE MURDER

Perils of the Back-Yard Barbecue

By H. Allen Smith

IN COLOR:

They Find Baubles in the Dust

The Joys of Rock Hunting

MY BEAUTY and MY BEASTS

PART TWO:

WE HUNT THE KILLERS

MOON SHOT A Story of a Space Venture

FOR LOVE OF DAISY

By William Saroyan

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to a comparatively disappointing .261 in 1957—but still good enough to put him ahead of most of the league's catchers.

Hitting was Bailey's most conspicuous problem during his—and Birdie's—first full season with Cincinnati in 1954. In 183 official appearances at the plate he had a pallid .197 average. Even so, his promise was such that he was given a chance to win the first-string catching job at the start of the 1955 season. By early May, however, he was hitting only .176. Meanwhile the Redlegs had gotten catcher Smoky Burgess in a trade with the Phillies on April thirtieth. Bailey was farmed out to San Diego, of the Pacific Coast League.

Bailey admits now that this was all for the best. His parting instructions were to lower his bat, shorten his swing and quit trying for home runs. In San Diego he followed this advice successfully enough to finish with a .282 average. That winter he played in the Venezuelan Association and improved even more. He was the big man for the pennant-winning Valencia team, ending up as the league's most valuable player and one of its leading hitters.

The team didn't do so well, however, in the Caribbean championship play-offs which followed. For Bailey, the low point came when he hit into a double play at a crucial moment in a losing game. It seems that a Latin-American general who was one of the club's most rabid boosters thought Bailey should have bunted. As Bailey describes it, the general came down to the dugout afterward and went for Ed with a bat. Bailey grabbed it away and then shoved the general down on the seat of his pants, smack in the middle of the bat rack.

"Boy," says Bailey, "if it hadn't been for some fast talking by Tommy Byrne, I might still be down there—in jail." Byrne, the former New York Yankee pitcher, was a teammate of Bailey that winter.

Rhubarbs aside, Bailey considers his 1955–56 winter baseball stint in the Venezuelan Association the turning point of his career. There was talk around this time that the Redlegs had Bailey on the trading block. The rumors reached Reggie Otero, manager of Ed's team in Venezuela. Otero placed a phone call to the Cincinnati general manager, Gabe Paul, and advised him that if he let Bailey go he would regret it the rest of his life.

Even today Bailey's name turns up frequently in trade rumors. "But," Gabe Paul said recently, "everyone is making deals for us without first consulting me. If we ever traded Bailey—and right now we're not thinking about it—we'd have to get something extra special in return."

Birdie Tebbetts made an additional point. "You've got to think of the future as well as the present," he said. "Good catchers are a scarce commodity, and Bailey has a chance to become one of the greatest. Few people realize just how long catchers stay around. If you catch and throw well enough, that alone is enough to keep you in the majors. And this kid Bailey can also hit with power."

Although Bailey didn't get traded in 1956, he still had his work cut out for him to win a berth on the Cincinnati club. Carrying over as the No. 1 receiver was Smoky Burgess, who had hit .301 in 1955, and who still has the highest lifetime average—.299—of any active catcher.

Bailey confided later, "I wouldn't have given fifteen cents for my chances of beating out Smoky." But he did. The Redlegs floundered at the start of the 1956 season, losing five of their first seven games. Manager Tebbetts decided upon some changes, one of which put Bailey behind the bat. By May seventh Ed was leading the league with a batting average of .459.

"I don't expect to hit .400 for the season," he remarked during one of his weaker moments, "but I don't rule out the possibility of .300."

It was .300 right on the nose. Bailey did much to spur the Cincinnati club into an unexpected pennant bid which fell only two games short. He contributed seventy-five R.B.I.'s in 118 games and set a new home-run record for Cincinnati catchers, with twenty-eight. The former mark of twenty was shared by Burgess and Ernie Lombardi.

However, big season though it was for Bailey, the young catcher got considerable prodding from his manager that year. "Birdie was a psychology major in college, you know," Bailey observes. "Some guys he gives the soft needle, some get it straight. For me, it's the rough one."

Tebbetts kept after Bailey about various fine points of catching—an art which, according to Birdie, no major-leaguer can hope to master in less than three to five years. Bailey credits Tebbetts with improving his footwork behind the plate—

... ...

Arriving or Leaving?

By WALTER APPEL

Create a new style?
All's required is a stunt—
Put the front to the back
And the back to the front.

Whither she's going,
We fully agree
She never did know!
Now, neither do we.

... ...

"He had sort of a ballet exercise that helped you shift your balance"—and also with helping him on throwing.

"Birdie taught me how to get the ball away quicker," Ed testifies. "I used to feel for the seam on the ball first when I put my hand in my glove. Birdie taught me to grab the ball, and then find the seam I wanted to finger while I was drawing my arm back for the throw."

There was also the important item of snaring pop fouls. Tebbetts adopted the device of fining Bailey five dollars every time Ed failed to make what the manager thought was a good play on a pop-up. This was similar to Birdie's system of fining pitchers for failure to come up with balls hit through the mound.

Bailey admits, "I was a little lazy on fouls. In the minor leagues the backstops are a lot closer to home plate than they are in the majors. I had gotten into the habit of breaking away too slowly from home plate."

He broke the habit at a cost of eighty-five dollars in fines. This went into a special fund, along with the assessments levied on the pitchers. At the end of the season the money was used to finance a party. The pitchers sat at a big U-shaped table. Bailey was seated at a special table by himself in the center of the U.

In addition to his physical abilities as a catcher, Bailey has an extra weapon when he gets behind the plate. This is his nimble tongue. Ed is effective at distracting some of the hitters, although Manager Tebbetts at times has been moved to warn him, "It's all right to try to take the batter's mind off what he's doing as long as you keep your own mind on what you're doing."

On occasion Bailey will "con" his own pitcher. If he feels that the situation calls for a certain delivery, for instance, and the pitcher shakes off his sign, Ed may then repeat the signal with his fingers pointing in the direction of the Cincinnati bench. The pitcher thus is led to believe that the sign was ordered by Tebbetts himself.

The men in the best position to observe Bailey's monkeyshines back of the bat are, of course, the National League umpires. Dusty Boggess, for one, seems to get a kick out of it:

"We used to have a little trouble with Ed when he first broke in," Boggess says. "He was always cussin'. The hitter didn't know whether it was him he was cussin', and we didn't know whether it was us. We got him pretty well cured of that, though. You should hear him kid those hitters now. His conversations with Willie Mays alone would be worth the price of admission."

The lighthearted Mays is perhaps the most kidded player in the National League. He always acts as though he enjoys it. Anyway, Bailey's exchanges with him are intended chiefly to goad Willie into biting at bad pitches.

"Willie," Bailey will say, "how come you're all the time taking pitches? I thought you were supposed to be a power hitter, and here you are trying to get a walk."

"I'll be swinging," Willie will retort.

"And you'll be falling too," Bailey will come back.

"I know that too," Willie will say, cackling gleefully all the while.

Willie's batting record in recent years makes it clear that neither Bailey nor anyone else has ever been able to put Mays seriously off stride as a hitter. On the other hand, when it comes to base stealing—at which Mays is the current king of the major leagues—Bailey is one catcher who seems able to hold Willie pretty well in check. Mays stole thirty-eight bases in fifty-seven tries last season, but in his attempts to run against Bailey he was cut down three times out of five.

At twenty-seven, Bailey could have a long reign as the National League's top catcher. However, if he is to retain his No. 1 rating, he can't afford to drop too far off the heavy-hitting pace he set in 1956.

Last year it appeared for a while that Bailey would have an even bigger year with the bat. In late May he was hitting .343. By the end of June, though, he had fallen below .300, and his final figure was only .261. His home-run output declined to twenty, and his runs-batted-in total to forty-eight.

According to some close observers, the reason for the decline was that opposing pitchers began to feed Bailey an almost steady diet of "junk" pitches. Says Birdie Tebbetts, "Pitchers learn things about young hitters, and the young hitters must adjust themselves to the changes."

In spring training this year Bailey was still having trouble making the necessary adjustments. Advice came freely, but base hits didn't. When the regular season started, he made only two hits in his first twenty trips to the plate. However, Manager Tebbetts stuck with him as Cincinnati's No. 1 catcher, saying, "He'll have a chance to hit himself out of the slump as long as the club's going good." Bailey responded with a three-for-three night against the league's top southpaw, Warren Spahn.

Despite his difficulties as a hitter last year, Bailey's penchant for cracking wise was undiminished. Once, after striking out against the Dodgers' Don Newcombe, he slammed his bat down on home plate with such angry violence that he broke the plate in two. Said Bailey later, "Maybe I didn't get good wood on the ball, but I sure gave that plate hell."

Another day, pitcher Herman Wehmeier, of the St. Louis Cardinals, who used to be with the Redlegs, yelled at Bailey before a game, "You better stay loose today because I'm gonna hit you!"

Bailey shouted back, "Then you'll have to be even wilder than you usually are, because I'll be sitting on the bench!"

He didn't sit on the bench very often in 1957, though. As Bob Scheffing, the ex-catcher who manages the Chicago Cubs, puts it, "Bailey can do so many things for you that he's invaluable even when he doesn't hit."

Bailey has been impressing outsiders from the time he was a kid prospect. Ed was a real athletic prodigy as a boy in Strawberry Plains, a little Tennessee town just outside Knoxville. His father still operates a general store there. Ed himself has moved into Knoxville with his pretty wife, Betty Lou, and their two small sons— Jeff, three, and Joseph Dale, who was born shortly before spring training this year.

Attending a high school in Strawberry Plains that was too small to have a football squad, Bailey won all-state honors in baseball and basketball. He also earned an athletic scholarship to the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. To the gratification of his mother, he took this in preference to offers from baseball scouts, enrolling in 1948.

However, it soon became evident that Bailey was more interested in sports than studies. At the end of his freshman year in the spring of 1949 his marks were so low that it would have been necessary for him to go to summer school to become eligible as a sophomore in the fall.

Meanwhile Cincinnati and ten other big-league clubs still were interested in him as a ballplayer. So baseball carried the day after all. Bailey eventually chose the Redlegs, signing with them that autumn.

"Some folks criticized me for letting him sign with Cincinnati when he had a chance to go with the Yankees," says Ed's father, "but I figured they would give him a square deal, and I thought they might need young ballplayers more than the Yanks."

His judgment was vindicated by the speed with which Bailey moved up in the Cincinnati chain. In fact, Ed had to serve only one full season in the minors. This was his initial year of 1950, when he played at Ogden, Utah, and hit .313. The next two seasons he was away in military service. Coming back in 1953, he was promoted to Tulsa in the Texas League, being recalled to catch a couple of games for Cincinnati at the end of the year. He stuck with the parent club throughout 1954, as has been related, then spent most of 1955 at San Diego—his last taste of the minor leagues.

That the Baileys are well pleased with Ed's treatment is indicated by the fact that his younger brother Jim, a left-handed pitcher, also went with the Cincinnati organization. Jim Bailey had an eighteen-and-six record in Class B last season, and was slated to move up to the Southern Association with Nashville this year. However, he broke his right arm in an auto accident this spring, which delayed his start in Double-A ball.

Cincinnati coach Jimmy Dykes, who is an even faster man with a quip than Ed Bailey, was musing the other day about the prospects of young Jim Bailey.

"Can you imagine what it would be like to have two Baileys on one team?" Dykes demanded. "And the other one a left-hander into the bargain? Wow!"

THE END

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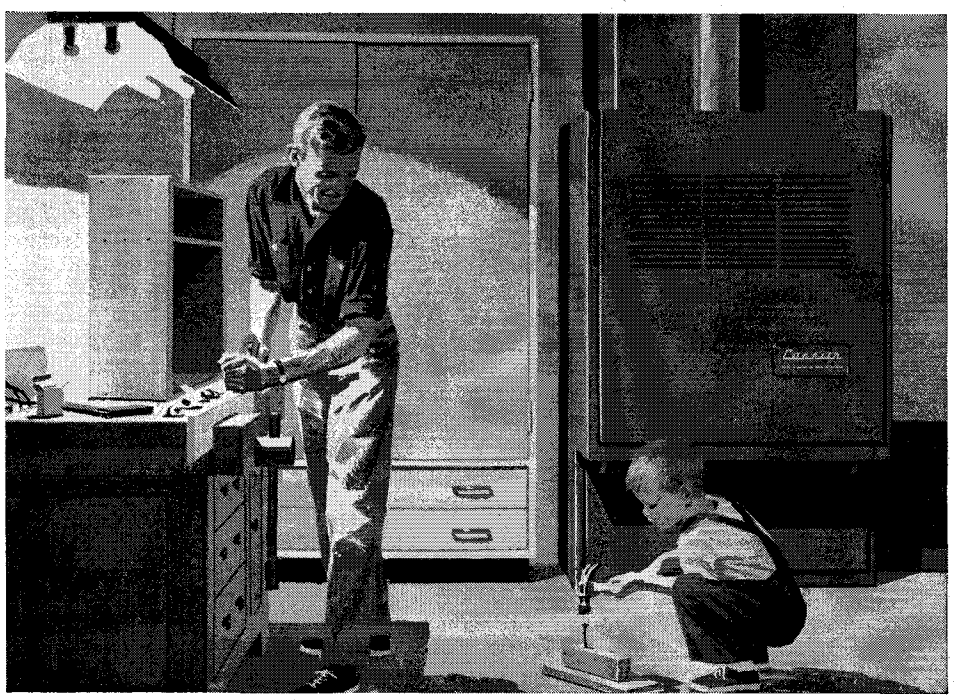

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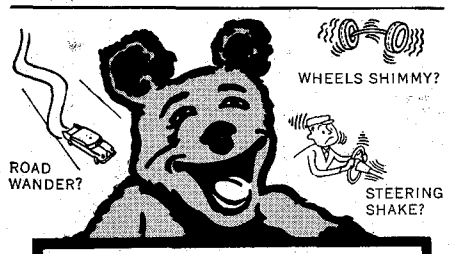

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It's Tough Being a Child Star

(Continued from Page 27)

to New York in 1953, and his parents had encouraged him to develop his talents. In New York, he sang on a couple of television programs without getting a break that would start him on a career. But luck was with him that day on Fifth Avenue. He went on the television quiz program, stayed with it for eight weeks and, with an older partner, won $25,000. More important, Mrs. Meredith Willson tuned in on the show one day, and immediately thereafter rushed to find her husband, who was busy writing a Broadway musical.

Willson's story included a good role for a red-headed boy who could sing, and his wife suggested the boy on the quiz program for the part. After further investigation, Willson agreed with her and Eddie hit Broadway with a flourish of seventy-six trombones in The Music Man, one of the big hits of last winter. A short time later, he was all over the place in television too—giving Helen Hayes a run for her money in Mrs. McThing, appearing on the $64,000 Challenge and being refused a permit to go on one television show after the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children protested to the mayor's office that his schedule was becoming too strenuous.

Eddie was but one among a steadily increasing crowd of grade-schoolers and their slightly elder siblings who have managed to elbow their way into show business at a tender age. One Sunday last March the tide of youth was running so strong that The New York Times had four stage kids pictured on the front page of its dramatic section—Charles Saari in The Dark at the Top of the Stairs, Augustine Rios in Jamaica, Beverly Lunsford in The Rope Dancers and the irrepressible Eddie Hodges. And the same week a new Broadway show, Blue Denim, opened with three teen-agers, including fifteen-year-old Carol Lynley, in intensely dramatic starring roles.

The growth of television in recent years has greatly increased the number of youngsters in live shows, in filmed serials and brief filmed commercials. Just to mention a few of many children prominent in the various mediums there are Dennis Kohler, who starred in Borrowed Time; Jon Provost in the Lassie serial; Glen Walken in The Guiding Light; Jimmy Rogers in A Hat Full of Rain; Susan Rohall in the Mama show; Patty McCormack in The Bad Seed; Johnny Washbrook in My Friend Flicka; Patty Duke in The Prince and the Pauper and also as a contestant on the $64,000 Challenge; Claudia Crawford, who cunningly stole a big scene from the veteran Cyril Ritchard on last autumn's General Motors 50th Anniversary television show; and Jerry Mathers in Leave It To Beaver.

In addition, there is a host of young Thespians appearing profitably in television commercials. Two youthful brothers in this field banked enough in the last few years to buy their parents a home in New Jersey and, still going strong, recently added a station wagon to the establishment.

"And don't forget the babies," an actor's agent said recently. "We had a six-weeks-old baby a few years ago who made so much money that her father—a young and unhappy office clerk—quit his job and realized his boyhood ambition of going to medical school. You might say the child put her father through medical school and then retired to enter the first grade. She may never be an actress, but her father is now a doctor in Philadelphia."

There are, according to experts in the business, a couple of interesting angles to the current upsurge of child actors. For one thing, a remarkable number of small-fry actors who were well known in the 1930's or 1940's—Jackie Cooper, Margaret O'Brien, Roddy McDowall—have gone on to win prominent spots in show business today. Even the old-time series of famous movie shorts starring Our Gang has been happily revived for a long run on television. And, perhaps most unusual of all, the two phenomenal child movie stars of the past, Shirley Temple and Jackie Coogan, have made solid comebacks as adult actors on television after years of comparative obscurity.

The experts, incidentally, are not very sure why none of the present crop of very talented youngsters has approached the universal fame once accorded to Miss Temple in such films as The Little Colonel and to Coogan as The Kid in a long-remembered Charlie Chaplin picture. About the only theories advanced in this connection are based on the fact that the emphasis has shifted from motion pictures to television. Large sums of money were spent to publicize movie stars over a long period because the films were shown countless times in countless communities. Television productions, however, get only a brief publicity build-up at the best, the actors are on your living-room screen for perhaps an hour and then give way to other programs. "There's a big change in circumstances," a network official commented, "but it is also a matter of chance, and I have no doubt a child star of great magnitude will show up one day."

"Any parents thinking about a show-business career for their child ought to remember that many youngsters start early and work hard and never get anywhere," one authority in the field said recently. "For everyone who makes good, there will be a dozen and more who fail, and for some kids that is a big tragedy."

An agent who specializes in children discovered a couple of years ago an eight-year-old boy who had everything needed for success in show business—a good personality, willingness to work hard and a singing voice that rang bells for everybody who heard him. The agent saw that he received good training, brought him along slowly and reached a studied, if exultant, conclusion that he would be a sensation. Casting directors quickly agreed and it was arranged for the boy to go on a television program that would give him a good chance to go places. The day for rehearsal came and the agent took him to the studio. He sat quietly in a chair watching the other performers go through their paces before the cameras. Finally there came the cue for his entrance, but the boy didn't move from his chair. In fact, he didn't move a muscle.

"Go ahead; it's your time," the agent whispered, giving him a nudge. He still didn't move.

"He just froze—looked at the cameras as if he were hypnotized," the agent said later. "Nothing I said had any effect on him. I finally led him away in a daze and somebody else got the part. That was the end. He never would even try again."

Strange perils best even experienced young actors, the most common being the unavoidable fact that they grow older and change. A talented child at the age of seven or eight may capture the hearts of audiences with ease. A year or two later the same child may be so changed that the physical charm is gone and so are the audiences. "I've had several kids who were in big demand one year," said an agent victimized by the inevitability of moppets' growing up into adolescents, "but were washed up in show business the next year. Sometimes they seem to get fat or gawky almost overnight, and they're through. That's a fate to make you shudder—a star at the age of eight and a has-been at the ripe old age of nine!"

Another danger in the struggle for recognition may be parents, especially mothers. There used to be an almost universal agreement among directors and agents—probably growing out of unhappy experiences in Hollywood a generation ago—that all "stage mothers" were poison. That opinion has changed in recent years, but there are still enough horrible examples in action to make show people shudder, and one big television-network program last year dropped a highly popular children's group largely because each child's mother bitterly and regularly complained that her offspring ought to be given more prominent roles.

Mother trouble also cropped up backstage at one of the big Broadway shows. When the show was being cast, the director telephoned an agent and announced, "We need two boys and two girls, but no

"My tests show your thyroid is all right; what you're suffering from is an overactive fork."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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troublemakers. Bring me four kids with good voices—and good mothers!"

The agent had no trouble picking four children of the right age, but he hesitated a long time over the mothers. His selections were accepted by the director, all went well during rehearsals, and the four mothers kept discreetly in the background, even after the show opened. Then one night the smallest boy in the group started one of their songs off key. A girl, who was older, helped him cover his mistake and get back on the track, but as they left the stage she laughed and teased him, "Oh, boy! Did you stink up the act tonight!" The little boy burst into tears, ran to his mother and the feud was on. His mother denounced the girl, the girl's mother made appropriate replies, hysteria quickly developed, and the two women came to blows backstage while the show was in progress.

"I didn't mean to do it," the boy's mother said later, "but it's always such an awful strain. Every night I am in agony for fear he will make a mistake. Every time he goes on the stage I die!"

Such intensity on the part of the mother is no help to a child, but it is rather common because some ambitious stage mothers are really seeking careers vicariously, trying to realize their own frustrated hopes of success through their children. Every agent and casting director knows at least a few such mothers and dreads to see them coming. They drag their weary children from one casting office to the next, demanding that the youngsters sit quietly in the waiting room for hours or jump up quickly and brightly to speak to the casting director. And if Johnny doesn't jump quickly or brightly he is likely to get a hard pinch to enliven him.

"We hired a boy recently who seemed just right for a good spot," a director recalled. "His mother was all right too—at least in public. But the boy began going to pieces during rehearsals, and I finally discovered that his mother was lecturing him in his dressing room about his mistakes, threatening to punish him if he didn't hang on to the part. He finally became so nervous and upset that we had to replace him. This kind of stage mother is getting rarer, however. Agents can quickly spot them and just won't get jobs for their children. Directors encourage the mothers to keep out of sight during rehearsals, although that's not always easy to do. Most television studios have a special 'mothers' room' into which they are herded while the children are working."

Professional teachers of dancing, singing and dramatics also have their troubles with frustrated stage mothers, particularly those who stubbornly try to force their children to perform despite the fact that the youngsters lack talent or any desire to go on the stage. Some of the best-known and most-sought-after professional instructors in New York, for example, simply refuse to accept such children, although they frequently have to settle with an enraged mother to make the refusal stick. One day last year a woman stalked into the studio of a prominent dramatic instructor leading an unhappy five-year-old boy by the hand and announced she wanted to enroll him for lessons. The instructor worked with the boy for half an hour and discovered that he had no interest, and probably no talent for a career.

"I can't take your boy," he told the mother. Then, as he saw her lips tighten grimly, he added, "A boy of five is too young to pay attention properly. There's no point in trying to train him. He doesn't want to learn at that age. Let him play ball."

The mother insisted that the boy would learn or else! But she was firmly persuaded to depart, much to the relief of the instructor. His relief was short-lived. Six weeks later the mother barged into the studio again, gripping her reluctant son by the arm.

"He's six years old now," she announced firmly, giving the boy a push forward. "And now he wants to learn!"

One look at the boy's face was enough to prompt the instructor to escort them out the door again.

In contrast to the stage-struck mother, there are parents who are mainly interested in the money their children can earn, particularly as models in short movies for television commercials. One woman agent in New York got a shock a few years ago when a tall, powerful woman walked into her office and deposited on her desk a week-old infant wrapped in a thin blanket and nothing else.

"Take a look!" the mother shouted. "I've got no money to feed her! You take her and make money with her! If you can't—I'll just leave her for you!"

Fortunately, the baby was as pretty as a doll and the agent had no trouble getting commercial jobs for her. The mother, a boisterous but warmhearted character, had no interest in making her child a star and got along fine with casting directors. All agents, however, have had experiences with less agreeable mothers' making money out of their babies. A tall, red-haired woman of thirty-five marched her small son into an agency recently to collect his check and was complimented on the fact that the boy had a good earning capacity.

"Yes," she replied grimly, adjusting her maternity smock, "and I'm counting on doubling that next summer as soon as the new baby arrives."

"Maybe," the agent replied without amusement, "you can arrange to have twins and triple it."

The usual rate of pay, incidentally, for a child making a filmed commercial is about seventy-five dollars for perhaps an hour or two of work. In addition, the child gets from thirty-five to fifty dollars each time the film is used on television, depending on the circumstances and the number of stations involved. In comparison, a child may receive only the standard rate of eighty-five dollars a week for appearing in a play six nights, plus two matinees, a week. A youngster who speaks lines or has a special role earns more—say, several hundred dollars a week—and starring roles are paid proportionately higher.

Although the child actor's road to success is a difficult one, the opportunities since the advent of television have been greater and more are making the grade; many of them because of the guidance and support of sensible parents and agents. The case histories of such children, however, demonstrate that a theatrical career is far more hard work than glamour. Take a girl like Connie Francis, for example. She began trying to be an entertainer at the age of three because her father, a roofing contractor in New Jersey, loved to play the concertina at local variety benefit shows and wanted somebody to sing with him. She later was on radio and television and, when she was eleven, her father arranged an audition for her with George Sheck, who originated a television show called Star Time with all child actors. Sheck said he couldn't use any more singers.

"Well, I can play the accordion too," Connie remarked.

"That's different," Sheck said. She played the accordion for four years on Star Time before Sheck really paid any attention to her singing. Then he told her to forget the accordion. Her low, husky

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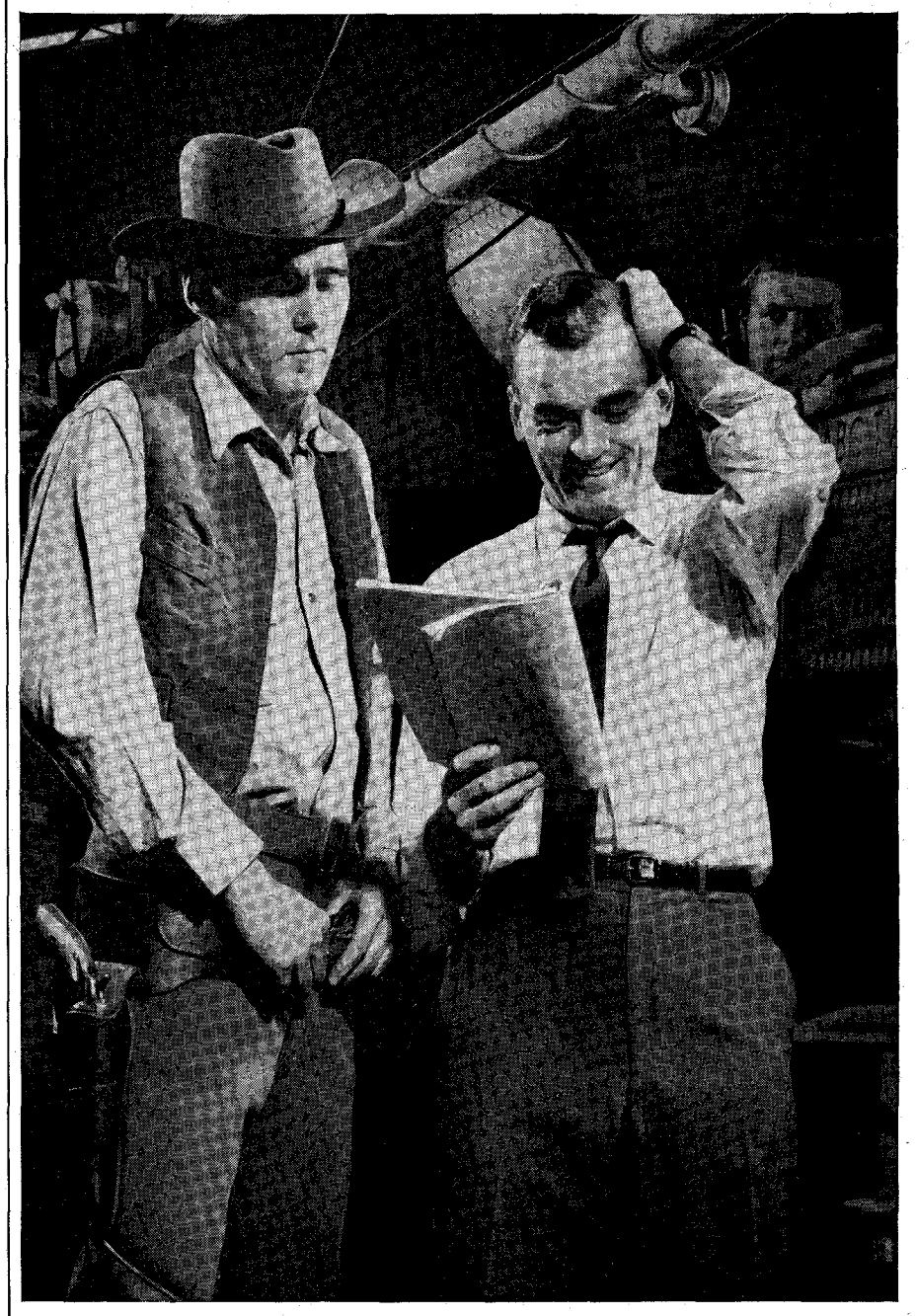

Now! A man's way to check perspiration odor—no mess, no trickle, no crumbling!

It's on the ball

Mister, don't miss this one. It's for *men*—the scent, the color, the works. Trig rolls on, quick and easy. Trig goes straight to work—underarm hair can't block it. Trig works a full 24 hours. Remember this: women say "deodorant"... *men* say Trig.

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voice had developed and she got a contract to make recordings at the age of sixteen. But the hard work was just starting. It was three more years before she did a song that caught on—a rock-and-roll version of Who's Sorry Now?, which she reluctantly made on her father's insistence. By last March it was among the nation's top ten recordings. Connie and her father finally were getting some return on fifteen years' effort.

The career of Augustine Rios, on the other hand, has been less strenuous. Augustine and his younger sister are the children of a couple who migrated from Puerto Rico to New York fifteen years ago and found jobs, which they still hold, in small manufacturing shops. Augie was born ten years ago. From early childhood he was a natural mimic. He imitated everybody, but especially the comedians he saw on television. That kind of thing can get on parents' nerves, and Augie's career might have ended early but for the fact that he went to Public School 42, where he so delighted his teachers that they urged Mrs. Rios to do something about developing his talents.

This was a new idea to the Rioses, but they took Augie to audition for a television show featuring children. Stated briefly, he stole the show. He began taking dancing, singing and speech lessons and for the next few years appeared frequently on television, including the Jackie Gleason program. By that time he was ten and there wasn't much he couldn't do on the stage, as he proved by grabbing a secondary lead in the Broadway musical, Jamaica, in the fall of 1957. The big time didn't slow Augie down a bit. He took it all in his stride. So did his parents, but Augie's regular job made some changes necessary in the family's routine. Mrs. Rios continued to go to her job at 9:30 A.M., but each afternoon she had to pick up her son at the professional children's school to which he was shifted, and escort him to the theater, where she stayed until she could escort him home about midnight. Meantime, Mr. Rios had to change his schedule so he could hurry home after work, relieve the part-time maid and baby-sit each evening with his young daughter.

As for Augie, he had to give up playing with the neighborhood kids after school and buckle down to a long schedule six days a week, but he has no complaints. He has partly compensated for the change by building a rocket ship of cardboard boxes in his dressing room and makes regular voyages into outer space each evening during the long waits between his appearances on the stage.

Augie gives every indication of having been born to show business and of being able to adjust easily to a career in the theater, but there will probably always be an unresolved argument among the experts as to whether professional acting is a good idea for children. Obviously, the tensions of the business, the inevitable disappointments, the inflated ego and the long hours away from the normal routine of childhood represent dangers for many children. Just as obviously, some youngsters would never be as happy in any other kind of life and would never have as good an opportunity for successful careers.

Jackie Cooper, once famous as a child star in Skippy and now a successful television actor, once denounced all child stars as "brats," said his early stardom almost ruined his life and promised to make certain that his own children would never be exposed to a similar fate. Elizabeth Taylor, another early starter as an actress, announced after the birth of her daughter that she would "advise as strongly as I could" against such careers for youngsters. Shirley Temple recently commented that careers for children should "depend on the individual," but added that she would not object if her own children wanted to try. Jackie Coogan, on the other hand, said he thought acting was a great thing for children and that his small daughter was acting the role of The Kid in a new movie concerning Coogan's early career. Producer-actor Jerry Lewis also agreed, but reluctantly, to permit his son, Gary, to impersonate him in an impending movie, Rock-a-bye-Baby, but announced that it would be a "one and only" appearance. "I quit school in the tenth grade," he added, "because I couldn't be happy except in show business. I've lived to regret it."

There have, of course, been a great many changes in show business since Jackie Cooper was a Hollywood "brat," and the interests and well-being of minors in the profession are better protected than in earlier years in California and, to a lesser extent, in New York. California State Supreme Court judges, for example, now have the power to require that half of the income of child actors be put in trust for them until they come of age. The law requires the children to have their working permits renewed annually and to undergo a thorough medical checkup at that time. They must attend school and if they study in a school for professional children or are tutored, weekly reports on their progress must be made to the board of education.

In most other states, including New York, whatever a child earns belongs to his parents or legal guardian, but the New York law enables the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to check carefully on youngsters working regularly as actors or models. Agents of the society consult with operators of professional schools and study the progress of the children. If they conclude that a child is working too much or that his education is being neglected, the society makes recommendations to the mayor's office, which orders corrective measures. The professional schools have small classes, most of their pupils are above average in intelligence tests and their eighth-grade graduates normally are ahead of their class if they enter public high school.

"We also try to deflate egos," one teacher said recently. "We never permit talk about professional activities. In fact, we had Patty McCormack here for six weeks before even I knew she was starring in a Broadway hit."

The better professional schools try to aid in instilling in the children the self-discipline and patience that are essential to their careers, but their best stage training usually is obtained in private classes or in amateur appearances on television or the stage. One of a number of organizations that make this possible is the Junior Theater, started in New York in 1941, by Phyllis Chalzel. The theater presents a week of plays for children—such as Hänsel and Gretel or Tom Sawyer—during the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays. All of the cast are children seeking professional careers, and the performances at Carnegie Recital Hall serve as a kind of showcase for youthful talent—particularly for the television talent hunters who are normally sprinkled through the capacity audiences of small children and mothers.

These small-fry productions sometimes test the steel in young professionals. Last year at one performance a witch, played by a fourteen-year-old girl, was casting a spell that was supposed to ensnare a small boy who wandered into the woods. Unaccountably, the small boy did not make his entrance. The quick-thinking witch covered up by casting another spell while Miss Chalzel frantically searched backstage for the missing boy. She found him in tears and without pants.

"My pants got locked in the bathroom!" he sobbed. "I left them there for a minute and somebody's gone in and locked the door!"

Miss Chalzel banged on the door, practically poured the boy into his costume and shoved him on stage as the witch cast her spell for the third time in a voice that was rising to a hysterical pitch.

It is only fair today to point out that the vast majority of persons professionally connected with child actors put the welfare of the children first, but, in the final analysis, parents are probably the most important factor in guiding the youngsters' healthy development. Parental disdain for theatrical life doubtless has sometimes blocked youngsters who might have become famous on the stage, but the more common attitude of thoughtful parents has been to let the child grow up as naturally as possible and decide for himself.

When Patsy McKegney, for example, was in kindergarten she was lucky enough to have brown eyes, blond hair, a natural ability for "pretending" and a neighbor named Mrs. Frederick M. Wittington. Mrs. Wittington's three children, Gail, Dick and Sandra Ann, had appeared countless times as children on television and radio and in motion pictures. In fact, Mrs. Wittington was so busy shepherding them around that she and her husband started their own agency for child actors. "I can tell quickly if a child can act," she said recently. "They have to live their parts, as if they are playing house or a game. Patsy McKegney was good from the very first. She could learn quickly and she could ad-lib."

Mrs. Wittington got Patsy some walk-on roles in television so she could gradually become accustomed to cameras and lights, but almost immediately the child was offered a contract, starting at $19,000 a year, to do a filmed television serial. About that time, Mr. McKegney, a Manhattan lawyer, decided things were moving a little too rapidly for his daughter, particularly since the contract required her to spend a long period in Hollywood. He sent the contract back with thanks and Patsy back to school with a promise she could continue her training and decide later how to make the best use of her talents. Meanwhile, she lives the normal life of a seven-year-old in a suburban community.

Not a few veteran actors who are parents would agree that most children are better off in school than on the stage. Not long ago Walter Slezak was preparing to take the leading role in a projected television series based, more or less, on some of his own early experiences in America. The script called for a seven-year-old boy who, among other things, knew several languages and spoke English with a slight accent. The role proved difficult to fill. Scores of young actors were auditioned and turned down. The network casting director finally sent most of his staff to search the New York private schools for candidates, but the only prospect they located was the son of an ambassador to the United Nations, who turned down their proposals for reasons of state.

The casting director was at the end of his string one afternoon when Slezak happened to drop into the studio accompanied by his small son, Leo, who speaks several languages and whose English is slightly accented. The director talked to the boy for a few minutes with growing excitement, and then turned to the veteran actor. "I think," he said, "we've found our boy!"

Slezak exploded. "Oh, no, you haven't!" he cried. "Not my son in a show—never!"

The argument went on for several days. Even the author of the script, a friend of the Slezaks, joined in, on the ground that he was subconsciously thinking of Leo when he wrote the part and wanted someone like him to play it. There apparently being no one like him available, Slezak finally gave in and agreed that the boy could appear in the show. Slezak played the role of an amusing, well-educated but dead-broke European immigrant arriving in New York and Leo, reasonably enough, played his son. THE END

"Then I said, 'I'll stand on my record.'
That's when he fired me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 43)

Whatever business Tupper pursued, it seemed to be lucrative, and it required no employees—not even a secretary. That made it a very personal concern; perhaps confidential. There were no signs of ledger or journal or other bookkeeping equipment. But there must be records. There was a telephone, but no typewriter was visible.

"You," said Craig, "should be on that television program."

"Indeed? Which one?"

"Where the panel guesses what your business is," Craig said.

"I'd baffle them," Tupper said with a shrug. "But I'll give you a hint: I'm self-employed."

"Is there a product involved? Or do you deal in services?"

"Oh, in services, definitely." Tupper's eyes narrowed. "I operate an exterminator service. I eradicate pests. You are rapidly coming under that head, Batts."

Nora came into the office. She did not look at Tupper and spared only a brief, questioning glance for Craig. She rested a slender hand upon her father's shoulder in a reassuring way.

"I think we can take the Mertz girl home now," she said in an unyielding voice. Then an impish grin lighted her face. "She's going to have the granddaddy of all shiners," she chuckled. "You're rough with your lady friends, Craig."

"She's no lady friend of mine," he snapped. "I'd as soon cuddle a stick of dynamite."

There was a flurry, and Annie Mertz swirled into the room. The side of her pert face was abraded where it had struck the floor, and there was already visible the commencement of a black eye which would keep her out of the chorus line for days. She eluded Nora's grasp and, her little hands turned into claws, she launched herself at Tupper where he sat. Her red nails raked his cheek. Craig made no move to stop her, but stood ready to intervene if Tupper defended himself too roughly.

Annie was screaming hysterically; uttering shrill, incoherent words which displayed no mean vocabulary of invective.

"I'd have killed you! I'd have shot you! But quick killing is too good for you."

"Hold her off me before I have to hurt her," Tupper spluttered.

Craig lifted her, kicking, in his arms and held her helpless.

"That's a sufficient plenty, Pepper Pot," Craig said. "You've prettied him up enough. And give thanks, ye little vixen, I was here to stop you from doing worse."

Suddenly she was inert. She threw her arms about Craig's neck and buried her face under his chin and sobbed convulsively.

"Hey," he appealed to Nora. "Take her off of me. Unloose me."

But Nora did not move to his rescue. The little Mertz girl, one arm still around Craig's neck, lifted her head and turned her face toward Tupper. Hysteria was gone, and in its place was cold venom.

"Tupper," she said almost in a whisper, "for what you've done I'll make you suffer. Never, by day or by night, will you know if I'm somewhere near. You'll not hide from me." Great, gasping breaths choked her for an instant. "Somewhere there is something that you fear to have known. I will find it out. I'll be your shadow that you cannot rid yourself of. Mind what I say, Tupper. I do not think I shall kill you; but I'll pull you down and see that you come to a horrid end." She turned then, and said to Craig, "Put me down, Mr. Batts. I will do no more this day. But you, Tupper, in sunlight and in darkness, keep looking over your shoulder. I'll be close behind you."

For seconds, each person stood motionless, staring at Tupper. And it was to be seen that the man's cheeks grew pale, and that his eyes shifted to right and to left to hide the fear that was in them.

Then he laughed, not sincerely, but artificially, and shrugged his shoulders. "Will it be convenient if I have the use of my office now?" he asked.

Then Chief Fogarty spoke in his deep voice with its touch of brogue. "Sure, Tupper, ye may have the use and benefit of your office, and much good may it do ye. From now on, a black thing will be riding your shoulders, as ye have made a black thing to ride mine. We will see which can throw it off. Come, one and all."

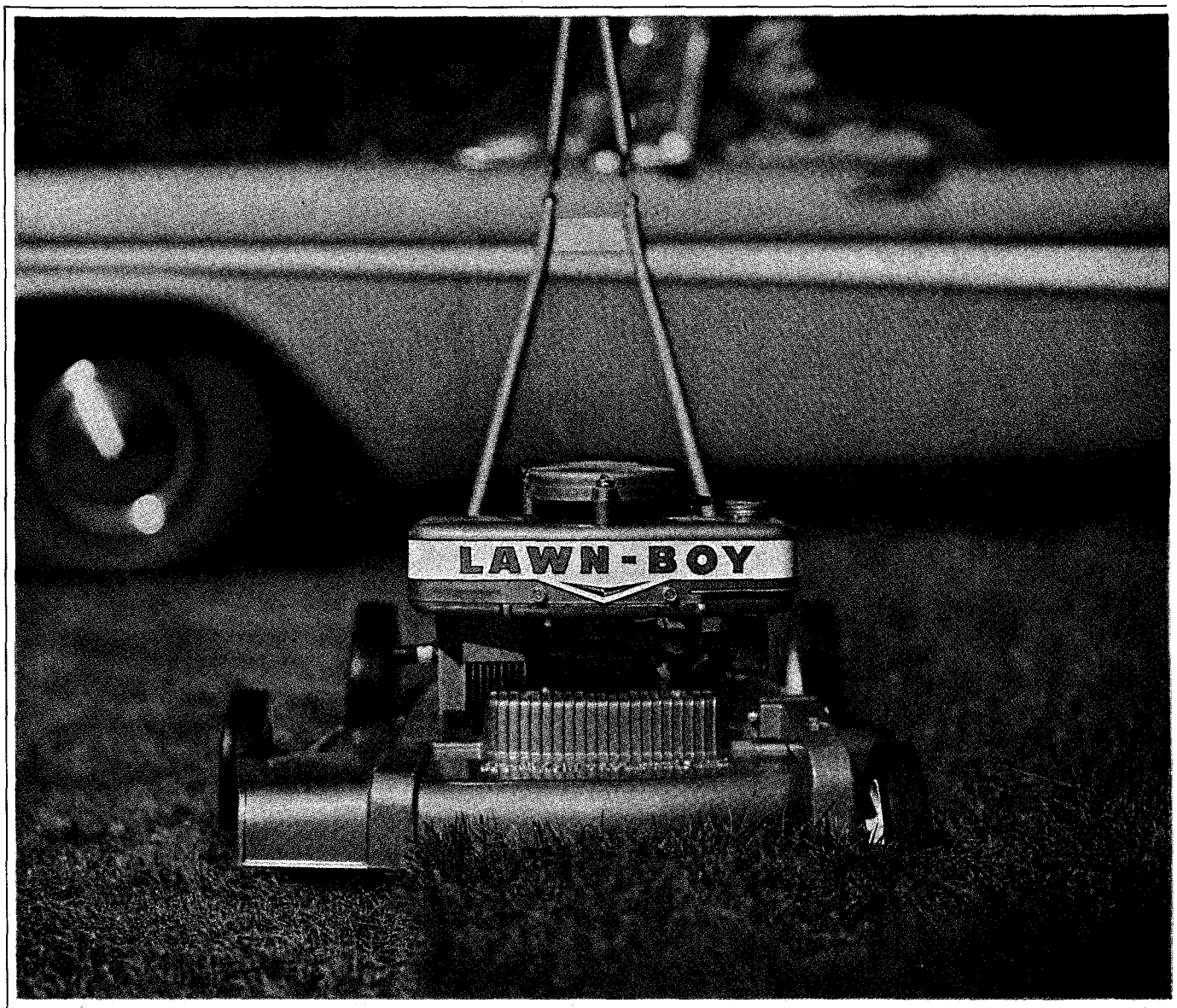
They descended to the street and Craig hailed a cab to carry them to the Fogarty apartment. Fifi was still there, big-eyed and tearful. Annie ran to her and enfolded the child in her arms.

"But I didn't. I didn't. It's not true. I'm still a good girl," Fifi whispered brokenly.

"Maybe so. No credit to him. We will now go home and never again will you show what you've got in the chorus line to wet-lipped men."

"Your father's gun," Craig said. "What to do with it, he being a cop?"

"It will be safe with me, Mr. Batts," Annie said. "I will put it back where it belongs." And then she looked at him with level eyes and nodded her shapely head. "I'm obliged to you, Mr. Batts."



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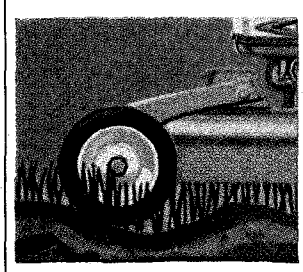

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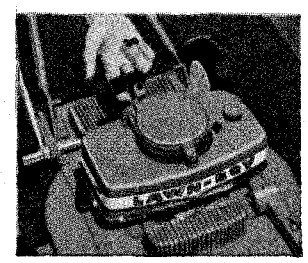

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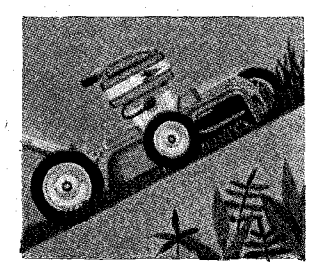

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And then to Nora, "You've got yourself a good man. Hang onto him."

To this Nora made no reply save to flush.

"I will see you home," Craig said.

"No need," Annie said. "This day can hold no more. We will be safe."

Chief Fogarty, when the girls had closed the door behind them, looked up from his chair. "Me bed calls for me," he said in a voice that tugged at their hearts. "It's bone weary I am. I would be alone and sleep."

He stumbled as Nora steadied him to his bedroom door. "Is there nothing you want to tell us, father?" she asked softly.

"It would be the three of us against the world," said Craig.

"It is a thing," the chief said, "that nobody can carry but me. And I will carry it." He closed the door and left the young people staring into each other's eyes.

"Poor, lonely dad," said Nora softly.

"I must call headquarters and report in," Craig said.

"Then you will stay for supper," Nora announced.

"And much obliged to you."

He used the telephone and then went down to the corner newsstand and brought back an evening paper. He sat on the davenport to read while Nora busied herself in the kitchen. There was the usual foreign news of ill omen on the front page, and the evidence in a congressional investigation. In a box at the bottom of the page, under a Toledo date line, was a story that made Craig sit erect with excited interest. It was the account of a bank robbery in the city on Lake Erie. It was a daring, daylight depredation, executed under cover of a three-alarm fire in an adjoining building. The looting had been done by uniformed men who drove to the door in an armored truck such as is used for the transference of cash or currency. The guards in charge of the armored vehicle had held up the bank and escaped with their plunder before the alarm could be given.

It was a repetition of the robbery in which Craig had played so unsatisfactory a part—a repetition with skillful variation. Here was more evidence that Pieter van Rensselaer was right in his deduction that an organized gang was operating according to schedule and plan in widely separated cities throughout the United States.

The telephone rang stridently and Craig lifted the receiver.

"Assistant Marshal Batts?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

The voice gave an address on the Lower East Side, in the congested loft district. "Get there on the run," ordered the voice. "Looks like it's our dish of ham and eggs."

Craig went to the kitchen door. "Got to get on the job," he said.

"Cup of coffee first?" Nora asked.

"No time," he told her. "Shall I come back here tonight or can you hold the fort?"

"All that good food going to waste," she said thriftily. "Don't worry about dad and me."

This fire was not an amateur effort. The indications pointed to a skilled professional. When Craig went in behind the protective water curtain thrown by the fog nozzle, he found that the blaze had been timed by a candle, one of the sort that burned forty-five minutes to the inch, and that the flammable substance had been celluloid. Suspicion was immediate that the motive was to collect insurance. But Craig, as he examined the box of a safe, became convinced that insurance was not all.

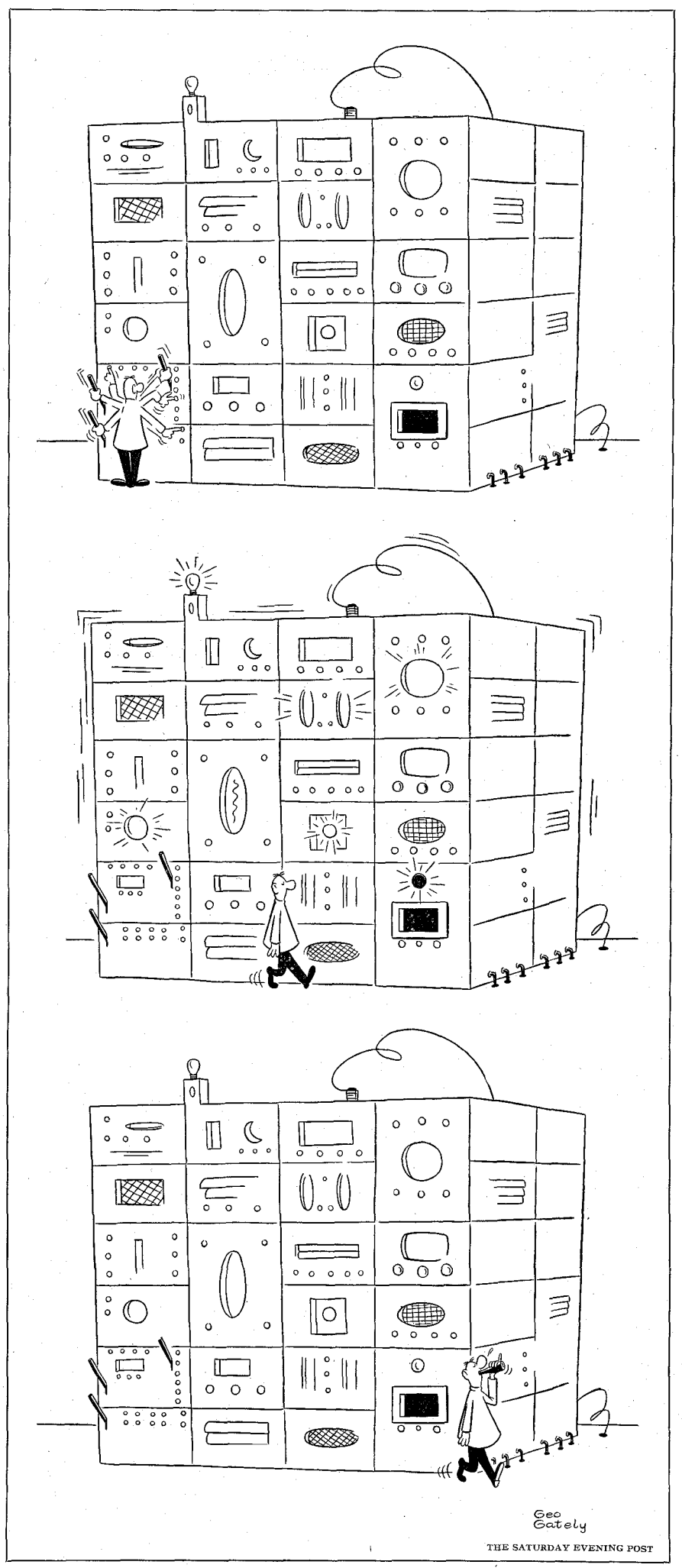
When the heat abated, an expert was called in who managed to open the safe and found its contents either burned to ashes or charred to illegibility. Phosphorus! The records of the business had been destroyed, and the reason must be either to abolish records of a fraudulent nature or figures that might lead to conviction of Federal tax evasion.

Craig, in the charred office, faced the proprietor of the business, a frightened man who was not difficult to break. He was speedily reduced to stammering tears.

"They said—they guaranteed—it couldn't be found out," he chattered. "It was—it was a guarantee."

"You don't say!" Craig exclaimed sympathetically. "So you relied on them and they did a flop."

He was excited. He was on the track of something important. Repeatedly it had been asserted in newspaper interviews that there was no commercial arson in the city. The boast had been that this form of crime had been eradicated. In times of prosperity, such as existed at present, there was much less reason for it than in days of depression. This did not mean that there was not the ever-present threat of arson by men whose businesses did not prosper, or by individuals with fraud to conceal, or whose tax returns had been dishonestly made. But the belief was that there was not a sufficient field for professional arsonists. The confession of this man made it appear that this condition did exist, and that there was a man or an organization prepared to apply the torch on a salary or commission basis.



"So," Craig asked in his friendliest voice, "you didn't set this fire yourself?"

"I wouldn't know how."

"So you hired these people to do the job?"

"That's it, marshal. That's how it was."

"But," Craig asked, "how did you know where to find someone who would strike the match?"

"It was a letter. And then I inquired around and—and different ones said they were reliable."

"You mean these arsonists actually circularized?"

"Sure. Oh, sure."

"With a name?"

"They called themselves A Friend in Need. They said something about if business was bad and creditors made trouble, to get in touch with them. Or if you needed money quick. Or if there were tax troubles. Or if you had insurance problems. Like that. Hinting."

"But they surely didn't give an address?"

"Not like an office or a street number. Just said that their Mr. Brown would telephone for an appointment."

"How did they know you might be in the market for their services?"

"Such news like a man's got financial troubles gets around among the trade."

"Right. And their Mr. Brown did telephone you?"

"Yes."

"And made an engagement?"

"Sure."

"Where?"

"On a street corner."

Craig nodded. That was the way it would be. "And at night?" he suggested.

"It was eleven o'clock."

"Where the streets would be deserted?"

"Down by Brooklyn Bridge."

"So you met this Mr. Brown and made a deal to touch off your premises?"

"That's what I did. Two deals. One was for a flat sum to destroy the papers in my safe. The other was for twenty-five per cent of the insurance I collected."

"But," Craig objected, "you could have collected your insurance and then refused to divvy up."

"No," the broken man said tearfully. "I got to sign a paper that said what I had hired them to do."

"Didn't you realize," Craig asked, appalled at the man's stupidity, "that they could use that paper to blackmail you all your life?"

"Mister Marshal, I was up against it. I was desperate. I didn't do no thinking."

"Too bad, friend. But I guess you'll have to come along."

"Where to?"

"First to the chief marshal's office. Then the police will take over."

Here, then, was definite proof of commercial arson, with grave possibilities of a lucrative side line in blackmail. It was organized. It was adroit. Contact between victim and arsonist was made so skillfully that there was no discoverable connecting link. A meeting on a lonely corner in the darkness of the night would make identification of the go-between difficult, even if he and the victim were by some miracle brought face (*Continued on Page 88*)

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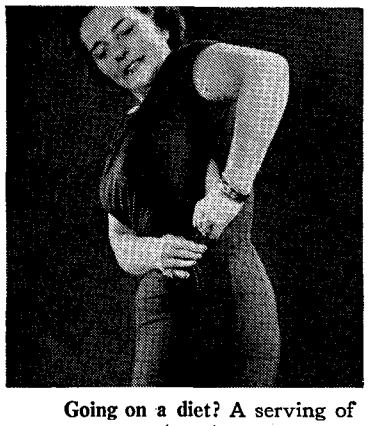

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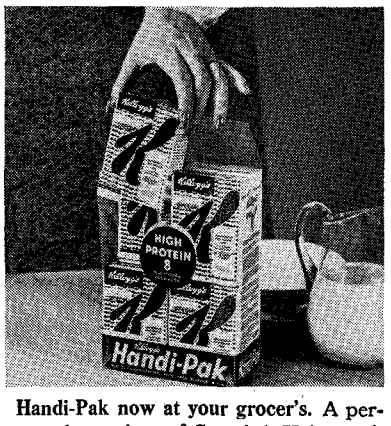

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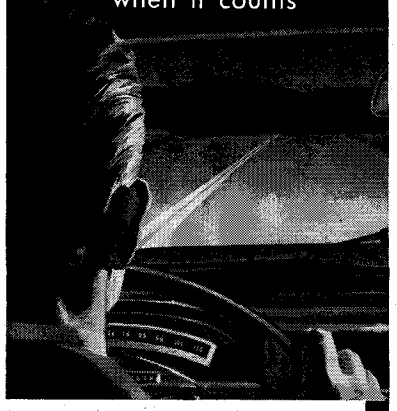

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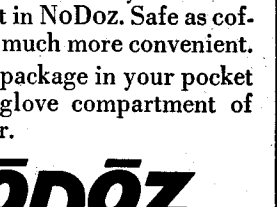

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CORN'S GONE GETS-IT GOT IT! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

(*Continued from Page 86*) to face. A skillful lawyer could confuse the witness and impeach his identification. And the courts, apt to bend toward the defendant, would make conviction difficult or impossible.

Here, indeed, was a situation such as the chief marshal had outlined where direct, definite, irrefutable evidence of an overt act would be difficult to find. The lot of a fire marshal was not an easy one.

Using the power of a fire marshal, which gives him the police authority to arrest—or even to subpoena—Craig led his prisoner to headquarters, and, the matter being of sufficient immediate importance, the chief marshal was summoned from his bed. He arrived in no pleasant mood. But for all that, his interrogation was keen, shrewd and searching. The statement of the prisoner was typed and signed by him before he was turned over to the police. It was nearly morning.

The chief marshal faced Craig across his flat-topped desk, his eyes narrowed and unfriendly.

"Did I guess the nuisance you were to be," he said bitingly, "you would still be wearing the uniform."

Craig stood mute.

"First," accused the chief, "ye fetch to me word of a nationwide ring of arsonists and crooks. Then you identify a murdered body as belonging to a member of the Four Hundred. And then you drag in evidence that commercial arson goes on on a big scale in spite of my braggin' that it is wiped out. From you I've had nothing but trouble."

"Yes, sir," Craig answered with straight face. "Sorry to make trouble, sir."

"Do you dare be fresh with me, young man?" demanded the chief.

"I would not be so bold," Craig said gravely.

"Go home then to bed." He shook his head ruefully. "I fear you're one of them that trouble follows like a spotted dog once followed a fire engine. I've heard ye called a Typhoid Mary. Bad cess to you for a bloody nuisance."

"Good night, sir," Craig said politely. "I'll try to do better in future."

The chief stared at the door even after Craig had closed it behind him, and he expelled a deep breath and scowled at his aide. "It looks," he said grimly, "as if business was picking up."

When Craig mounted the stairs to his small apartment he found waiting for him in the hallway an individual of a genus never before encountered in that neighborhood. This person had stepped directly from a comic drawing of the correctest of English manservants. He wore a dark coat, striped breeches and a bowler hat. On his left hand was a suède glove. His left hand carried its mate. His face was long, lean and closely shaven and his features were of an incredible solemnity. It was not likely that this apparition could have business with Craig, so the young man stepped past him and inserted his key in the door.

In a high, artificial voice the caricature spoke. "Am I addressing Assistant Fire Marshal Batts?" he inquired.

"That's my name and that's my station," Craig answered. "What can I do for you?"

"I would be honored, sir, if you would permit me to converse with you on a subject which may be of importance to both of us."

Craig pushed open the door and motioned the man to enter. He turned on lights and indicated a comfortable chair.

"It would not be correct for me to sit, sir. Most unsuitable indeed. Am I correctly informed that you are the gentleman who discovered the identity of my late employer, Mr. William Tecumseh Peabody?"

"Right," answered Craig.

"If I may say so, sir, it was a more than ordinarily astute bit of reasoning."

"Thanks," Craig said, "but let's come to the point."

"I would like, sir, to be assured that I will not be brought into contact with the police—unless, of course, it becomes absolutely necessary. In which event I shall be willing to lay aside my natural prejudice and co-operate to the fullest extent."

"If," Craig replied, "you have pertinent evidence, the police will have to know."

The solemn man hesitated; his face grew longer. But he straightened his shoulders under his meticulously tailored coat, cleared his throat and said, "My obligation to my late employer compels me to proceed, regardless."

"But why this prejudice against the police? I'm a sort of policeman myself."

"My experiences with the Metropolitan Police, especially with its detective department, have been, to describe them conservatively, unsatisfactory. Until, of course, through the intervention of my late employer, I altered my professional status."

"Which was?" asked Craig with interest.

"I may say without undue vanity that I was an exceptionally successful confidence man." He preened himself. "My *modus operandi* was the impersonation of the valet of an English nobleman."

"Do tell!" Craig exclaimed. "And how came you to change your business?"

"I was paroled into the custody of my lamented employer and benefactor. He chanced to be present at my trial, and so impressed was he by my bearing and deportment that he brought influence to bear and took me into his employ. He was so good as to declare that my impersonation was so superb that he never could hope to find a servant to equal me. I may say that during the term of my employment I served him to the best of my not inconsiderable ability."

"An American citizen?"

The man's voice and demeanor altered. He was offended. "Do ye take me for a blasted Britisher? I'll have ye know I was born in Hoboken." He paused and inflated his chest. "My old man was a top-hand peterman, and the old lady was the slickest shoplifter of her time. Me, being puny as a boy, was raised in my former profession."

"I think that entitles you to sit down in my presence," Craig said. "Now what did you come to tell me?"

"My name," he said, "is Japes. When I plied my old trade I was known as Soapy Japes. I wish, sir, that you would accompany me to Mr. Peabody's residence. I have been left in charge by his executors as caretaker. There are things to which your attention should be directed."

"What sort of things, Soapy?"

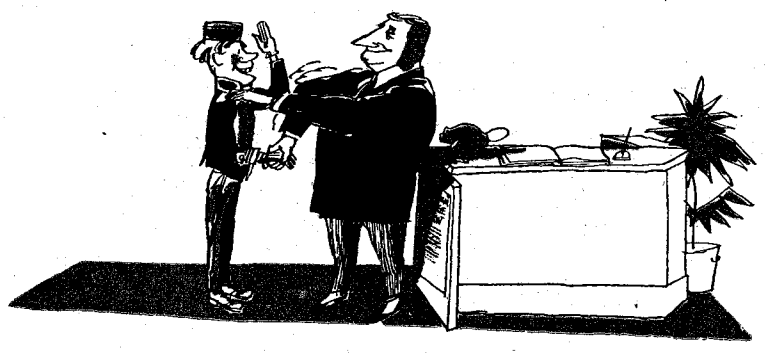
"Depredations," he replied.

"Is the telephone in operation there?"

"It is." He gave the number.

Craig lifted his own transmitter and spoke to headquarters. "Batts speaking," he said. "I am leaving at once to go to William Tecumseh Peabody's house. You have the address." He gave the telephone number.

"The subway will be quickest," he said, and they went down to the street, and presently were approaching the Peabody residence, which was an imposing edifice of cut stone with a mansard roof. Soapy produced a key to the service entrance, and turning the light switch, led the way to the main floor. It was a large house of



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Agnew, a country boy come to town, accepted a hotel job as a bellhop "at a salary of twenty dollars, plus tips" for a forty-hour week. He worked away happily until he learned that the minimum pay for forty hours, under state law, was forty dollars. Although his earnings came to more than forty dollars, including tips, he sued the hotel for not paying him the minimum salary.

"No matter how much or how little I make in tips," Agnew contended, "the hotel is only paying me twenty dollars where the law says it should pay forty. Therefore it owes me the difference."

"The hotel gave Agnew a job at which he earns more than the forty-dollar minimum," the hotel's lawyer retorted. "Therefore he has no kick and is due nothing from us."

If you were the judge, would you make the hotel pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The hotel had to pay. The court ruled that tips customarily belong to the recipient and are not to be counted as part of his wages. They constitute wages only if he hands all tips over to his employer and receives them back as part of his regular pay. That was not the case here.

Based upon a 1958 Wyoming decision.

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many rooms such as had been deemed essential by the wealth and social position of an earlier generation. The furniture was heavy and dark; the wall hangings might have graced a museum. It was, Craig thought as he walked up the gracious curved stairway to the next floor, a meticulously preserved mausoleum.

"Mr. Peabody's library," Soapy said as they entered a splendid room whose walls were concealed by bookshelves, ceiling-high. He pointed. The contents of a bookshelf under an ancestral portrait had been removed and scattered on the Aubusson rug. The portrait above it was wildly askew. A wall safe had been concealed there, but its door gaped open.

"Only for intimate and personal papers," Soapy said. "Family records, of course, were in safety deposit."

"Could you state what is missing?" Craig asked.

"For some time before my employer—ah—absented himself," said Soapy, "he seemed distrait. He shut himself in this room alone, writing. He seemed, if I may be so bold, to be depressed. Sometimes, sir, he spoke to me almost as if I were his equal. In a philosophical manner, if I may put it so. On an occasion, perhaps the last time we spoke before he"—again there was that curious pause and the use of the same circumlocution—"absented himself, he looked up at me from his writing, and his expression can be described only as stricken. 'Japes,' he said, 'nations deteriorate. Races become decadent. Old and honorable families forget their traditions, and *noblesse oblige* becomes only an absurd phrase without meaning. These sad descents into Avernus must be expected and endured.' To which I replied, 'Yes, sir.' And he went on, blinking his eyes, 'One expects them to occur at a distance, but not in one's immediate circle. It is, Japes, an almost unbearable shock when research, reason and logic place a dear friend in a position so anomalous as to give rise to suspicions that he has become lost to honesty and decency—that, whilst retaining his mental vigor, he has deliberately betrayed his heritage and placed himself without the pale of gentlemen. And becomes, Japes, a menace to society.'"

"Did you know who he meant?" Craig asked.

"Nor did I dare ask," Soapy replied. "Mr. Peabody smote his desk with his fist and cried in a voice which I can only describe as agonized, 'Where, then, does an honorable man's duty lie?'"

Craig sat down in Mr. Peabody's chair, which brought a pained expression to Soapy's face. "So," Craig said half to himself, "Mr. Peabody had discovered or thought he had discovered that a close friend was up to capers. And hadn't made up his mind what to do about it."

"I fancy, sir, he was not given opportunity to make up his mind or to act upon his decision. Without a word to me or the other servants, he suddenly was not here. And then he was dead in that undecorous manner."

"Killed," said Craig, "on his way to talk to Chief Fogarty. Why Chief Fogarty, Soapy? Why not the police?"

"I fancy for two reasons," Soapy said. "The first was because the thing that troubled Mr. Peabody had to do with fires—with arson, if I may use that word. The second was because of ancient acquaintance with Chief Patrick Fogarty."

Soapy went to a space on the wall and lifted down a picture incongruous among family portraits and old masters. It was a faded framed photograph, and as Craig examined it he saw that it was of a baseball team. And below each member his name was written, together with the position played. The first name to catch his eye was that written under the picture of a heavily set youth with catcher's mitt on hand. The name was Patrick Fogarty. The pitcher was William Tecumseh Peabody. An outfielder was Harrison Briggs, now president of one of the city's great banks. The third baseman was a politician now high in the councils of Tammany Hall. The second baseman was Pieter Van Rensselaer. The other names made no impression upon Craig Batts. That old boys' team was a strange collection of young aristocrats and youthful members of a lower stratum of society.

Underneath the picture, printed in boyish hand, was the legend: THE OLD BREWERY NINE.

Here was history. But there was a thing that puzzled Craig Batts. If Chief Fogarty and William Tecumseh Peabody had been teammates forty-odd years ago, why had not the chief recognized his old playmate at the morgue?

"When," asked Craig, "did you discover that this wall safe had been opened?"

"This afternoon."

"Why did you not report it at once?"

"I am not an impulsive man," Soapy answered. "I reflected. I looked at the matter from all sides. Having reached a decision, I acted."

"Is it your impression," Craig asked, "that Mr. Peabody went to Chief Fogarty rather than to the police because of this very old association?"

"It would be like him. He put great store upon things of the past."

"Can you tell me, Soapy, if he had kept up his friendship with the members of this boys' baseball team?"

"I would doubt it, sir. Perhaps with Mr. Briggs. He was a member of the same club as Mr. Van Rensselaer. Doubtless he would have followed with interest the careers of the others. But he was a gentleman who kept to himself, if you understand that phrase."

"I think I do," Craig said smilingly. "Would you by any chance know where this old brewery was that gave the name to the ball club?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It still stands, though it has long passed into desuetude."

"Into what?"

"It stands idle, sir. And has these many years. As a matter of fact the land and the building are a part of the Peabody estate. They were a conservative family of the old style, sir. They never sold. By that I mean that, once they came into possession of a plot of New York real estate, it was almost a religion with them never to part with it. They favored, if I may make the comment, the unearned increment."

"Or, on the contrary, the loss due to the decay of a neighborhood. I should say this brewery property had decreased in value?"

"Unquestionably. But Mr. Peabody was confident its value would revive. With the present trend toward the erection of large apartment buildings near the river."

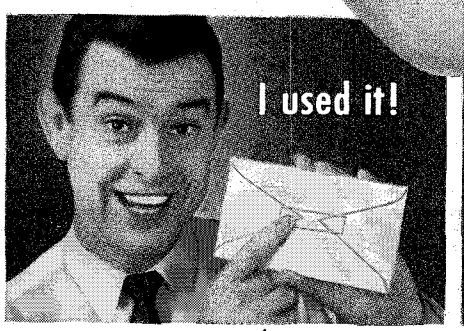
"You say, Soapy, that Mr. Peabody absented himself. By that, you mean that he disappeared?"

Soapy nodded in a dignified manner. "He went out before dinner four days before his demise. Leaving no word of his plans."

"He was found, as you probably have read, dressed in a suit of hand-me-down clothes."

Soapy preened himself. "That," he said, "was a confidential matter between my late employer and myself. It was a facet of his personality to possess a sort of romanticism. A thing not altogether unbecoming in a gentleman. He delighted to go abroad on occasions incognito. A thing not without eminent precedent."

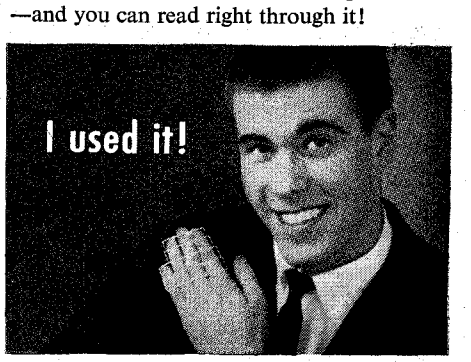
"Who's got the SCOTCH Brand Tape?"



"I sealed this envelope tightly with 'SCOTCH' Cellophane Tape." Insist on "SCOTCH" Brand, the tape you can trust.

"I covered this prescription label with cellophane tape." "SCOTCH" Brand keeps it clean—and you can read right through it!

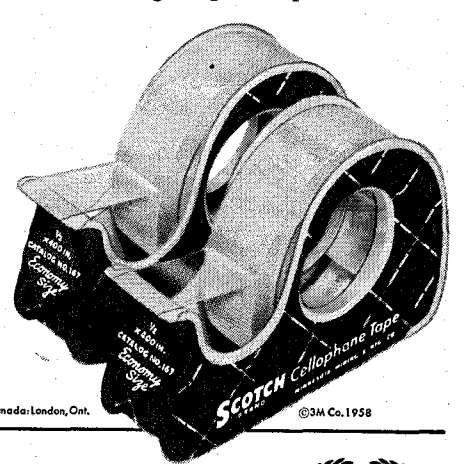
"I taped these pictures in my scrapbook with 'SCOTCH' Brand." "SCOTCH" Brand Tape is strongest, sticks tight longest.



"I brushed the lint off my suit with tape—sticky side out." Look for "SCOTCH" Brand in the red and green plaid dispenser.

Next time buy two!

(keep one for you!)



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"You mean Mr. Peabody would tog himself out in cheap clothes and go out on the town?"

"He did indeed. Sociological research, he called it. It was his intention to write a book. But I prefer to think, sir, that it was rather a juvenile and romantic search for adventure than a serious intention to demean himself by writing a book."

"A bit touched, was he?"

"No more, sir, than is proper in the surviving member of an old and aristocratic line whose—ah—overbreeding may have resulted in mild eccentricity. As to his mind, however, make no mistake, it was acute. It was, if I may venture the comment, sharp as a steel trap."

"And he kept in the house a wardrobe of cheap clothes for use on such forays?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, Soapy, did he keep them?"

"In a locked closet off his bedroom."

"Suppose we take a look."

"I was meaning to request you to do so. In fact, sir, to make that investigation was the chief reason for my request that you come to this house."

"By the way, Soapy, was Mr. Peabody short of funds? Was he in need of money?"

"Indeed not," said Soapy in a shocked voice. "The family investments were such as to be impervious to economic fluctuations."

"Nice for him," Craig commented. And then, "Is this wall safe the only evidence of illegal entry?"

"The only evidence I have detected," said Soapy. "Though they may have prowled the house."

"It seems evident," Craig said, "that the thieves knew what they wanted and where it was to be found. They got it and flitted—not even bothering to close the safe behind them. If they had done that, no one would have known there had been an entry."

"What they did not find and abstract," Soapy said, "will be, perhaps, more significant than what they did find and carry away. If, indeed, they found anything. Mr. Peabody was er—ah—a cagey gentleman. He may have entrusted nothing to this little safe. His diary, or notes, or whatever, might have been entrusted to a less obvious hiding place. But that, sir, is mere speculation. What I have to show you is incontrovertible fact. Will you be so good as to follow me?"

Soapy led the way to the next floor and to the suite of rooms which had been occupied by William Tecumseh Peabody. The bedroom was a large, high-ceilinged room with bay window across the front. As was the downstairs of the house, this room was heavily furnished in the most expensive ill taste of the Victorian era. At its right was an oblong sitting room, comfortable in spite of its weighty elegance. Soapy walked across this room to open a closet door, and stood aside for Craig Batts to enter. Numerous suits dangled from hangers; many pairs of shoes were on a sort of rack. Craig examined the contents of the closet and found nothing to excite his interest.

"Open the little door," Soapy said, and Craig, pushing aside the tailored suits, saw a small door of matched boards which was no more than four feet in height and two and a half feet wide. It was such a door as sometimes gives into low attic rooms under the eaves. Craig opened it and crouched to enter. "You'll need this flashlight, sir," Soapy said, thrusting one through the opening.

It was, indeed, a narrow attic space under the slope of the mansard roof. But it was not a hodgepodge of disused rubbish such as one finds in most garrets. It was meticulously neat and organized. Shabby suits hung on hooks, and shabby hats. There was one shoe with sole four inches thick such as is worn by one afflicted with clubfoot. Everything seemed to have a place and to occupy it. But what caught Craig's eye immediately were four firemen's uniforms, and four helmets, one with the white panel of a chief!

Craig played the ray of his flash upon these suits of blue. On the hem of one pair of trousers was a daub of red as if it had come into contact with red paint. At the right of these, on a narrow shelf, was a cardboard box which Craig opened. In it were pieces of what seemed to be limp and thin rubber, but when one of these was lifted out, it was at once apparent that they were the sort of rubber masks which are pulled over the head.

These were the things which had given the men who emerged from the jewelry store with their loot that strange, inhuman, robotlike appearance that Craig had noted before he had taken the blow that rendered him unconscious.

In his mind was no doubt that here, before his eyes, were those identical rented uniforms worn by the looters. The immediate question then was: How had they come into possession of William Tecumseh Peabody? Was this eminent, conservative aristocrat a part of a criminal organization that preyed from coast to coast? Had some quirk of inbreeding caused him to be traitor to all traditions of family and class, and send him seeking adventure in the criminal world?

Such a thing was possible. Craig had read enough of abnormal psychology to know that even stranger things than this happened to the aberrant human mind. A double personality, a split ego. Or, perhaps and more regrettably, the deliberate choice of a life of crime!

Craig backed out of the narrow space, leaving the disguises where he had found them. Soapy awaited him, standing with almost comical dignity.

"Well," Craig asked, "so what?"

"So," said Soapy, relaxing his pose of the perfect servant, "so what? What?"

"You know what these things are?"

"I called for you to show them to you," Soapy said.

"You draw some conclusion?"

"One would, naturally, sir."

"And that conclusion is?"

"That on one of his expeditions my late employer found these garments and masks, and brought them here, he being well aware of their significance."

"Would you say that possession of these uniforms indicated guilt?"

"Definitely not, sir," Soapy said emphatically. "I would aver that they indicate innocence. That they indicate a certain enterprise on the part of my late employer which led him to this discovery and moved him to impound this evidence. Far from indicating guilt, sir, I would insist that they led to his death at the hands of those who are guilty."

"Then why," Craig demanded, "did he not hand this evidence over to the police?"

"Who can say, sir, what motives rule such a man as Mr. Peabody? This I will say without fear of contradiction, that he was on the side of the law. That some lack of final and conclusive proof compelled him to retain possession. In the thinking of such a man, with such antecedents, *noblesse oblige* might be a ruling force. If he had to choose between *noblesse oblige* and the obligation of a good citizen, there might ensue a heartbreaking struggle."

Craig half closed his eyes and concentrated upon a thought. He never had entertained a thought of that nature before. Was *noblesse oblige* an exclusive possession of the highly born, of the elite? Or was it

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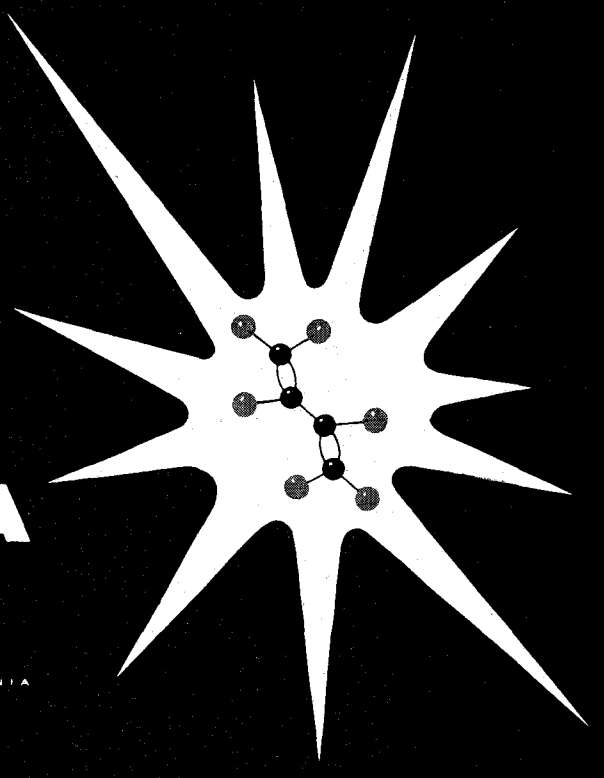

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thinkable that it might be a compelling thing in the life of one more humbly born—say of a fireman? He stood motionless, grappling with the problem. Could that phrase of chivalry account for the strange behavior of his Uncle Paddy, of Nora's father, of Chief Patrick Fogarty? Were that grand old Paddy Fogarty, and that aristocrat of aristocrats, William Tecumseh Peabody, brothers in chivalry under their skins? Why not?

Of one thing Craig was certain. Whether or not the laws of chivalry and panoplied knights were concerned in this bewildering mystery, he would stand guard over this evidence, nor would he desert it for one instant until it should be delivered into the custody of the chief fire marshal of the City of New York.

"Soapy," he said, "go to the telephone and call this number. It is the fire marshal's office. Say that you are calling for Assistant Fire Marshal Craig Batts. Tell whoever answers to burn the wires and the pavements, but to get the chief here faster than he ever went anywhere before. Say to him that hell has busted loose in the vineyard and he'd better get here with an extinguisher."

"Then," said Soapy lugubriously, "I'll be dragged into it?"

"And maybe," said Craig impatiently, "have a medal planted on your pigeon breast."

"Very good, sir. I understand and condone the necessity."

Craig stood before the closet door as if afraid to move a step from that position. Soapy walked to the telephone, dialed the number Craig had given him and then, realizing he had heard no dial tone, replaced the instrument on its cradle and tried again.

He called to Craig in a startled voice, "No dial tone, sir. The line is dead."

"Hang up and try again."

Soapy obeyed with the same result. "Either, sir," he said formally, "the telephone is out of order or it has been tampered with."

"When did you use it last?"

"Not for a considerable time, sir."

Craig considered the situation. It was possible that the phone had gone out of business through mechanical failure as telephones sometimes do. But that would be too fortuitous. It was more likely that the line had been tampered with. But why? What reason had anyone to put this particular telephone out of business? Unless it had been an instinctive measure of precaution when the apartment of Mr. Peabody had been ransacked. But that did not seem logical. It was more reasonable to deduce that Soapy Japes had been observed to bring Craig to the house. That Craig had been recognized as a fire marshal and that the telephone had been silenced to prevent his calling headquarters. That could indicate only that the criminals had not found all they were searching for when they had opened Mr. Peabody's wall safe; that they had been interrupted and put to flight, and were waiting a safer opportunity to continue their search of the premises. In which case, it must be true that they either were in the house itself or were in a spot from which they could observe and from which they could act promptly in case of necessity.

So, Craig said to himself, they had seen him come in. Brought by Soapy. Not being half-witted, they reasoned that Soapy had brought him for a purpose, which could only be to show him something. And that something would be the thing for which they themselves had searched—the uniforms and the rubber masks!

But then came another and disturbing thought. If Mr. William Tecumseh Peabody was guiltily concerned in the robbery of the jewelry store and was the custodian for the gang of this evidence, why should his home be searched as it had been? Why should the house be watched? Why should the telephone wire have been cut, if, indeed, it had? And to go much, much farther, why had Mr. Peabody been abducted, as seemed to be the fact, and held a prisoner—and murdered?

Here surely was a puzzle. Or were there wheels within wheels? Some sort of internecine warfare among members of the criminal organization itself?

Craig, while he reasoned about the situation, was making a bundle of the uniforms and other bits of evidence. There was no string or rope with which to make it fast, so he searched for some makeshift and found a collection of four-in-hand neckties in a dresser drawer. With these he proceeded to make the garments into a sort of bale.

Craig pushed the drawer to close it, but it would not shut. Something was clogging it. He pushed harder, but the drawer still remained a couple of inches open. He pulled it out and set it on the floor and then reached back into the resulting opening. Something was there. He brought it out where he could see it. It was a manilla envelope and fragments of gummed tape clung to it. Craig eyed it with puckered brows. Then he knelt and scrutinized the orifice from which he had removed the drawer. What had happened was evident. The envelope had been fastened to the underside of the top of the dresser with adhesive tape. There had been sufficient space for the drawer to work back and forth. But it had become loosened by Craig and dropped from its place of concealment.

He held it up for Soapy to see. "What's this?" he asked.

"I never saw it before, sir."

Craig tucked it under his arm and picked up his clumsy bale of uniforms. "We'd better scram out of here while the scramming is good," he said. "If we can."

At the top of the stair well Craig listened. The house was silent. Behind him Soapy pressed a switch, and stairway and hall were immediately brightly lighted. With caution they descended. Still there was no sound, no sign of intruders in the old family mansion. They reached the main floor. Before them was the vestibule and the great, carved front doors. Nothing, so far, had interfered with their departure. But Craig was not happy; in his subconscious a tocsin sounded.

"There's nobody in this house," he said positively. "You can feel there's nobody here." He stood still as a statue and listened. Only sounds of evening traffic on the street outside were audible.

"Where's the basement door?" he asked peremptorily. It was as if he did not ask the question of his own volition, but because of some instinctive prompting.

"Here, sir," Soapy directed. He led the way and opened a door into the dark cavern below. His fingers found the light switch, and the basement leaped into view. Craig descended the stairs with Soapy at his heels. At the bottom he stood motionless again, listening. A faint ticking came to his ears, as of a muffled clock. It seemed to come from beneath his feet, but as he moved cautiously he located the sound behind a partition of matched boarding beneath the wooden stairs. He tore open the door, and the ticking was louder.

It was a strangely cluttered closet, crammed with excelsior, and the excelsior smelled peculiar and was damp to the touch.

Craig scrambled in the mass. His fingers contacted a square container, and recklessly he snatched it from its place of concealment. The box of light wood was a foot or more square, and from its interior the ticking continued. Craig snatched open the hinged top and tore from its fastening the wire that ran from the clock to a container. No explosion followed. No burst of sound and flame. He stood shaking, suddenly aware that this was no way in which to deal with an infernal machine. But, more by good luck than good judgment, he had rendered it harmless. He stood staring down at the intricate mechanism. It was no clumsy makeshift thing, but a device constructed with skill and efficiency. He was aware of an odor and sniffed the air.

"What's the stink?" he asked shakily.

"Why, sir, I believe that to be the characteristic odor of an explosive named nitrocellulose. My father ——"

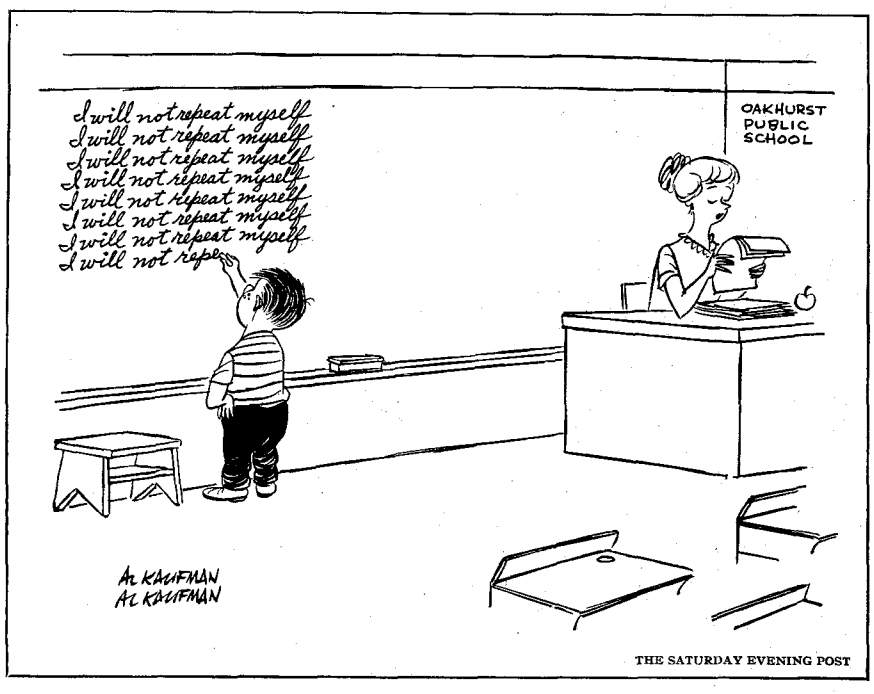
"Right," Craig snapped. "Can you carry it?"

"I can manage it, sir."

They climbed the stairs and went out the front door to the street, where they stood on the walk signaling for a taxicab. Presently one swung in to the curb and they scrambled inside with their impedimenta. Craig gave the address of headquarters. They settled back upon the seat and Craig heaved a sigh.

"Soapy," he said, "I guess we can tie a knot in our neck scarf. We've done our good deed for the day."

TO BE CONTINUED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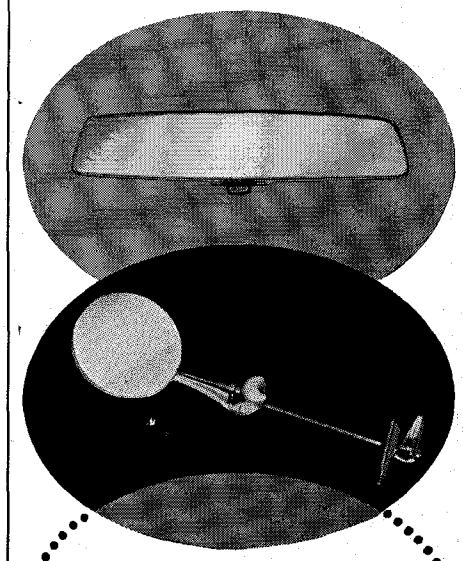

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Revolution Down on the Farm

(Continued from Page 33)

sixty-five dollars a week. A company truck picks up the eggs at the farm, and Coley collects part of his pay weekly at the base rate of six cents a dozen. Last year he delivered 121,389 dozen eggs for a base income of about $600 monthly. In addition, he earned these bonuses: two cents a dozen for achieving high production per hen; two cents a dozen for holding death losses of hens near the minimum; and one and a half cents per dozen for getting a high output of eggs per 100 pounds of the owner's feed. His gross income for the year was almost $14,000, out of which he had to pay $250 for fuel oil for brooder stoves, $325 for wood shavings used as floor litter, and about $3300 for wages.

Harry Carbaugh, president of the Tennessee Egg Company, told us later that in 1957 his firm had contracts under which 125,000 laying hens were managed by eighteen growers such as Coley, and also contracted with other independent farmers for the feeding of about 1,000,000 broiler chickens. The farmers who fed broilers mostly were part-time farmers who also had jobs in cotton mills and bedspread plants. Such contract farming, Carbaugh says, has boosted farm incomes over thousands of square miles and, by improving the quality of poultry and eggs, has also increased the markets for them.

The contract technique enables farmers such as Bill Coley to turn out a large volume at a small margin of profit, even though their capital is limited. But a question remains—one that we asked Coley—"Do you feel that you're just a hired man for the egg company—that you've bargained away your independence?"

Coley had his answer ready. He named a manufacturer who builds transmissions for a big automobile company, and who turns them out only on order. "Am I any different?" he asked. "I produce for a buyer who specifies what he wants, how much he wants and what he will pay for it."

This quiet farm revolution, we learned, is Bill Coley and firms such as Tennessee Egg and a lot of other things. It is a search by alert farmers, agricultural leaders and hardheaded businessmen to adapt principles of mass production, quality control, specialization and skilled marketing to the farm. They are experimenting with methods of moving farming out of the dark ages of produce-then-sell into produce-what-sells. The movement is spurred along in the market place and the kitchen by modern merchandising methods, as illustrated by the mushrooming supermarkets and the development of improved packaging and built-in convenience that appeal to the housewife.

Lansing P. Shield, president of the Grand Union Company, whose food stores are scattered over the Northeast, told us that within the past few years he has seen more than 600 grocery items remodeled to make them handier for the housewife to use. Examples are ready-mixed cake flours, precooked and frozen "dinners" that are ready for serving after being popped into the oven for a warm-up. Along with this built-in maid service, consumers have come to expect uniform quality under the same label or same grade every time. Such quality doesn't come about by accident; it has to start on the farm and it has to be carried through to the consumer to whet his—or rather, her—buying appetite.

Many forward-looking farm leaders believe that the future opportunity for the United States farmer lies not in Government-pegged prices and subsidies, but in finding new and better ways to take advantage of the remarkable technological advances that have occurred on three broad fronts of agriculture.

First, there have been many scientific break-throughs which vastly increase the capacity of the farmer to produce food and to improve the quality of his output. Earl Butz, former assistant secretary of agriculture and now dean of the School of Agriculture at Purdue University, told us that the farm revolution "stems from the undergirding of agriculture by science." Bill Coley couldn't have become a successful contract farmer, for example, with the inefficient old farm hen of some years ago; she might have been of poor breeding, she was fed on a hit-or-miss basis, roosted on a buggy wheel, and did well to lay 120 eggs a year. But now, through intensive research in poultry genetics and nutrition, hens have become virtual egg-laying machines. They can yield an average of 255 eggs a year under good management, and those eggs are more uniform and higher in quality.

Second, better farm machines, increasingly automatic, have largely replaced muscle power on the farm. Even such difficult operations as potato growing have been mechanized. Machines now can do almost everything from cutting the seed to digging, cleaning and sacking the spuds. But that isn't the whole story: Better varieties, improved fertilizers and new insecticides have boosted potato yields by two and a half times. And modern marketing methods offer the consumer not just raw potatoes that must be washed, peeled and cooked, but pan-ready French-fries, instant ready-mashed or as ingredients in canned or frozen soups, hashes and stews.

And now automation is coming swiftly to the farm—to the henhouse, dairy barn and feed lot. Where grandpa forked hay from the mow and milked old Bossy by hand in a drafty shed, the up-to-date dairyman uses "combine" electric milking machines which pipe the milk directly to refrigerated tanks, from which it is drawn by bulk tank trucks to be rushed to processing plants. That's a far cry from the old methods of handling milk in pails and cans.

Some Corn Belt farmers have mechanized "feed centers" for the beef cattle and hogs they fatten; instead of scooping and pitching feed by hand, they push buttons or set electronic controls which operate automatic machinery that mixes the animals' ration according to a scientific formula and distributes measured amounts to the animals in the feed lot. In Modesto, California, we visited Horace Dryden's automated poultry-breeding farm, where each of his pedigreed hens can choose a nest, enter and deposit her egg in privacy on a conveyor belt which carries it to the egg room. The hen then lets herself out and her cackle may be interpreted as "Next!" The swift-running tide of mechanization and automation on the farms means, of course, that one modern farmer can handle many times the acres and livestock units that his father could.

Management is the third, and perhaps least understood farm front on which promising breakthroughs are being scored. The old-fashioned farmer who keeps his accounts in his hat and plans his operations by hunch is as out of place in today's agriculture as the old steam engine. In general, farming is moving into more businesslike hands. Some farmers, such as Bill Coley, are teaming up with feed manufacturers, food processors and supermarket chains to get the advantage of the expert management assistance of those organizations. This is known as "vertical integration"—that is, all operations from producer to processor to seller are planned as parts of a continuous, co-ordinated process. This integration trend is sparking some red-hot arguments too. Some farmers like the idea and see how they can profit by it. Others are afraid that they'll wind up with the short end of the stick, as economic captives of big-business interests. Nobody knows how the argument will turn out, but it is plain to see that these trends are bringing vast change to farming all across the country.

The farmers who produce meat for America's dinner table—pork, beef and poultry—are in the middle of this revolution of methods and management. The raising of pigs, for example, has become a highly scientific business. Fortified feeds have been developed which fatten hogs in five or six months instead of the usual eight, so the farmer can turn his capital faster. Pig "hatcheries" specializing in the production of baby pigs, are supplying scientifically bred, fast-growing stock to farmers who in turn specialize in fattening the animals for market. New types of "package deals" are available to farmers under which they can contract to produce pork for market.

John Gill, for example, has a 150-acre farm near Fayetteville, Tennessee, and used to gross around $5000 a year from his crops and livestock. Then John, Jr., was graduated from high school in 1957 and wanted to farm, but had no capital to start on his own. So he and his father worked out a pork-production contract with Walter Tanner, Fayetteville feed dealer. Using carefully engineered plans furnished by Tanner and the Ralston Purina Company, the Gills built a "pig parlor"—a fancy name for a new-style pork factory. The parlor was built of poles and lumber cut on the farm; it cost about $1200, not figuring the Gills' labor. It was designed to keep the pigs healthy and well fed with a minimum of labor.

When the Gills were ready, Tanner sent them 200 little pigs, to which he retained title, and agreed to furnish feed and veterinary service. John Gill, Jr., takes care of the pigs, doing the feeding, watering and cleaning. This work takes him only about ten hours a week. He gets paid two cents for every pound the pigs gain under his management. A pig usually adds about 160 pounds of weight in ninety days, so the young farmer's potential earnings from this project are $640 for this period, or $2560 for the four batches he can handle in a year. That comes to about five dollars per hour of working time. Disease or accident can reduce that income; enlarging the operation can increase it. The feed dealer takes the price risks, and says that if he buys small pigs at nine dollars each he can break even if the fat hogs sell for fifteen cents a pound. Tanner likes such contract deals because they encourage young farmers who eventually will be able to run their own show—and that means more customers for his feed.

Corn Belt farmers, long the undisputed hog growers of the world, are being forced to think hard about the competition of contract operators in the South. L. L. Howard, who raises about 2000 hogs per year on his farm near Frankfort, Indiana, recently joined several other Midwestern farmers in a tour of Georgia, looking at pig parlors such as that of the Gills'. They found that some 2000 such parlors are in operation and more being built. Not long after he returned from his trip, Howard told us: "Those Southerners have some disease problems we don't have, but if any Corn Belt farmer says they can't raise good hogs, he's fooling himself."

Not that the Corn Belt is holding fast to old-fashioned methods. On Max Bailey's farm near Ames, Iowa, we inspected the new assembly-line production program for pork that has been developed by Dr. Damon Catron, of Iowa State College. Each Bailey brood sow produces a litter of baby pigs every six months, and as the pigs grow they move forward from pen to pen, where conditions and rations are carefully designed to keep them gaining at a maximum rate at every stage. Ventilation and temperatures are thermostatically regulated. The plant is so efficiently engineered that Bailey can raise 2400

(*Continued on Page 94*)

"Yoo-hoo, George—oh, George, dear ——!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
RIDGECREST—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
SACRAMENTO—1001 Arden Way	WA 2-6521	8.00	9¢
SAN DIEGO—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
SAN FRANCISCO—			
735 Harrison St. (Main Office)	DO 2-1016	9.00	9¢
571 Post St. (Reservations Office),			
TWX-SF 1374	GR 4-5300	9.00	9¢
San Francisco International Airport,			
TWX-SSF 5968	PL 5-4100	9.00	9¢
SAN JOSE—Market St. at San Carlos St.,			
TWX-SF 1374	CY 4-2044	9.00	9¢
SAN PEDRO—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
SANTA BARBARA—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢
SANTA MONICA—			
(Reserve thru L. A. Res. Office)	MI 8886	8.00	9¢

COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS—31 North Cascade,			
TWX-COL SP 750	ME 4-4474	8.00	9¢
DENVER—			
1731 Tremont Place, TWX-DN 678	AL 5-0305	9.00	9¢
Stapleton Field	DU 8-4325	9.00	9¢

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—1232 12th St., N. W.,			
TWX-WA 547	HO 2-8800	7.00	7¢

FLORIDA

ANNA MARIA ISLAND—P. O. Box 931	9-3754	8.00	10¢
BRADENTON—Sarasota-Bradenton Airport		8.00	10¢
CLEARWATER—Fort Harrison Hotel	3-3366	8.00	10¢
COCOA & COCOA BEACH—(Reserve thru Orlando)			
Gulfstream Motel	Cocoa Beach 7007	8.00	10¢
DAYTONA BEACH—530 Broadway,			
TWX-DAYTONA BEACH 471	CL 3-0661	8.00	10¢
Daytona Beach Airport		8.00	10¢
FORT LAUDERDALE—99 N. E. 6th	JA 2-9667	9.00	10¢
FORT MYERS—Main at Heitman	ED 2-9611	8.00	10¢
HOLLYWOOD—2000 Harrison St.	37974	9.00	10¢
JACKSONVILLE—			
426 W. Adams St., TWX-JK 492	EL 3-7475	8.00	10¢
Imeson Municipal Airport		8.00	10¢
KEY WEST—			
Caroline St. and Telegraph Lane	6-6743	9.00	10¢
LAKE WALES—Stuart Ave. and 1st St.	2-4351	8.00	10¢
LAKE WORTH—(Reserve thru Palm Beach)		8.00	10¢
LAKELAND—320 E. Main St.	MU 4-4151	8.00	10¢
Lakeland Municipal Airport		8.00	10¢
MADEIRA BEACH—374-150th Ave.	WA 1-7979	8.00	10¢
MELBOURNE—453 New Haven Ave.	2075	8.00	10¢
Melbourne Airport		8.00	10¢
MIAMI—4471 N. W. 36th St.	TU 8-2421	9.00	10¢
Miami International Airport Off.—(Opp. Airport Terminal)			
5055 N. W. 36th St., TWX-MM 86	TU 8-2421	9.00	10¢
MIAMI BEACH—1623 Alton Road	JE 8-8484	9.00	10¢
NAPLES—Tamiami Trail	MI 2-3221	8.00	10¢
NORTH MIAMI BEACH—			
18801 Collins Ave.	WI 7-4463	9.00	10¢
ORLANDO—340 N. Orange Ave.,			
TWX-OR 7110	GA 2-3411	8.00	10¢
PALM BEACH—255 Sunrise Ave.	TE 2-6164	6.00	10¢
SANFORD—401 East 1st St.	FA 2-3994	8.00	10¢
SARASOTA—Orange Blossom Hotel, Main at Palm,			
TWX-SARASOTA 8205	RI 7-1196	8.00	10¢
Sarasota-Bradenton Airport		8.00	10¢
SEBRING—(Reserve thru Daytona Beach)		8.00	10¢
ST. AUGUSTINE—125 King St.	VA 9-5947	8.00	10¢
ST. PETERSBURG—115 Ninth St. North,			
TWX-ST PBG 8204	7-8191	8.00	10¢
St. Petersburg-Clearwater Airport	HE 5-2983	8.00	10¢
TAMPA—Tampa International Airport Off., 2401 N. Westshore			
Blvd., TWX-ST PBG 8204	RE 6-3164	8.00	10¢
VENICE—527 East Venice Ave.	2-3461	8.00	10¢
VERO BEACH—South Ocean Drive,			
Corner of Bougainvillea Lane	2194 or 6287	9.00	10¢
WINTER HAVEN—			
Avenue A and 5th St., S. W.	CY 3-4782	8.00	10¢

GEORGIA

ATLANTA—67 Pryor Street, N. E.,			
TWX-AT 522	JA 1-1870	6.50	8¢
Atlanta Municipal Airport Office,			
999 Virginia Ave.	PO 6-6600	7.00	8¢

IDAHO

IDAHO FALLS—First and Holmes	JA 2-9810	9.00	10¢
Idaho Falls Airport		9.00	10¢
SUN VALLEY—(Reserve thru Twin Falls)		8.00	10¢
TWIN FALLS—146-2nd East (Sun Valley Stages)		8.00	10¢
Twin Falls Airport, 511-3rd Ave., No.	2641	8.00	10¢

ILLINOIS

CHAMPAIGN—(Reserve thru Urbana, Ill.)		8.00	8¢
CHICAGO—1127 W. Lawrence (Main Office),			
TWX-CG 323	LO 1-9004	9.00	9¢
210 N. State Street	FR 2-5178	9.00	9¢
675 N. Kingsbury	WH 4-1977	9.00	9¢
EAST ST. LOUIS—(Reserve thru St. Louis, Mo.)			
EVANSTON—(Reserve thru Chicago)		9.00	9¢
GLENCOE—(Reserve thru Chicago)		9.00	9¢

ILLINOIS (Cont.)

	Tel.	24 Hr.	Per Mi.
MOLINE—2003 Fifth Avenue	8-5814	$8.00	9¢
OAK PARK—(Reserve thru Chicago)		9.00	9¢
PEORIA—225 S. Madison	6-6630	7.00	7¢
ROCK FALLS—317 West Second St.	MA 1 51	7.00	7¢
ROCK ISLAND—Fort Armstrong Hotel	8-5814	8.00	9¢
STERLING—(Reserve thru Rock Falls)		7.00	7¢
URBANA—408 N. Lake St.	7-9637	8.00	8¢

IOWA

DAVENPORT—221 E. Fourth St.	6-4446	8.00	9¢
DES MOINES—112 E. Grand Ave.	CH 3-5000	5.00	8¢

KANSAS

WICHITA—223-235 N. Broadway,			
TWX-WI 176	FO 3-4254	7.00	8¢

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE—424 W. Chestnut St.,			
TWX-LS 68	JU 7-6838	9.00	9¢
Standiford Field	EM 6-6666	9.00	9¢

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA—606 Third St.	4515	9.00	9¢
Alexandria Municipal Airport	4515	9.00	9¢
BATON ROUGE—156 Lafayette St.	DI 2-4404	6.00	10¢
Ryan Airport	EL 7-1096	6.00	10¢
LAKE CHARLES—(Reserve thru Beaumont, Tex.)		6.00	8¢
MONROE—316 Harrison St.,			
TWX-MONROE 8725	FA 3-5255	8.00	9¢
NEW ORLEANS—1000 Common St.,			
TWX-NO 298	JA 5-0416	9.00	9¢
Moisant Airport	Kenner 71-2461	9.00	9¢

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE—1815 Maryland Ave.,			
TWX-BA 555	VE 7-2704	8.00	8¢

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON—40 Beach St., TWX-BS 449	HA 6-7717	9.00	9¢
CAMBRIDGE—976 Massachusetts Ave.,			
TWX-BS 449	KI 7-4561	9.00	9¢
CAPE COD—Hyannis Airport Lobby	HY 2226	7.00	7¢

MICHIGAN

DETROIT—			
1009 Cass Ave., TWX-DE 632	WO 2-3567	8.00	9¢
Fort Shelby Hotel		8.00	9¢
Detroit Leland Hotel		8.00	9¢
KALAMAZOO—Municipal Airport	FI 2-8400	8.00	8¢
TRAVERSE CITY—Municipal Airport	2174	8.00	9¢

MINNESOTA

DULUTH—120 No. Second Ave., West	RA 7-7415	9.00	9¢
MINNEAPOLIS—2612 Lyndale Ave., So. (Main Office)			
TWX-MP 116	TA 7-2677	9.00	10¢
Curtis Hotel Garage, 407 So. 10th St.	FE 8-8188	9.00	10¢
Hotel Nicollet Garage, 243 Nicollet	FE 5-4981	9.00	10¢
Wold-Chamberlain Airport	PA 2-9877	9.00	10¢
ST. PAUL—Wold-Chamberlain Airport	PA 2-9877	9.00	10¢

MISSISSIPPI

COLUMBUS—403-2nd Ave., North	FA 8-6500	9.00	9¢
Columbus-Lowndes County Airport	FA 8-6500	9.00	9¢
JACKSON—			
215 N. Lamar St., TWX-JN 175	3-4411	9.00	9¢
Jackson Municipal Airport	5-1511	9.00	9¢

MISSOURI

	Tel.	24 Hr.	Per Mi.
CLAYTON—8149 Forsyth	PA 1-9714	$8.00	8¢
KANSAS CITY—			
1219 Baltimore Ave., TWX-KC 547	HA 1-6633	8.00	8¢
1121 Central	HA 1-2937	8.00	8¢
ST. LOUIS—1118 Locust St.	CH 1-8761	8.00	8¢
11th and Walnut	GE 6-1010	8.00	8¢
Lambert-St. Louis Municipal Airport,			
TWX-PTNVL 438	PE 1-2600	9.00	9¢
ST. LOUIS—National Car Rental System Executive Offices			
1209 Washington Ave., TWX-SL 1188	CE 1-9209		

MONTANA

GREAT FALLS—200 1st Ave., North	GL 3-9771	8.00	9¢
WEST YELLOWSTONE—Shamrock Lodge	4222	10.00	11¢

NEBRASKA

LINCOLN—109 North 9th St.	2-8579	5.50	8¢
OMAHA—16th and Leavenworth,			
TWX-OM 191	AT 7000	8.00	8¢

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS—3211½ S. Fifth St.			
(P. O. Box 669), TWX-LV 8617	DU 4-7773	9.00	10¢

NEW JERSEY

ELIZABETH—401 U. S. Route No. 1	EL 2-2133	8.50	9¢
JERSEY CITY—65 Sip Ave.,			
TWX-JCY 856	OL 3-1776	8.00	9¢
NEWARK—40 Lafayette St. (Main Office),			
TWX-NK 677	MA 2-1414	8.50	9¢
134 Commerce St.	MA 3-1110	8.50	9¢
983 Raymond Blvd.	MA 3-1110	8.50	9¢
Newark Airport	MA 2-0062	8.50	9¢
PERTH AMBOY—273 High St.	HI 2-7676	8.00	8¢

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO—1808 Hubbard Drive	HE 7-0650	7.00	9¢
Alamo Court—1320 N. Peen Ave.		7.00	9¢
ALBUQUERQUE—1524 Central Ave., S. E.,			
TWX-AQ 560	CH 3-5517	8.00	9¢
CARLSBAD—311 W. Greene St.	TU 5-4161	7.00	9¢
SANTA FE—113 Washington Ave.	2-0991	9.00	9¢
TAOS—(Reserve thru Santa Fe)		9.00	9¢

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY—			
217 East 43rd St., TWX-NK 677	OX 7-4474	9.00	10¢
La Guardia Airport	OL 6-5890	9.00	10¢
N. Y. International (Idlewild) Airport	OL 6-5890	9.00	10¢
YONKERS—22 Riverdale Ave.	YO 3-5446	8.50	10¢

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE—Charlotte Municipal Airport (Box 1211),			
TWX-CE 344	EX 9-6371	8.00	8¢

NORTH DAKOTA

FARGO—3041 W. Main Ave., Box 981	2-7419	9.00	9¢

OHIO

CLEVELAND—			
Carnegie Ave. at E. 14th (Main Ofc.)	CH 1-5580	9.00	9¢
20 Public Square, TWX-CV 869-U	CH 1-5580	9.00	9¢
Cleveland Hotel Lobby	CH 1-5580	9.00	9¢
CLEVELAND—1277 E. 40th St.	EN 1-3900		
COLUMBUS—72 S. Front St.	CA 1-4551	8.00	9¢
Fort Hayes Hotel		8.00	9¢
PAINESVILLE—1165 Mentor Ave.	CH 1-5580	9.00	9¢

OKLAHOMA

	Tel.	24 Hr.	Per Mi.
OKLAHOMA CITY—610 N. Broadway	RE 6-0667	$9.00	9¢
Will Rogers Field	MU 5-6767	9.00	9¢
TULSA—725 S. Boulder, TWX-TU 193	CH 2-0135	6.00	7¢
Tulsa Municipal Airport	TE 5-3772	8.00	8¢

OREGON

PORTLAND—			
1604 S. W. Alder St., TWX-PD 686	CA 8-1315	8.00	8¢

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN—1211 Hanover Ave.	HE 4-7145	8.00	8¢
BETHLEHEM—(Reserve thru Allentown)		8.00	8¢
PHILADELPHIA—1740 Market St. (Downtown)			
TWX-PH 954	RI 6-2425	8.00	9¢
3321 Chestnut St. (West Phila.)	EV 6-9724	8.00	9¢
PITTSBURGH—126 Tenth St.,			
TWX-PG 546	CO 1-4544	9.00	8¢
Roosevelt Hotel		9.00	8¢

TENNESSEE

KNOXVILLE—			
216 E. Church Ave., TWX-KX 570	4-5423	8.00	9¢
Knoxville Municipal Airport		8.00	9¢
MEMPHIS—105 S. Second St.,			
TWX-ME 374	JA 6-3115	8.00	9¢
Memphis Municipal Airport		9.00	9¢
NASHVILLE—121-7th Ave., North,			
TWX-NV 268	AL 6-1112	8.00	9¢
Nashville Municipal Airport	AL 6-1576	8.00	9¢

TEXAS

ABILENE—502 Cypress	4-9240	7.00	8¢
1158 North Third	4-9240	7.00	8¢
Abilene Municipal Airport	4-9240	7.00	8¢
AUSTIN—520 W. 6th	GR 7-3441	5.00	7¢
Austin Municipal Airport	GR 7-3441	5.00	7¢
BEAUMONT—			
250 Broadway, TWX-BO 8026	TE 2-2552	6.00	8¢
Jefferson County Airport	NE 6111	6.00	8¢
BROWNSVILLE—2nd and East Elizabeth,			
TWX-BROWNSVILLE 062	LI 2-3701	8.00	8¢
Brownsville Municipal Airport	LI 2-3701	8.00	8¢
CORPUS CHRISTI—408 N. Water St.,			
TWX-CC 119	TU 4-9433	9.00	9¢
Municipal Airport—Cliff Maus Field	TU 4-9433	9.00	9¢
DALLAS—1320 Commerce St.,			
TWX-DL 578	RI 2-8484	7.00	8¢
Love Field Terminal Bldg.	FL 7-4639	8.00	8¢
EL PASO—6211 Montana St.	PR 2-1076	8.00	9¢
FORT WORTH—			
1311 Commerce St., TWX-FT 8128	ED 2-3285	7.00	8¢
GALVESTON—1925-27 Tremont (23rd St.),			
TWX-GL 7075	3-4442	8.00	8¢
Galveston Airport		8.00	8¢
HARLINGEN—102 W. Harrison St.	GA 3-4197	8.00	7¢
HOUSTON—2800 S. Main St.	JA 4-8108	8.00	8¢
1518 Texas Ave.	CA 2-7575	8.00	8¢
Houston Int'l Airport, TWX-HO 675	MI 9-5555	9.00	9¢
LAREDO—(Reserve thru Brownsville)		8.00	8¢
McALLEN—10th and Pecan	MU 6-5124	8.00	8¢
MIDLAND—120 S. Loraine St.	2-8185	7.00	8¢

TEXAS (Cont.)

	Tel.	24 Hr.	Per Mi.
ORANGE—Jack Tar Orange House	TU 3-8406	$6.00	8¢
Brown Airport	TU 3-8406	6.00	8¢
Jefferson County Airport	NE 6111	6.00	8¢
PORT ARTHUR—			
Jefferson County Airport	NE 6111	6.00	8¢
SAN ANTONIO—			
300 N. Alamo St., TWX-SA 147	CA 6-9393	8.00	8¢
San Antonio International Airport	CA 6-9393	8.00	8¢
Gunter Hotel Arcade	CA 6-4771	8.00	8¢
Casa Manana Motel, Hwy. 90 West		8.00	8¢
TEXAS CITY—(Reserve thru Galveston)		8.00	8¢
TYLER—224 North Spring	LY 2-8241	8.00	8¢
Tyler Municipal Airport		8.00	8¢
WACO—325 N. 5th St., TWX-WC 8474	3-4131	8.00	8¢
Waco Municipal Airport		8.00	8¢

UTAH

OGDEN—2626 Washington Blvd.,			
TWX-OG 8119	EX 3-4996	8.00	9¢
SALT LAKE CITY—27 Walker Pl. (Rear Newhouse Hotel)			
TWX-SU 556	EM 3-5656	7.00	9¢
Salt Lake Municipal Airport	EL 9-0327	8.00	9¢

WASHINGTON

BELLEVUE—(Reserve thru Seattle)		8.00	9¢
KIRKLAND—(Reserve thru Seattle)		8.00	9¢
RENTON—(Reserve thru Seattle)		8.00	9¢
REDMOND—(Reserve thru Seattle)		8.00	9¢
SEATTLE—600 Olive Way, TWX-SE 796	MA 2-4831	8.00	9¢
1911-5th Ave.	MA 2-4831	8.00	9¢
7th and Madison	MA 2-4831	8.00	9¢
2100 Airport Way	MA 2-4831	8.00	9¢
Seattle International Airport	MA 2-4831	8.00	9¢
SPOKANE—119 S. Stevens	RI 7-5279	8.00	9¢
TACOMA—745 Commerce St.			
TWX-TA 028	BR 2-1768	7.00	9¢
Oswald Flying Field		7.00	9¢
VANCOUVER—(Reserve thru Portland, Oregon)		8.00	8¢
WENATCHEE—Cascadian Garage	01416	8.00	9¢

WISCONSIN

MADISON—627 E. Mifflin St.	AL 5-8844	8.00	9¢
MILWAUKEE—1462 South 81st St.,			
TWX-MI 214	SP 1-1020	8.00	8¢
STURGEON BAY—341 No. Third Ave.	49	7.00	8¢
SUPERIOR—1418 Belknap St.	EX 4-6641	9.00	9¢

TERRITORY OF HAWAII

ISLAND OF OAHU

HONOLULU—2160 Kalakaua Ave.	99-6457	6.50	10¢

ISLAND OF HAWAII

HILO—581 Kilauea Ave. (P.O. Bx. 706), HI	51-191	6.00	12¢
KONA—(Reserve thru Hilo)	KN 25-7411	6.00	12¢

ISLAND OF KAUAI

KALAHEO—P. O. Box 577	322-215	8.00	10¢
LIHUE—Lihue Airport	2-5311	8.00	10¢

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

VANCOUVER—1345 W. Georgia St.	MU 1-5936	5.95	11¢
841 Dunsmuir St.	MU 4-6022	5.95	11¢
VICTORIA—812 Wharf St.	2-6222	7.45	12¢

ONTARIO

SUDBURY—56 Riverside Drive	OS 3-1923	9.00	12¢

QUEBEC

MONTREAL—2085 Metcalfe St.	AV 8-0111	9.00	12¢

SASKATCHEWAN

REGINA—1772 Scarth St.	LA 3-7666	5.95	10¢

MEXICO

ACAPULCO—Reserve thru Mexico, D. F.		16.00	No Mil. Chg.
GUADALAJARA—Reserve thru Mexico, D. F.		9.00	9¢
MEXICO, D. F.—			
Paseo de la Reforma No. 369	14-40-70	9.00	9¢

THE CARIBBEAN

CURACAO, N. W. I.

CURACAO—De Rouvilleweg 23, Otrobanda	23884	10.00	No Mil. Chg.

CUBA

HAVANA—Calzada y 18, Vedado	F-9922	9.00 (per km.)	8¢

HAITI

PORT-AU-PRINCE—156 Rue Dantes Destouches			
(P. O. Box 985)	3871	10.00 (per km.)	10¢

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

KINGSTON—Harbour & East Sts. (P.O. Bx. 226)	5588	8.00	5¢
MONTEGO BAY—45 St. James St.	2177	8.00	5¢
OCHO RIOS—(Reserve thru Kingston)		8.00	5¢
TOWER ISLE—Tower Isle Hotel	304	8.00	5¢

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN—Columbus Hotel,			
604 Ponce de Leon Ave.	3-5272	9.00	11¢

VIRGIN ISLANDS

ST. THOMAS

CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS—			No Mil.
Hotel 1829 (P. O. Box 1341)	313	8.80	Chg.

SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

BOGOTA—Carrera 7a, No. 26-80	450570	8.00 (per km.)	8¢

EUROPE

In addition to the following addresses of NATIONAL'S main offices, more than 75 branch offices are operated in major European cities. For information and reservations write, wire or call any of these

EUROPEAN RESERVATION OFFICES

LOS ANGELES—268 S. Beverly Dr.	CR 6-9050
CHICAGO—153 E. Ohio St., TWX-CG 3183	MI 2-3211
NEW YORK CITY—25 W. 58th St., TWX-NY 1-4074	PL 3-1752
AUSTRIA—INNSBRUCK—Haydnplatz, 2	74874
BELGIUM—BRUXELLES—48 Rue des Echevins	48-90-52
DENMARK—COPENHAGEN—	
39 Norrebrogade	LUNA 1677
ENGLAND—LIVERPOOL—	
Dovedale Road, Mossley Hill	SE 4000
2 Windsor Street	RO 6522
310 Kensington	AN 5521
LONDON—	
10/11 Babmaes Street, Piccadilly	WH 64 64
Dersingham Rd., Cricklewood, N. W., 2	GL 2724
FRANCE—PARIS—	
47 Rue Lauriston	PO 22-71 or PO 23-26
RIVIERA—NICE—	
45 Promenade des Anglais	835-17 or 859-16
GERMANY—HAMBURG—116 Mittelweg	44-13-87
GREECE—ATHENS—Venizelos Avenue 16	27784 or 32071
HOLLAND—ROTTERDAM—	
Heenraadssingel 100	56000
IRELAND—DUBLIN—	
18 Hawkins Street, O'Connell Bridge	76771
ITALY—TURIN—Via Arduino 2	399 801
NORWAY—OSLO—Bogstadun 36	46 44 25
TRONDHEIM—Elgesster GT 12	20032
PORTUGAL—LISBON—	
7 Rua Do Alecrim	26889
SCOTLAND—GLASGOW—	
21 Charing Cross Mansions	DOU 7561-4
SPAIN—BARCELONA—184 Calle Paris	30-48-20
SWEDEN—STOCKHOLM—	
Tursgaten 38	30 59 99 or 30 10 59
SWITZERLAND—GENEVA—	
21 Rue Plantamour	32-63-33
ZURICH—Dufourstrasse 182	34-70-34
YUGOSLAVIA—BELGRADE—	
Service to be available soon.	

Any airline, railroad or travel agency will reserve your **NATIONAL RENTAL CAR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 92*) hogs a year with just two men doing all the work.

Cattlemen are joining the speed-up too. The Western range, the great beef-producing grassland, is being intensively improved. Cattlemen are removing sagebrush and trees with bulldozers and are seeding reclaimed acres by plane with improved varieties of grass. It isn't easy to mechanize cattle handling, but the modern cow hand has to know more than riding a pony. On spreads like that of the Strathearn Cattle Company near Elko, Nevada, the cowboys still ride, but they haul their saddled horses to work in a pickup truck. They don't find much use any more for a fast rope, except perhaps to catch and doctor a calf that has tangled with a porcupine. Calf chutes and branding tables which can handle 700 animals in a ten-hour day have replaced corrals and snubbing posts.

New methods for making beef faster and more economically are being tested. Traditionally, young cattle produced on the range have been taken off grass and put in feed yards for finishing on an expensive grain ration. This is still the main method for producing juicy steaks and roasts, but scientists are asking whether or not yard feeding can be by-passed for other, quicker methods of producing tender beef.

Perhaps some antibiotic such as chlortetracycline, which has fantastic properties, may do the job. At Ohio State University a tough old cow was butchered and half the meat was treated with this antibiotic, the other half left alone. Experts said the untreated was tough and tasteless, the treated half was tender and tasty. Other research indicates the possibility that tenderizing enzymes may be used on range-fed animals shortly before slaughter to make the meat as tender as that from grain-fed steers.

The digestive process of cattle is being probed in extensive nutritional research to provide clues for better, more economical beef. At Iowa State College and elsewhere the scientists cut "windows" in the stomachs of experimental animals so they can observe and measure the effects of different feeds and additives. The nitrogen compound, urea, can be used as a concentrated source of protein in cattle feeds, but tests show that cows could digest only part of the urea—that in order to use it effectively the animals had to manufacture body alcohols. That slowed things up. So the researchers added alcohol to urea so the cows wouldn't have to distill their own, and the result was faster gains and better steaks. We ate some of these steaks and they were excellent.

The farmers who grow our grains, vegetables, fruits and fibers also are feeling the impact of technological breakthroughs. Corn on American farms is quite different from that grown a generation ago. Hybrid corn—both field and sweet—is a triumph of laboratory and field. Farmers don't "save seed" any more. They buy new hybrid seed each year, produced by skilled specialists who perform the highly technical job of inbreeding and cross-breeding, to capture in the seed the genetic phenomenon known as hybrid vigor—which means that the hybrid offspring tend to be more vigorous and productive than either parent. Hybrid corn has outwitted Government efforts to reduce corn surpluses by acreage controls. Farmers plant fewer acres, fertilize and tend them intensively, and come up with increased yields. Corn yields in 1957 averaged 46.8 bushels per acre, a new national record, against the average yield of 37.8 for the past ten years. The ceiling on corn yields is virtually unlimited; plots grown under conditions as ideal as growers could make them have produced as much as 304 bushels per acre.

In fact, the main farm problem now is to develop management skill and methods that can make the most efficient use of the productive capacity of land, crops and livestock. Companies which buy products from farmers or in other ways depend on farm prosperity are realizing this and many of them are seeking to promote modern management practices by such devices as contract farming. Typical contracts have provisions which prescribe the methods of production, standards of quality for the product, guarantee a minimum price for acceptable products, and usually offer a premium for extra quality. When we visited Seabrook Farms at Bridgeton, New Jersey, we saw how this contract partnership between grower and processor can work for the benefit of both in vegetable growing.

The Seabrooks are in the business of canning and freezing vegetables. They produce part of their volume of vegetables on their own land, buy part from contract growers. The Seabrook company is large enough to carry on its own agricultural research especially aimed at its problems. Dr. Frank App, in charge of the company's scientific program, stresses soil testing, soil nutrition and use of improved varieties of vegetables. When the Seabrooks started research work in 1941, Doctor App told us, they found such puzzles as one field which yielded only 2400 pounds of peas per acre while another one across the fence yielded 4300 pounds. Tests showed that a small variation in amount of potash in the soil was responsible for the great difference in yield. The significance of such Seabrook research is that its results are passed on to growers on approximately 145,000 acres. By making full use of such information and realizing extra profits from higher yields, some contract farmers who started out with a few acres now operate farms as large as 1000 acres.

Lloyd Yeagle, a top-notch farmer and member of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture, grows vegetables under contract for the Seabrooks. When we called on him he showed us the production agreement he has with the company for 1958. He complained about some of the terms, but said, "I wouldn't farm without a contract. It doesn't eliminate all the gambling—rains still come wrong, bugs still may eat your crops. But I get expert help when I need it, and if my crop makes, I know I'll do all right."

He told us about one of his neighbors who doesn't contract his crops, preferring to take all the price risks in hope of making a killing. Two years ago this neighbor wanted to buy some of Yeagle's land; he had harvested big crops, prices were high and he was loaded with cash. Yeagle wouldn't sell then, but changed his mind a year later. By that time the neighbor had taken a beating in a poor market and wasn't in a position to buy.

The idea of operating under the assured conditions of a contract has spread to growers of hops for breweries, beets for sugar companies, tomatoes for soup canners. An increasing number of cattle feeders are removing some of the speculation from their risky business by contracting with owners of the cattle to fatten their animals for so much a pound of gain. Dairymen are dividing up their operations for greater specialization. In Texas, C. D. Martindale likes to concentrate on his No. 1 job, the production of Grade A milk. So he farms out his heifer calves to Cecil McFarlin, who specializes in feeding, to be raised to milking age. Under a recent contract Martindale paid McFarlin at the rate of $175 per calf, and they figure that under the deal the first party saved money and the second party made a profit.

There isn't much difference these days between an able farm manager and the manager of a factory, bank or department store—not in the way they think or even in the office equipment they use. They keep accurate accounts which enable them to pinpoint the practices that pay and those that don't. One farmer told us that when we visited his farm we could count on having "a comfortable private office, with secretary, dictating machines, tape recorders, and so on."

Leon Johnson, who operates 500 acres near Orleans, Indiana, is typical of the businesslike breed of farmer. He told us that he spends 70 per cent of his time in management, rather than manual work. He keeps detailed records on his operation and is skilled at analyzing figures. Methods that aren't paying he scraps at once. No practice, he says, is necessarily good today because it worked yesterday. He specializes in poultry production on a mass-production basis and is a believer in big volume, narrow markups and prices that attract customers. Farm management, he believes, is exciting; "There's always something new." His poultry buildings are less than five years old and equipped with all kinds of laborsaving devices, yet none of them is built as he would design them today. He is always on the lookout for new, possibly useful facts—which in farming can turn up almost any place. For example, straw is used for floor litter in his chicken houses and ordinarily when the houses are cleaned out the old straw is spread on the land. But Johnson wondered if this used litter might not have some special feeding value and tried it out on his cattle. He was right; it does have an unknown "something" in it—possibly nitrogen, which makes cattle gain weight faster.

This technological-management revolution in agriculture is bound to change the face of the land. Farms are becoming fewer and bigger and are moving into stronger hands. Yet the family farm shows no signs of losing out—it is still remaining family-owned, but is becoming more of a business operation. However, the "way-of-life" farmer, the one who produced most of his family's living from the land, plus a little extra to sell, is giving way to the farmer who is specializing to make money, to turn out larger volume at lower costs per unit.

The city consumer stands to gain in many ways from the progress on the farms and the closer linking of producers with processors and sellers of farm products. In the long run, the revolution will mean cheaper and better food with more built-in quality and convenience for the housewife. Here are just a few of the things researchers predict: Meats will be labeled not only as to grade but as to actual tenderness, determined by tests which show the pressure needed to cut them. Eggs, milk and meats will be gamma-rayed for sterility and will need no refrigeration for perfect keeping. Milk will carry factors which will protect consumers against colds and influenza. Housewives won't have to learn how to crack an egg, won't have to take the grocer's word that they are fresh, for immediately after eggs are laid they will be removed from the shell by machine and packaged in transparent plastic containers so the housewife can see what she is buying and can open the artificial "shell" simply by pulling a tab.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Well irrigated with vodka, the Russian was boasting about Soviet supremacy in scientific fields. He had told his small, bored American audience about the first Sputnik, described in detail how the Russians trained a dog for the second satellite. Next he began a long, rambling lecture on Russia's plans for putting men on future space ships.

"Our men are eager for this adventure," he said finally. "They do not hang back. They really want to travel to outer space. Why, right now we have thousands of volunteers anxious to man future space ships—far more than America has."

As he paused, a single weary voice was heard. "You could be right," one of his listeners said. "Very few Americans are that desperate to get out of the country."

D. O. Flynn

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Colorful Campus of the Islands

(Continued from Page 39)

The names of the 1958 queens provide a sidelight on how the races of East and West have intermingled in this melting-pot university. The native Hawaiians voted for Puanani Akaka; the Caucasians chose Mary Catherine Carns; the Japanese, Jane Anami; the Chinese, Elizabeth Ching; the Filipinos, Pauline Navarro; the Koreans, lively Lorna Kim; and the Cosmopolitans, Gordean Lee.

And following the same line of reasoning, the students argue that if seven simultaneous queens are better than one, surely the logical way to improve on the excitement of one beauty contest is to hold a couple of others. Thus, each year, a mere month after Ka Palapala, the campus ballots again on May Day—which is Lei Day in the islands—to pick a beauty to reign over the Pan-Pacific Festival. For this event they ignore the ethnic angle, since all races produce beauties capable of reigning for at least a day. Last year, for instance, they chose a pulchritudinous blend of Hawaiian, Chinese and French named Beatrice Naumu. Her attending princesses were Leona Leong, who is Hawaiian-Chinese-Japanese, and Jaqueline Lau, a Hawaiian-Chinese-English blend. And last fall, of course, they had to have still another queen for Homecoming Week. She was Claire Bowman, another Cosmopolitan.

These campus-queen contests, though only incidental fun on what is known locally as the Rainbow Campus, help point up the fact that the university's 6700 day students, plus 7000 adults in night classes, in effect bridge the Pacific racially. The campus is the Hawaiian archipelago in miniature, with the addition of 1000 or so students from Asian and South Pacific lands and from the North American continent.

Students from the mainland, as a rule, are romantically minded young men and women who choose the University of Hawaii for adventure, because of the climate or for art and social-science studies. They pay precisely the same tuition—$170 for the two-semester school year—as island students. The regents welcome them without a special entrance fee because the faculty considers them a stimulating influence on the undergraduates of Asiatic background.

"We think it is a good investment to have youngsters from many states and from many countries in our student body," says Dr. Willard Wilson, the university's provost. "If our boys and girls can't go and see what other universities look like, at least they can know what students from elsewhere look like and think about."

This open-hearted welcome is all the more remarkable because many of the university's students go to the mainland for their finishing years of college work, particularly in law and medicine, and in all but two states they have to pay non-residence entrance fees, averaging something over $300.

A full-fledged land-grant university, Hawaii receives land-grant funds for agricultural experiments and instruction, but, paradoxically, it never received any land from the Federal Government, as did other land-grant colleges. In fact, the university is a squatter on its own 424-acre campus, on which the regents have invested almost $10,000,000 in halls of learning. Every year the territorial governor has to sign a paper making the squatting legal for the time being.

This odd situation stems from the fact that the university is located on lands ceded to the United States Government in 1898, when the islanders swapped their sovereignty for promised statehood. Unfortunately, Congress never got around to completing the deal, and the university will remain a squatter on its own campus until the Statehood Bill finishes its snail's-pace journey through Congress. Meanwhile, as a land-grant college, it gets about $750,000 a year from Federal funds. Nearly all the rest of the $5,350,000 budget, of which almost one fifth is earmarked for research, is dug up by the taxpayers of Hawaii. The university budget is one of the few items that the economy-minded territorial legislature, in which there are now thirty old grads, passes without protest. The legislators know that their university is the answer to the hopes and prayers of thousands of island families whose forebears were originally imported as plantation laborers.

This friendly attitude on the part of the men who hold the purse strings will doubtless be much appreciated by the university's new president, Dr. Laurence H. Snyder, who takes over on July first. A noted geneticist and, at the time of his appointment, dean of the University of Oklahoma graduate school, Doctor Snyder will succeed President Paul S. Bachman, who died early in 1957—Doctor Wilson served as acting president in the interim.

Having taught genetics at the University of Hawaii for one session in 1956, under a Carnegie Foundation grant, Doctor Snyder is not entirely a newcomer to the islands. Unlike most mainlanders,

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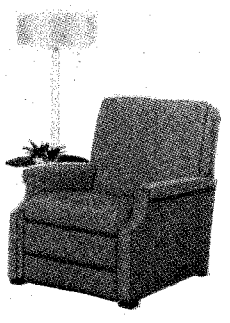

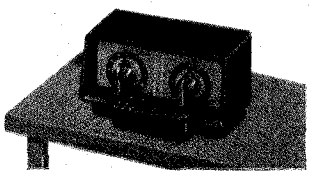

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therefore, he already knows that the happiest Hawaiians of all are not surfboard riders or hula dancers or ukulele strummers, but bookworms. Indeed, the university's students are such dedicated scholars that the faculty worries about them and conspires to divert them from book learning now and then.

Offhand, such student devotion would seem the answer to a professor's prayer, but it has its drawbacks.

"At first, it is frustrating to toss out a challenge to a class, expecting it to be picked to pieces," a faculty man fresh from a mainland college commented. "Instead, whatever you say is accepted as gospel because it comes from the professor." This takes a little getting used to.

"In mainland colleges, you're always putting the brakes on student exuberance," explained Susan Daniels, the lively New Englander who supervises student activities. "Out here it's just the opposite. It is such a cherished privilege to have an education that these young people have to be prodded into having fun."

Thanks at least partly to such faculty prodding, the student body has initiated a number of customs that make the Rainbow Campus a gay place to absorb an education. Among these, of course, are the beauty contests. Another is a food fair, held during the Lei Day International Festival, and at which each racial group tries to outdo the others with highly decorated booths in front of the Student Union. The Hawaiians peddle *poi*, *Laulau*, *lomi-lomi* salmon, barbecued pig. The Japanese offer *teriyaki*, rice with seaweed, fish cakes. The Chinese cook fried noodles with bean sprouts and sweet red pork. At the Korean booth, epicures are tempted with charcoal-broiled meat sticks and pickled vegetables. The Filipinos sell *bud-bud*, which is rice and coconut in banana leaf; or *bitso-bitso*, made of grated sweet potato fried in deep fat; or an extra special known as *maruya*, a fried banana in batter. The profits of the food fair bolster the various student-club treasuries. These foods are largely for visitors; the happy Hawaiian grinds, when they lunch at the crowded cafeteria or the snack bar, order hamburgers in buns, hash dishes, American salads and milk.

During these festivals, the extroverts break out in leis, coconut hats and gay native costumes which contrast sharply with the appearance of the student body on an average day. Normally all the males wear subdued aloha shirts, and the girls swish around in wide-swinging, mainland-style dirndls.

The campus queens are in great demand at these fairs as well as at openings, inaugurals, welcomings and other Hawaiian clambakes. Queenship, incidentally, has proved to be a prized asset in campus politics, which flares periodically in red-hot outbursts like the flow of Mauna Loa lava. Last year, for instance, Donna Kang, the Korean Ka Palapala queen, knowing that everybody who read a book would have to come to the library, appointed herself voluntary operator of the automatic elevator.

"Vote for Kang!" she called every time she delivered an elevator load of passengers.

Miss Kang was a shoo-in for student-body secretary. A nimble-witted Chinese-American, Jann Yuen, who expects to make a career of politics, captured the presidency, while a distaff Chinese-American politico, Bernadine Tom, running as "the friend of all the people," won the vice presidency. The Senate, which governs the student body, is made up of four senators elected by each class. Nine of the sixteen senators are Japanese-Americans, which just about tallies with the preponderance of A.J.A.'s—Americans of Japanese Ancestry—in the student body.

Every year the university also enrolls forty to fifty students from Guam, Saipan, Tinian and the Trust Territories islands farther south in the Pacific. These easy-going, friendly youngsters, coming from islands where "they threw the clock away," are a special concern because they still have high-school work to complete to qualify them for university entrance. The faculty accepts them, however, and the students from Trust spend part of their time in a campus high school which the Teachers College runs as a training ground, and the rest of the day in university classes or laboratories.

The university has had so many of these special problems dropped onto the campus that the faculty catches them as they bounce. Last year, for instance, three students from Nepal came into Doctor Wilson's office to explain that they had come to the United States on scholarships to learn how to start a university from scratch when they returned to their homeland. After studying at two mainland universities, they had come to Hawaii.

"It's too different from Nepal over there," they told him. "Your students are more like ours. You teach us to start a university."

Doctor Wilson enrolled them and passed the word to the faculty to give them special attention. The same treatment is accorded two solemn diminutive twins from Ceylon, Susima and Sirimati Abeyagunawardene, science teachers who are taking graduate work in education. The Ceylon twins are housed at the Y.W.C.A., but most of the foreign students find shelter in friendly Honolulu homes while they adjust themselves to the informality of American life, both on and off the campus.

"They are pretty baffled both by our casual ways and by our informal instruction," said Dean of Students Harold M. Bitner. "They're not used to the coeducational setup. They're shocked at first to see boys and girls holding hands. They go down to see the legislature in action and come back asking, 'Why don't you fight for independence instead of statehood?'"

Their Hawaii-born classmates try to explain why, regardless of the pigment of their skins, they are Americans, and don't want to be anything else. Many of Polynesian or Asiatic background, in fact, no longer speak the language of their forebears. The university thinks they should, however, and to make it easier for them to recover their lost native tongues, maintains a unique electronic language room, a large hall divided into eighty cubicles, each equipped with earphones and a small switchboard.

In the privacy of his cubbyhole, a student can switch on the tape recorder reeling off the tongue of his choice: Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Tagalog or any of the major European languages, including Russian. The tape recorder that works overtime is the one that pronounces Japanese for students of Nipponese ancestry, many of whom have heard little Japanese since the war. Most of the Hawaiians and some of the Cosmopolitans know enough about Polynesian to sing the songs of the islands, but have to brush up on their native tongue to read or speak it.

Mainlanders, for some reason, are always surprised to find the islanders so unfamiliar with their "own" languages. But then, nearly everything about the university comes as a surprise to newcomers from the States. For one thing, the campus is located within the city limits of Honolulu, making it, as Dean Bitner says, "a metropolitan bus-stop university, like Temple or Cincinnati." Most of the students commute to class from family homes in Honolulu. Many come by automobile—too many, in fact. One of the administration's continuing headaches is how to pack 2100 cars into 1100 parking spaces. Recently, with this puzzler in mind, Doctor Wilson counted the student cars in the course of a stroll around the campus and estimated that they represented at least a $2,000,000 investment.

"It was quite a side light on a rising generation most of whose parents or grandparents were plantation workers," he commented.

Many mainlanders arrive on the campus expecting to attend classes in grass shacks or possibly under banyan trees. Occasionally, it is true, a professor will move his class outside for fresh air; and the various *huis*, as the Hawaiian students call their fraternities, sororities and clubs, have staked out special trees under which their members may lounge between classes. But the classrooms and laboratories themselves are housed in seventeen halls scattered at random over the campus. Some are classical in design, some are modeled on the typical wide-roofed buildings of the plantations, others are severely modern. The new library, for instance, described as modern functional architecture, is about as unlike a thatched Polynesian longhouse in appearance as a building could be. And, as a reminder of the rugged war years, when Hawaii was the only American university in the war zone, the campus is still blighted with a clutch of temporary barracks and Quonsets.

Despite this somewhat hodgepodge physical plant, the university manages to carry on a number of rather ambitious undertakings, not the least of which is its summer session. Originally launched mainly for the benefit of island teachers who wanted to earn academic credits for advancement, to the faculty's surprise the summer session soon became a mecca for "mainland *haoles*," white students from stateside. Last summer, out of 5356 entrants, one fifth came from the mainland. Every state was represented. And 200 students came from Asian and South Pacific areas.

A good many of the mainlanders arrive blissfully anticipating pipe courses, including suntan and hula dancing. "You can spot them the first day, because they show up in the brightest clothing on the campus," a university staffer explained. "But they soon find out they have to dig into the books to keep pace with the islanders and the Asiatics who are here to study."

Probably the most colorful summer-session activity is the Orientation Center which the university runs for the U. S. State Department. To this center come Asiatic students bound for mainland universities on scholarships. The several weeks in Hawaii, during which they learn about American life—food, customs and idiom, telephones and TV, coeducation and informality—help them make the leap from Orient to Occident.

"It is an eye opener for them," said Doctor Wilson. "They feel at home on a campus where most of the student body is Oriental in appearance but American in thought. It gives them an opportunity to see democracy in action. They are invited to a service-club luncheon and the president is a Filipino-American. They walk around town without feeling conspicuous."

The summer session invariably winds up in a round of festivities in which the students from Burma, Vietnam, the Philippines, Malaya, Indonesia, Japan and other Asian countries show their appreciation with folk dances and music. This is where the mainlanders can learn about the hula. The Hawaiian bookworms, who never let anyone outdance or outsing them, inevitably loosen up with a ceremonial hula.

In addition to helping establish it as a meeting point for East and West, the university's location on Oahu has certain other geographical advantages. One of these is the submerged mountain range, 1000 miles long, on which the Hawaiian Islands perch. Around the islands, the ocean drops off to three-mile depths. This makes the area one of the prized spots on the globe for marine research, which studies the rich flora and fauna of the warm waters, the peculiar layer of clay that paves the ocean bottom, the idiosyncrasies of the ocean currents. Among the University's leading attractions for scientists is the Institute for Marine Studies, maintained with an assist from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Bureau of Fisheries. The institute's facilities include a marine station on a small island off Oahu and a modern oceanic aquarium near Waikiki Beach for studying tropical ocean life. (*Continued on Page 98*)

"Since the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, he seems to have lost his will to live."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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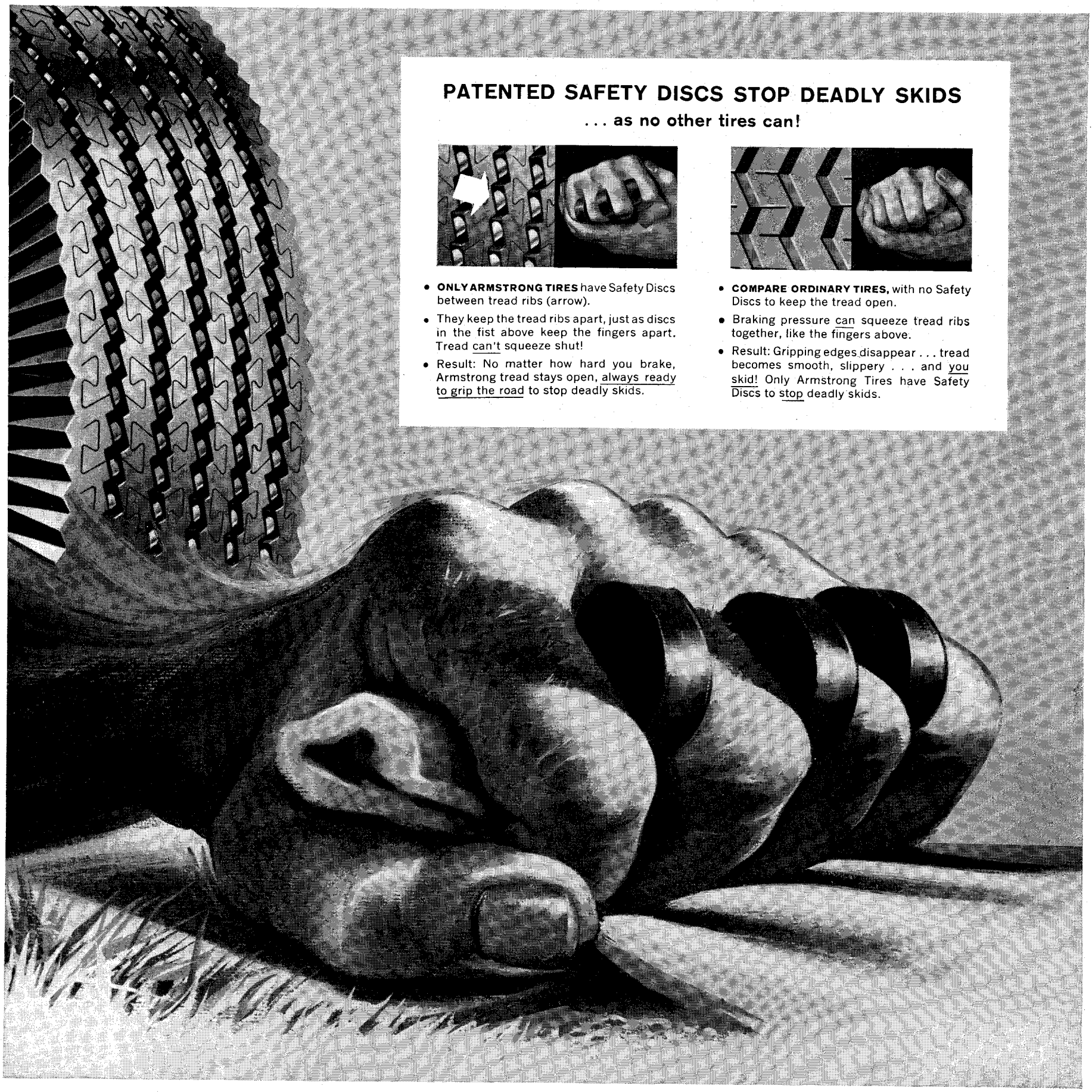

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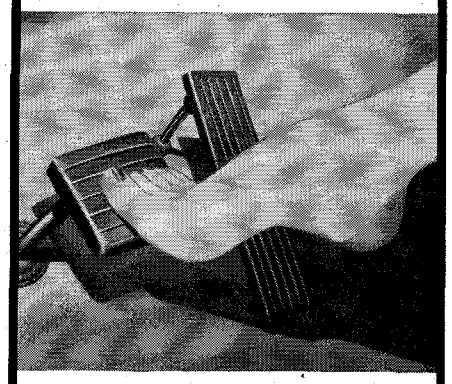

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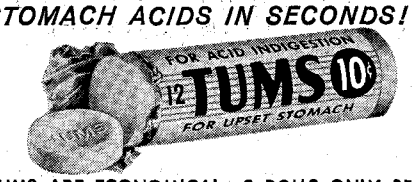

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(*Continued from Page 96*) The university has shrewdly capitalized on geography in other ways as well. The mountaintops which rise back of the campus in smog-free air have turned out to be ideal sites for stations in which its scientists can study solar flares and cosmic-ray bombardment. And the live craters on the nearby Big Island, Hawaii, are just what the volcanologists crave. Furthermore, at the upper end of the Moana Valley the university maintains an unusual man-made tropical rain forest, originally planted as an experiment in reforestation to combat erosion on overgrazed land in the islands. Here botanists are now trying to evolve a congenial society of trees, shrubs and grasses; and when funds become available, the university hopes to transform this 124-acre jungle park into a true tropical arboretum.

There are, of course, also certain disadvantages to being stuck off in mid-Pacific. Among these is the special *pilikia*—a much-used Hawaiian word for any kind of trouble—of loquacious Hank Vasconcellos, coach of the University of Hawaii Rainbows. Vasconcellos, who never played football himself, is something of a wonder at overcoming adversity.

The Rainbows' major problem is geographic. Their nearest collegiate rival is more than 2000 miles across the waters from their home field, which is an abandoned quarry on the campus.

It takes some ingenuity to line up a rousing pigskin schedule under these circumstances, and it is rough going to soup up big-game spirit against a rival so distant.

Another dilemma is what to use for a line after the mainland universities finish recruiting footballers in the islands. Back in the '20's, before proselyting became an art, the Rainbows could meet the Pacific Coast Conference teams on even terms. Now Vasconcellos has to make up for lack of weight with speed. His players frequently kick off their shoes in the middle of a game to run and dodge with more agility.

Vasconcellos makes the most of the perplexing situation by scheduling home games with available island teams, notably the Marines, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force. These are good workouts, but they don't keep college football spirit percolating. So, just before classes start each fall, Vasconcellos leads thirty players, two professors and a couple of assistant coaches aboard a mainland-bound airliner. By taking to wing, the Rainbows manage to assault three mainland colleges in as many weekends. Their opponents vary from year to year; but a typical schedule might pit them against Nebraska, College of the Pacific and Fresno State. Between games, the players sightsee and study under the eye of the flying faculty members.

"It's educational as well as athletic, and great experience for the players," explained Vasconcellos. "A lot of them might never see the States, otherwise."

The Hawaiian athletes try to make it educational for their hosts too. As they take off from Honolulu Airport, they are smothered in leis and laden with ukuleles and guitars as well as books. Wherever they go, the Rainbows leave a flavor of Hawaii, strumming and bursting into song at the slightest provocation.

"If we can't lick them, we outsing them," says their philosophic coach.

Actually the islanders haven't done so badly on the gridirons they have invaded, between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi. Their educational pigskin safaris earn expenses and sometimes a profit. The real pay-off comes with the two or three return games during the year-end holidays when stateside collegiate teams are delighted to visit Hawaii for post-season games.

The campus which plays host to these friendly if hard-tackling invaders from the mainland is strictly a twentieth-century development. It traces its history back to 1907 when the territorial legislature passed an act to convert an agricultural-experiment station founded by Jared G. Smith into a College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Smith had been sent out in 1901 by the United States Department of Agriculture to "teach the Hawaiian people how to grow garden truck" to broaden their diet of fish and *poi*, and how to raise dairy cows, chickens, pigs and forage crops.

... ...

Crow

By R. H. GRENVILLE

What has a crow to do with
this May morning,
This pastel paradise of buds
and wings?
Bursting upon the landscape
without warning,
He spoils the pleasant
harmony of things.
You'd think, by now, that
Nature would have noted
His hoodlum tendencies,
and thrust him out
From the charmed circle of
the silver-throated,
Or in some measure
disciplined the lout.
But no, he roams as
brazenly as ever,
Cawing his maledictions
with a will.
Is Nature being stupid,
then, or clever?
Or, first and last a mother,
does she still
Think it a tiresome phase he
will outgrow,
Given another million
years or so?

... ...

The experiment station blossomed into a College of Agriculture in 1908, when it opened its doors with five regular students and thirty-one specials. This soon became a College of Agriculture and Engineering. Then, immediately after World War I, a Honolulu-born Chinese named William Kwan Fong Yap hit upon a simple idea for educating his large brood, which he did not raise to be farmers. Yap went around town collecting signatures on a petition urging the territorial legislature to found a university in the islands. Responding to his enthusiasm, everybody he approached signed the paper. Impressed by the names on the petition, the legislators voted in favor of the proposed university. Why not? All they had to do was add a College of Arts and Sciences and a Teachers College to the College of Agriculture and Engineering.

When Yap's petition prodded the legislature into founding the university, the College of Agriculture dominated the picture. It is still one of the outstanding agricultural colleges of the country, particularly in tropical horticulture. Its research undertakings have provided the islands with important new crops, notably macadamia nuts, papayas, coffee, orchids, tropical-fruit products, as well as cattle feeds from waste of the sugar and pineapple industries.

But the descendants of William Yap, and of the Japanese, Korean, Portuguese and Filipino immigrants who came to Hawaii to work in the sugar-cane and pineapple fields, have proved allergic to the study of scientific agriculture. Nor do the native Hawaiians take to farming as a livelihood. As a result, the College of Agriculture has too few students, and concentrates on research, with the aid of land-grant funds and endowments from the sugar and pineapple plantations for special studies.

Nearly all the university's students are enrolled in Teachers College or in the College of Arts and Sciences, the College of Applied Science, the College of Business Administration, the College of General Studies or the Graduate School, and they are training for white-collar jobs.

This stubborn determination of the young islanders to avoid any part of "*hoe-hana*," as they call the hard physical work of their forebears, is a matter of great concern to the regents of the faculty. The Hawaiian Islands live off an agricultural economy. Many of the plantations have to depend on mainland agricultural colleges for young scientific farmers.

This is one problem for which the university has found no answer but to give the hell-bent-for-culture islanders what they want in the way of education. Responding to demand, for instance, the College of Arts and Sciences offers thirty different courses in music. The theater group stages Broadway and classical drama, and last year even tackled an opera and a Japanese kabuki drama. The art group has given birth to a distinctively Hawaiian school of ceramics. The School of Business is turning out enough white-collar workers to staff all the offices in Hawaii. The Teachers College trains nearly all the islands' school staffs. Sociology students come to study firsthand the mixing of the races in one of the few spots on earth where there is little racial prejudice.

Recruiting the faculty up to full strength, 500 members, is a challenge for the president and the deans. This is one of the pay-offs of the summer session. Mainland educators are quite willing to come out for the summer. Once in Hawaii, some decide to try it for a year. Some stay the rest of their lives. Acting President Wilson is one who did that. So is Dean Bitner. The average age of the faculty is ten years under that of a comparable mainland university.

The university's regents are philosophic about the distance to the nearest campus. In fact, by creating what Doctor Wilson calls "an atmosphere of intellectual ferment," they have been able to attract faculty members from ninety-nine mainland colleges and universities and from eight foreign lands. Among them are some distinguished scholars such as historians Arthur Marder and Ralph Kuykendall, physicists Walter Steiger and Kenichi Watanabe, English teachers Grove Day and Thomas Fujimura, educators Hubert Eberly and Bruce White, artists Claude Horan and Jean Charlot, horticulturists Morton Rosenberg and Baron Goto, the latter a Hawaii-born roving ambassador to the world on tropical crops, especially coffee culture.

"Sure, we lose some of them as they become famous," said Doctor Wilson. "But that's all right, because we don't want to inbreed too much. We need new people with young ideas. We have to be not merely as good as a mainland counterpart; we have to be better because we are building up to keep ahead of Hawaii's burgeoning population." THE END

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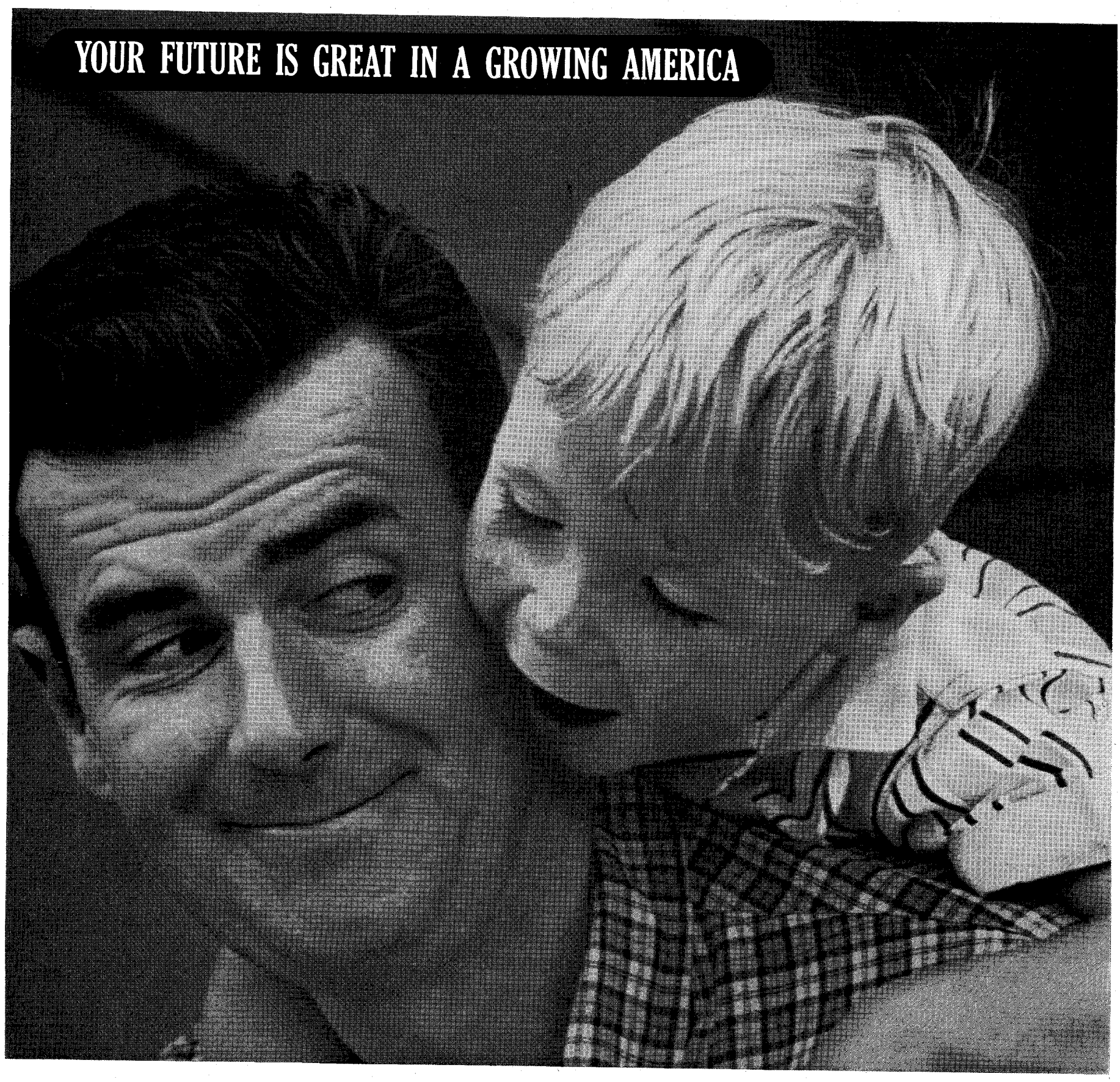

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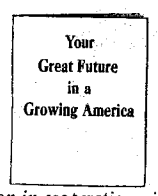

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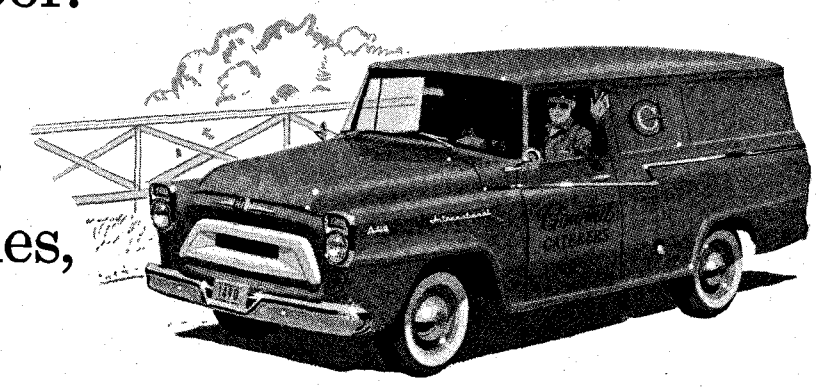

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Father Was Overruled

(Continued from Page 37)

the business of cleaning up the kitchen after dinner. The tone was one which was used in an operation known as "conspiring against father." Richard knew, with a certainty that was a hundred-to-one bet, that before long Edith or Susan, or both of them, would come into the front room, pick up a magazine, thumb through it for a short time, and that then would come the opening gambit, usually starting with the phrase, "Richard, I've been thinking, and ——"

Well, McKnight, he told himself, as he began to read one of the columnists, *no use speculating. It will come, as inevitable as rain, and there is nothing you can do about it except listen.*

He was on the sports page when Edith came into the front room, picked up a magazine, thumbed through it for a minute or two and then said, "Richard, I've been thinking ——"

He dropped the sports page into his lap. "Was it painful?" It was his standard remark.

Edith laughed, much heartier than was necessary. "Or I should say that Susan and I have been talking."

"That's more like it."

"We were wondering whether you're going to play in the Oregon Coast Golf Tournament this year."

Richard raised his eyebrows. In the past, when he had wanted to play in the week-long tournament, he had to prepare well in advance with devious propaganda concerning easing the strain of running the office, the release from nervous tension which the tournament afforded, the chance for business contacts made in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. It meant considerable planning because it took a week out of a vacation which Edith thought could be better spent in a trip to San Francisco or Los Angeles, which he could very well do without, since any place with a population of over ten thousand gave him the heebie-jeebies.

"It isn't until the last of July. I haven't thought much about it." Actually he had thought as much about it as he thought about coffee each morning when he got out of bed. What he meant was that he hadn't thought of a way of opening the subject.

"You always enjoy it so. You really should send in your entry right away. I heard that they're limiting the field this year."

Richard peered at his dear wife. Now he was in a spot. If he seemed suspicious, knowing from past performance that he was being set up by an inside fast ball for the outside curve later on, Edith would be righteously indignant. "Honestly, Richard McKnight," she'd say, "I'm your wife, not some scheming businesswoman. I just thought that since you've worked so hard all year you should have some recreation, but excuse me for trying to be helpful."

On the other hand, if he accepted her offer graciously and with thanks, he might be sticking his neck into a trap. He decided to play it cautiously and search for information. "Oh, I don't know, Edith. It's a week, you know, and cuts our vacation in half."

"Well, we went to San Francisco last year. We spent a lot of money. Maybe we should take a short trip to the mountains, or something."

Richard scratched his head. It was the inside fast ball, all right. He decided to go all out. "I won't do it," he said.

"Won't do what?"

"Whatever you and Susan want me to do."

"There's nothing we want you to do."

This was a welcome development. "Good."

Edith returned to her magazine; Richard returned to his paper. Presently she said, "Richard, why don't you use your den any more?"

He glanced up. "Hm'm'm?"

"Your den. You hardly ever use it any more."

"Oh, I don't know why. When the weather's good and the days are long, I like to be outside. A den is more a winter proposition."

"That's right. Of course, you aren't the den type anyway. Really, Richard, you're so athletic it's hard to think of you settling down in a den."

"Me?" Richard said. "Athletic?"

"Certainly."

Well, now, in his day he had played fair tennis, but golf had been the extent of his athletic endeavor for at least twelve years now, which hardly made him the athletic type.

"At least," he said, "I'm not at the pipe-and-slippers stage."

"You know, Richard," Edith said, "you look just about the same as when you won the intramural tennis championship."

This, Richard thought, was laying it on a bit thick; but then, how could he protest? "As long as I keep my hat on," he said.

"Well, anyway, since you aren't going to use your den this summer, I might as well tell Susan that it will be all right about Jimmy Hogan."

"Who's Jimmy Hogan?"

"Crusher Hogan, the football player. Remember?"

Richard remembered seeing Crusher Hogan on television last year. He played halfback for the University of Oregon and he ran something like a maddened buffalo. Tackling him was, it appeared to Richard, very much akin to stopping a loaded logging truck. Now Richard remembered the vital statistics. JIMMY (CRUSHER) HOGAN—JUNIOR—23—6′3″—225.

"I remember," he said; "but what has this monster to do with my den?"

"It has that divan that makes up into a bed. And there's the bath adjoining."

"I know that, but what ——"

"He's been hired as lifeguard for Surf Pines this summer."

Richard shrugged. "So he's been hired as lifeguard for ——" Suddenly the whole thing came into focus. The curve ball was breaking across the outside corner for a called strike. He stared at his dearly beloved wife. "You can't mean that you intend to install some football player in my den, can you?"

"Why not? There isn't any place for him to stay, except motels, which are too expensive. Anyway, they're all filled up for the summer. Of course, if you want to be selfish and just keep the den empty when you don't even use it, then ——"

It was Susan, of course. Richard knew from his old college days that even if a football player looked like a hairless gorilla, had hardly two nickels to rub together, and had to have a team of tutors to keep him eligible, he still had half the coeducational population practically swooning. Things, Richard reflected morosely, had not changed.

Richard stood up and started pacing. "We need some football player here the way we need an earthquake. I can see him now—some illiterate brute with the manners and morals of a hungry cougar. Why bring a character like that into the house, practically living here with our daughter, and ——"

"Oh, don't be so dramatic," Edith said. "Susan says he's a nice fellow."

"Oh, Susan says, does she? And what does she know? Remember that nice fellow she met last summer? Oh, he was a marvelous chap! Turned out he had abandoned his wife and child, was a professional gambler and golf hustler. When he left town, there was a trail of bad checks as long as my arm." Richard warmed up to his work. "And what about that nice fellow she met on the beach last August? He was another. Manners like Lord Chesterfield, clothes in the height of fashion, handsome, and as glib as a peddler."

"All right, all right," Edith said. "You made your point."

"Then I'll make it again. That joker was arrested for drunken driving for the third time in two years. In addition, reckless driving, driving without a license and resisting an officer. And Susan thought he was a nice fellow. She's a marvelous judge of character."

"How's a girl going to learn if she doesn't make mistakes?" Edith said. "Besides, she's older now."

"Oh, sure. She was eighteen then, nineteen now; practically an old maid."

"Well, you know what you always said."

Now here was another trap. Edith, although she could hardly remember her best friend's telephone number, could quote Richard unerringly on the occasions when one of his quotes would work to her advantage. There was no help for it. "No, what did I always say?"

"You always told Susan to bring her friends home. Give us a chance to see them and to know them. They're always welcome. Now you're saying that one of her friends isn't welcome."

"I did not say to come and live in my den—particularly not some muscle man."

"You haven't even met him. You can't form an opinion until you've met him."

"Oh, yes, I can," Richard said. "I'm not senile. I can remember those great halfbacks from my college days. Every one of them was spoiled, stupid and figured the world owed him a living because an anatomical accident enabled him to carry a hunk of leather better than some other kid. I don't imagine the pattern has changed any, and I won't have some thick-headed giant cluttering up the house."

"He's getting here a week from today," Edith said. "Why don't you wait until you meet him? Keep an open mind, Richard. That's what you always tell Susan."

"Stop quoting me!" Richard yelped.

Susan came downstairs wearing an old paint-stained pair of bermudas and an equally paint-stained sweat shirt. She was barefooted. "Dad," she said, dropping down cross-legged on a pillow, "would you mind helping me move the furniture?"

"Furniture? What furniture?"

"In your den."

"Don't tell me," Richard said, "that we're buying new furniture simply because Crusher Hogan is coming to stay."

"Oh, father!" Susan said, in her I-wish-parents-weren't-so-difficult voice.

"Susan is going to paint the den," Edith said.

Richard peered at his daughter. In the past there had always been a mild hassle about getting her to do the dishes, keeping her bedroom from looking like a boar's nest, washing the windows on Saturday, doing her share of the ironing and now and then weeding a flower bed. If there was any painting to be done, Richard did it, except for the occasion, commemorated by her paint-stained bermudas and sweat shirt, when she had undertaken to paint some flowerpots.

"You," he said, "are going to paint the den?"

"I certainly am," Susan said. "It looks terrible. I'm not going to have Jimmy think that we live like poor white trash. That awful brown color. I'm going to do it in University of Oregon colors. Green walls and a yellow ceiling."

"I see," Richard said. "You figured out yet how you're going to reach the ceiling?"

"Certainly. I'm going to stand on your desk."

"Oh, no, you aren't going to stand on my desk. That desk cost me one hundred and seventy-two dollars."

"I have to stand on something."

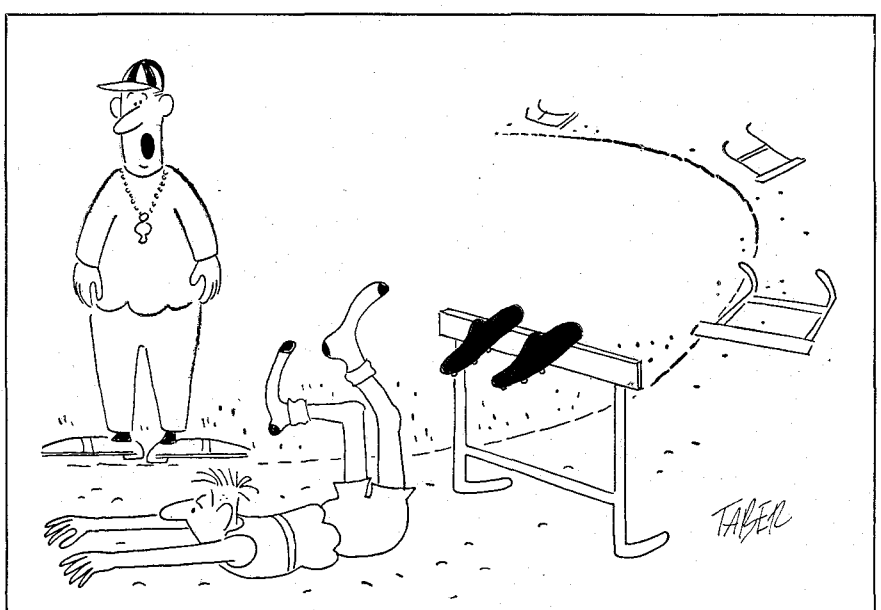
"I wish the Fifth Amendment covered this," Richard mumbled. "I'd stand on that."

"If you really wanted to be helpful," Edith said, "you'd do the ceiling while she does the walls."

"Oh, dad," Susan said, "would you? You're such a good painter, and I'm terrible. I wouldn't think of asking you, but since you'd like to help, then ——"

Somehow Richard found himself on a stepladder, painting the ceiling an authentic University of Oregon yellow, which somehow had mysteriously appeared from the garage, leading Richard to believe that strategic planning for this momentous event had been going on for some time, since the paint store at Surf Pines had, normally, to order special colors from Portland. It was eleven o'clock that night before he finished the ceiling.

"Gee, dad," Susan said, "you're a pal to do this, because the ceiling just had to match the new couch cover which dou-



"That was a little better, now let's go back and try again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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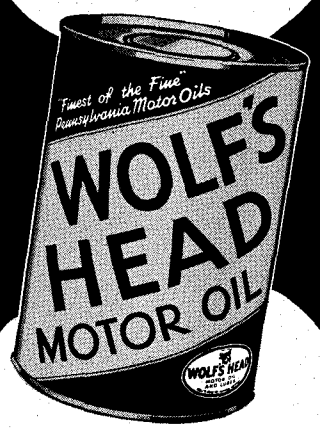

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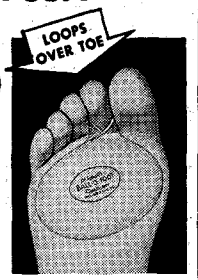

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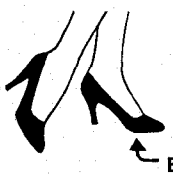

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bles as a bedspread. It's to be yellow, with a big green O."

"Great," Richard said, "just great. I hope Crusher Hogan approves." He cleaned his paintbrush, looked at approximately nine square feet of wall which Susan had painted, reflected gloomily that at the rate she was going she'd finish the room by September. That he would paint the den he hadn't a doubt. He went upstairs, took a shower and collapsed into bed.

The next day he went up to Art's Coffee Shop for lunch, slid onto a stool and looked at Art.

"Well, counselor," Art said, "braised short ribs?" He poured coffee and put it in front of Richard. "I got a special price on 'em. Figured out the cost of the meat, vegetables, coffee, depreciation on my equipment, light bill, taxes, city permit and the second cup of coffee to cut the taste of the short ribs, and that leaves me seven cents an hour for wages."

"My heart bleeds," Richard said. "O.K., gimme the short ribs."

"Something wrong, counselor?"

"Oh, no, not a thing, unless having a gorilla move into your home is something wrong."

Art ladled out the short ribs, added vegetables to the order and put the dishes in front of Richard. He poured himself a cup of coffee and leaned on the counter. "What zoo did this gorilla come from?"

"The University of Oregon," Richard said.

"I see—an educated gorilla. Well, it might not be so bad. He can do little odd jobs around the house, like moving the piano, sharpening pencils, tearing down trees—that sort of thing. I can see where an educated gorilla could be very useful. Matter of fact, I might consider hiring him here on certain evenings when ——"

"This is a football player."

"Oh," Art said. "Sorry, I can't use him, but ——"

"He's a lifeguard." Richard briefed Art on the situation. "Obviously," he concluded, "Susan is smitten with this gifted colossus, at least temporarily. Knowing Susan, however, it could very well happen that after he's been in the house a week, she'll suddenly discover some young doctor, golfer or English professor, and Crusher Hogan will be way out in left field, but still occupying my den." He took a bite of his braised short ribs.

Art scratched his head. "On the other hand, maybe she just wants to see if he's housebroken before they get a house of their own."

Richard very nearly choked on the bite of short ribs, finally recovered, stared at Art and said, "Jumping Jupiter! I never thought of that. You don't suppose ——"

Art shrugged. "It can happen."

"Why, that's ridiculous. He couldn't support her."

"I dunno," Art said. "You remember Pete Scarlotti? He got married his senior year. His wife worked and he played football. They did all right. Even bought a secondhand car. Of course, he was an ex-G.I., but I think this Hogan kid is too."

Richard gulped his food down, paid Art and drove home. He burst into the house and shouted, "Edith!"

"In here," Edith said. She was in the breakfast room, eating a diet lunch of cottage cheese and pineapple.

"You don't suppose," Richard said, "that Susan is figuring on marrying this Hogan character?"

Edith munched on pineapple. "Now who have you been talking to?"

"I stopped for lunch at Art's, and he ——"

"Honestly! Why in the world would you listen to Art before you've even ——"

"Because I'm concerned over my daughter's future, that's why. Because I'm not blind to what can happen."

"What can happen?"

"What can happen!" Richard screamed. "She could think she's in love with this gorilla and marry him, that's what could happen."

"I suppose it could," Edith said. "It happens every day." She finished her cottage cheese and pineapple, got up and put the plate in the sink. She sighed. "Only three pounds to go until I'm down to a hundred and eighteen again. I priced swimming suits. Dieting is cheaper and I can get into last year's suit. I'm saving you around thirty dollars."

"Our daughter is going to marry a football player and your only concern is for your figure. It seems to me that ——"

"Oh, simmer down, Richard. He isn't even here yet and you have Susan married to him. Why don't you go back to the office and work at something you understand?"

"Why do we have to help the thing along by having him right here in the house?"

"For one thing, if Jimmy Hogan is some horrible creature, the best thing to do is find out right now—right in our own home. And if it turns out that he's a nice boy, we'll enjoy him. I don't see what harm is being done."

Her logic, Richard had to admit, was irrefutable. "I'll go along with that," he said, "but one move—one false move—and out he goes."

He was right about the painting. It took him two evenings to paint the walls and bookcases of the den an authentic University of Oregon green. In the meantime, Susan apparently spent all her time at the sewing machine, because the day after Richard finished the painting, a new couch-cover-bedspread appeared.

Operation Hogan, in the days that followed, threatened to take over the entire household. Susan suddenly showed housewifely talents that she had successfully kept hidden up to now. The windows glistened, the kitchen floor shone with a new wax job, the downstairs bathroom, which Crusher Hogan would use, became surgically clean and was practically placed off limits until the great man's arrival.

One morning, having got his second eye open, Richard stirred around a bit and then heard Susan's voice say, "Father, how do you want your eggs?"

Richard stared at Edith, who was still in bed. "I thought I heard Susan ask me how I wanted my eggs, but of course I'm wrong."

"You heard," Edith said. "She's practicing, I think."

"Oh, no," Richard moaned, "not on me—for the first time in her nineteen years."

"Tell her you want them boiled four minutes. No one can ruin a boiled egg."

Edith underestimated her daughter. Wordlessly Richard ate two hard-boiled eggs and drank a cup of coffee which tasted like battery acid. *Hogan*, he said to himself, *you'll starve to death.*

Richard dearly loved his wife and his daughter, but when, on arriving at his office that morning, he found that he had to go to the state capital for one of his clients on a matter with the state tax commission, he was not exactly delirious with joy, but neither was he crushed at the prospect of spending two days away from home and Operation Hogan.

He called Edith and asked her to pack a bag for him and send it to the office. She did not seem inordinately distressed at the news. Instead, he thought he detected in her voice a note of deliverance.

"That's fine, dear. When will you be back?"

"Two or three days. I don't know how long this will take. Now listen, Edith——"

"I know what you're going to say. One false move and out he goes."

"That's right. Don't be blinded by a set of muscles and his newspaper clippings."

"You're forgetting, dear. Don't you remember Harry (The Horse) Madras, in college? He was All-American that last year, and ——"

"I know. He wanted to marry you."

"Uh-huh. And you asked me what the two of us would talk about after the honeymoon was over. That was a dirty trick, you dog. It started me thinking."

"You might," Richard said, "use the same tactic on Susan."

"Have a nice trip, dear," Edith said. "See you when you get back."

Richard took off for Salem, checked in at a hotel and went to work. He ran into a snag, and the job, which he had thought would take only two or three days, threatened to take at least a week. On the evening of the fifth day, he called Edith. "How are things going?" he asked.

"Well, there have been a few changes around here," Edith said.

"Changes? What changes?"

"Our daughter is going around with a sort of stunned expression. I really think, Richard, that she's in love."

Richard was more alarmed at the way Edith sounded than at what she said. Her voice seemed to have a tearful note.

"How can she be in love?" Richard said. "He's only been there a couple of days, hasn't he?"

"Well, yes, but it seems that she was seeing a great deal of him at school."

"She's only a child!" he yelled. "She doesn't know her own mind."

"Maybe not, but she seems deliriously happy," Edith said. "I had a long talk with her last night. Oh, Richard, she's much more grown up than either of us realize."

"Don't start bawling!"

"I'm not bawling," Edith said, sniffling. "It's just that it seems only yesterday that she was playing with dolls. And now she's talking about a family of her own."

"That gorilla has her hypnotized," Richard said. "You just wait until I get home, Edith. I'll straighten that muscle man out in a hurry."

"I think it's a little late for that, dear," Edith said. "Besides, he's not at all what I expected. He's ——"

"Spare me the details over long-distance," Richard said grimly. "I'll make up my own mind."

Frantically Richard talked faster and worked harder the next morning than ever before and was able to wind up his business by noon. He tore back to the hotel, packed, checked out, got into his car and headed for the beach. He was home by three o'clock.

Reverse Allure

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

A lot of people, hearing trains
Go whistling through the night,
Long to follow far away,
To find some new delight.

But I just snuggle in my bed,
Luxuriating that
I do not have to leave my love,
My garden or my cat.

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Edith was out on the patio, taking a sun bath. He burst outside and said, "I'm home!"

"Yi!" Edith said, nearly leaping off the outside chaise longue. "Don't do that, Richard!"

"Don't do what?"

"Come storming out here when I'm practically naked."

Richard peered critically at his wife. He grinned. "Who did you expect?"

"Never mind, smarty," Edith said.

"Well, where is Susan?" Richard said, returning to the business at hand.

"On the beach. Where else would she be?"

"Oh, sure. Cavorting with that Hogan character. Well, I'm going down and take a look at that football player who sneaks into the house while I'm gone and ——"

"He didn't sneak into the house while you were gone," Edith said, "so don't make a Federal case out of it. He merely ——"

"I know," Richard said grimly; "merely moved into the house and maneuvered himself into a position from which he cannot be dislodged, apparently. Well, I'll dislodge him in a hurry."

"Why?"

"Why!" Richard screamed. "Edith, I do not intend to be taken in by any gift to a backfield, that's why. Because Bill DeMoss sent his daughter to Europe when she thought she was in love with that tennis player, because Harvey Sorenson sent his daughter to the University of Washington when she was engaged to that walking pair of stilts—that basketball player from Oregon State—that's why."

"It seems to me, Richard, that you should get your facts straight before you ——"

"I have my facts straight. Where are my swimming trunks?"

"In the drawer—the same place they've been for nine months."

Richard stalked upstairs, got into his swimming trunks, put on a sweat shirt and a pair of sandals. He came downstairs and went out on the patio.

"Now, Richard," Edith said, smiling, "don't be violent."

"Never mind the wisecracks. I don't intend to wrestle. I just want to take a look at Crusher Hogan." He turned away, walked west, stalked over the sand dunes and headed for the lifeguard tower. When he got there, a young giant wearing swimming trunks and a baseball cap was below the tower. He had hair as black as a barrel of tar, crew cut. He was giving the word to several youngsters, aged from seven to thirteen. He moved an arm and his muscles coiled and uncoiled, sliding smoothly under the flesh. Susan was not in sight.

"All right, you cowboys," he said, "let me catch you just once more playing around those logs at the water's edge and I'll blister the bunch of you."

The kids, wide-eyed, nodded and looked scared. "O.K., Crusher," one of them said. "O.K."

"How do you think I could face one set of your parents if a big wave rolled that log and crushed one of you monkeys? Huh?" He looked fiercely at the group of kids. "Now get lost."

The group of them scurried away. Crusher Hogan looked at Richard. He grinned. His teeth were even and white in his tanned face. He waved an arm the size of Richard's leg. "Those kids," he said. "Boy, I couldn't live with myself if anything happened to one of them. I hope I scared hell out of 'em."

"I think you did," Richard said. He surveyed this menace to his home and his daughter. Big enough to go bear hunting with a switch—ridges of muscle above the belt line of his trunks. Legs like trees.

"Well, if I get these kids checked out, I'll have time enough to do a little student work."

This was a new development. A football player doing student work in the summer. "Student work?" Richard said.

"Yeah. Old Doctor Alberni, he's rough. Doesn't like football players. So I figure to do my fall quarter's work here at the beach this summer. Last year I went uranium hunting, and when I came back in the fall I lost eleven pounds, what with football and burning the midnight oil to keep up with Doc." Crusher Hogan grinned at Richard. "He wasn't a dog-gone bit impressed with our uranium find."

"You found uranium?"

Crusher nodded. "Eddie Hardesty and me. We got ourselves a jeep and all the equipment we could muster. Spent the whole summer over in Colorado. We really don't know how big we hit, but we were offered ten thousand for our claim. We didn't take it. We kind of figured we'd work it ourselves when we got through school, me majoring in geology, and Eddie majoring in mining. Kind of tough, turning down that kind of dough, but —— Holy Scappoose!" Crusher yelped. He took off for the surf, running. Richard watched him hit the surf, grab a ten-year-old kid who was at the last line of breakers. Crusher walked the kid in to the tower.

"All right," he said to the boy, "look at the flag. Red. Tide's going out. You tell me what you were doing out there?" The boy started to cry. "And quit bawling! What do you kids want to do—wear me out? You give me your word you'll watch the flags from now on and I won't tell your folks. O.K.?"

The boy nodded. "O.K., Crusher."

"All right, now beat it. And stay out of the surf unless you have a green flag or I'll blister you." He hit the kid on the seat of the pants with a hamlike hand. The kid took off. Crusher shook his head. "I tell you, if I ever get these kids checked out ——"

"You were saying something about turning down that kind of dough," Richard said.

"Oh, yeah. But with my G.I. dough and my football scholarship, I figure I can get my degree in geology. What the hell—my share would be five thousand dollars, and that doesn't last forever. Sounds like big dough, but when Uncle Sam takes his cut, and you start supporting a family, it doesn't look big at all. But if I get a degree in geology, I can go to work for any of the major oil companies with a pretty fair salary. And if things get too tough, I can probably latch on with one of the pro-football teams."

"You figure on getting married?" Richard said.

"Me?" Crusher said. "Sure. She's the sweetest kid you'd ever want to know. I met her last year, and I'm staying with her family. Real nice people. I haven't met her father yet, but from what I hear, he's a nice guy." Crusher's brow wrinkled. He shook his head. "The trouble, from what I can pry out of Susan, is that he's sort of allergic to football players. I can see where he'd figure that, all right, and I don't know how I can go about convincing him that I'm just not some subsidized gorilla."

Richard looked at his future son-in-law. *Susan, my little darling, I salute you. You couldn't have made a better choice. As dimwitted as you appeared at times, I always hoped that you'd pick someone like this big ape.*

He smiled at Crusher Hogan, put out his hand and said, "I don't think you'll have any trouble. You see, Crusher, my name is . . ."

THE END

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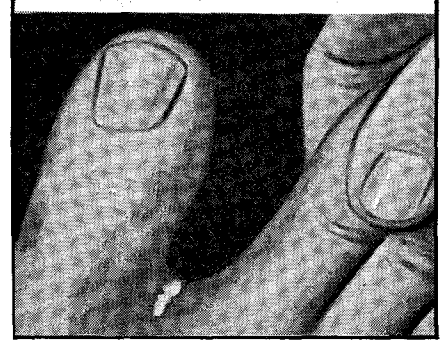

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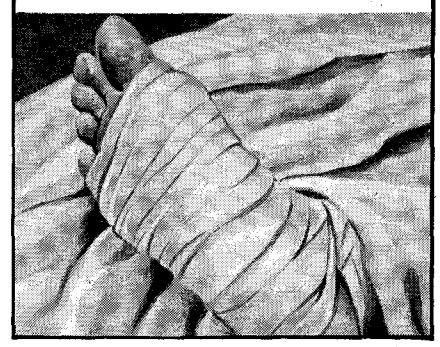

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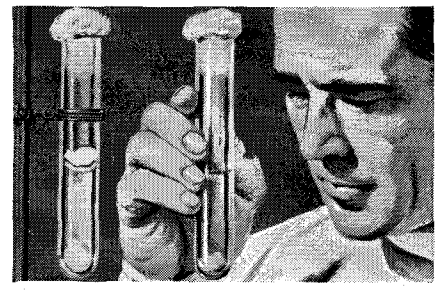

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He Probes the Human Soul

(Continued from Page 30)

Americans, from the beginning, have been among his firmest rooters. Asked, recently, how many of his private patients had been Americans, Jung estimated their proportion at one third. Of the world's 200-odd practicing Jungian psychologists, some sixty work in the United States, where Jungian groups exist in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles. And Zurich's C. G. Jung Institute, where graduate students work toward a Jungian practitioner's diploma under the supervision of the Zurich Board of Education, is now so heavily infiltrated with Americans that an entire three-year course is taught in English. As a reflection of Jung's own lifelong connection with the Anglo-Saxon world, there is a large Jungian group in England too—even his friends and relatives in Switzerland call him "C.G."

What does he have to offer? In a tense, restless, problem-ridden age, which constantly bombards our minds with conflicts and anxieties, Jung offers, first of all, a therapy for those in trouble. Although he does not call himself a "psychoanalyst," in order to distinguish his school from that of the late Dr. Sigmund Freud, his "analytical psychology" started as a variation of Freud's method and still has a good deal of similarity to it. Both schools attempt to heal neurotic patients by inducing them to talk; both find important clues to psychic problems in the patient's dreams. While Jung replaces Freud's proverbial couch with an ordinary armchair, and, as a rule, reduces Freud's routine of daily sessions to one or two visits a week, the therapeutic treatment in either case is likely to be long—one to five years—and costly.

The typical Jung patient is a person torn by deep inner conflicts which make it difficult for him to cope with life. He may be a neurotic showing symptoms such as depression, spasms, dizziness, a suddenly developed speech handicap, sleeplessness or hallucinations. Or he may simply be a troubled person who, without being acutely ill, is not content with his "normal" existence, sensing an urgent need to find a deeper meaning in his life.

While Jung's ideas on achieving "wholeness" within ourselves may often seem farfetched to people under thirty-five, they rarely fail to strike a chord in men and women in their second half of life. Indeed, his message is addressed, with the directness of a clarion call, to middle age. The man at the height of his career who, of a sudden, finds he can no longer get things done, and who has fits of melancholy and raw temper; the easy-going, cheerful person who, confronted with a setback or a crisis, starts brooding over hidden guilt and gradually loses touch with the realities around him; the "perfect" secretary who collapses with a nervous breakdown—all these may be potential cases for the analyst's consulting room. City dwellers, for obvious reasons, are more apt to require analytic help than country folk, and women, on the whole, outnumber men among those actually treated.

To the outsider first approaching him, Jung seems surprisingly and wonderfully normal. A tall, erect, muscular man with high-domed head, a sharp, medallion profile, and clear gray eyes peering out from behind a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, he is quickly diagnosed as sound in mind and body. The pallor we connect with abstract thought cannot be found on his lined, ruddy face. He rarely uses fancy terms, talking an almost fiercely homespun idiom, whether he speaks in German, English, French or his own Basel dialect. He smokes a pipe while holding forth, and puts it down occasionally to recall an anecdote or break off into laughter or a snort.

A widower, he likes the company of friends, most of them younger by a normal life span, and of his family—five children, nineteen grandchildren, five great-grandchildren. Devoted to good food and wine, he is capable of going on a long cross-country hike to sample a rare dish he's heard about. He himself loves to cook and, among intimates, is just as famous for his sauces as for his Analytical Psychology. Eating with the primeval relish of a farmer who has spent a long, hard day outdoors, he'll sit there, munching raptly, resting his fists, with knife and fork protruding upward, on outspread knees.

"When he eats sauerkraut," a friend explains, "he eats his sauerkraut and doesn't want to talk about the soul."

However, when he does discuss the soul or any other serious subject, he does so with a vengeance, dazzling the visitor with the amount of erudition packed in his massive skull. Born in the Swiss village of Kesswil, on Lake Constance, in 1875, Carl Gustav Jung grew up in Basel, a city steeped in classic learning and dedicated through its history to scholarly pursuits. The boy absorbed this background with such ease that twice he was nearly thrown out of school because it was believed unlikely that he had come by so much knowledge honestly.

His paternal grandfather had left his native Germany as a young man for Basel, where he became a famous surgeon. Carl Gustav's father was a Protestant minister, and so was his maternal grandfather who came from a long line of clergymen. And though you are not likely to find Jung in church, he could no more live without "knowing that God exists" than without oxygen. Indeed, his therapy often restores a patient's tottering religious faith. Protestant ministers as well as Catholic priests have been among his students and disciples, books have been written about him by clergymen, and Pope Pius XII is known to be among his readers.

Carl Gustav studied medicine and specialized in medical psychology, doing his internship at Burghölzli, the cantonal asylum and psychiatric ward of Zurich. It was a time when the dark realm of psychic troubles was still largely untapped by modern science. Man had gone a long way toward unlocking the secrets of the universe, he knew what caused diphtheria and tuberculosis, but he was still nearly as helpless as he had been in the Dark Ages when it came to healing troubled minds.

Some tentative experiments with hypnosis had had encouraging results, however. A Viennese doctor, Sigmund Freud, had made good progress with neurotic and hysteric patients; from the hypnotic treatment he was now groping toward a new approach. Jung, who had spent a winter studying in Paris and who, in 1905, had become chief psychiatrist at Burghölzli, was deeply stirred by Freud's published reports.

"Freud's great discovery," he recently explained, "was that you could talk reasonably with neurotics and get somewhere. Imagine yourself coming upon a primitive and isolated tribe. They'll all talk to you; one commenting on the strange color of your skin, another asking you for gifts, a third one taking you for a superior being. That, fundamentally, is the way patients talk to you. It was Freud's genius that he began to read a meaning into what they were saying."

In 1907 Jung made his now-historic pilgrimage to Vienna to meet Freud, who was nearly twenty years his senior. "The two of us embraced," he says, "and talked for thirteen hours."

But the sharp difference in the approach of the two men was soon to come between them. To Freud, the functional disorders known as neuroses stemmed from those urges we "repress"—or sweep under the rug—as we grow up. A patient could be healed if he could fish this troublesome repressed material from his subconscious and hold it up to the bright light of his own conscious intellect. Relaxing on the couch, with Doctor Freud behind him, out of view, the patient talked—talked freely about anything that happened to come to his or her mind, but giving prominence, under the doctor's gentle prodding, to early childhood reminiscences and current dreams.

Jung went along with a great deal of this, including Freud's belief that the subconscious, having no direct communication line to our conscious mind, transfers its messages through dreams. But Freud saw all our urges and desires as outcroppings of our libido, or sex drive. During his treatments he probed deeply into the patient's early childhood to find just where the natural urge had been frustrated or repressed. To Jung, this attitude was too materialistic, too mechanical. "Freud reduced everything to one denominator, like a Marxian!" Jung recently exclaimed.

Jung's own, more universal approach did not see man chiefly as the result of what his childhood years had done to him—although that was important too—but weighed him as the finished personality he had become. His libido was but one of innumerable aspects of his life energy—a far more universal "drive" which makes us eat, love, work, compete with others, and so forth.

When, after several meetings and an exchange of 330 letters—most of them still unpublished—Jung finally broke with his master in 1913, it was clear that the younger man had revolutionized a revolution. Their parting and the publication of Jung's own findings came as a staggering blow to Freud. One of his pupils, Alfred Adler, already had broken away from him because he wished to add at least one other "drive"—the power drive—to the Freudian repertory. The brilliant Jung, Freud had desperately hoped, would be his "crown prince."

In 1909 Jung had quit his job as Zurich's chief psychiatrist to free himself for scientific research. Now he retired, too, from the University of Zurich, where he had lectured on psychology. He has since accepted and resigned two full professorships in Switzerland. Married to Emma Rauschenbach, the dark-haired, beautiful and gracious heiress to one of the Swiss-watch fortunes, he now dug in at Kuesnacht, outside Zurich, where he had built a comfortable lakeside house, devoting himself to his writing and to the analysis of private patients who had begun to flock to him from every corner of the world.

He was already famous. His trail-blazing experiments with word association, originally carried out in collaboration with other scientists, had caused world-wide attention. He had derived from these experiments a novel form of diagnosis. By throwing certain key words at the patient and letting him respond to each with whatever other word jumped to his tongue, Jung had been able to locate "complexes," such as exaggerated fears or a morbid aggressiveness. Occasionally, he had measured the emotional reactions to certain words with a galvanometer connected with the patient's hands—thus fathering what we now call the lie detector.

All this, of course, appeared fantastic at the time, especially to laymen. Once, when a leading law professor challenged Jung's theory as hocus-pocus, Jung offered to give him a simple word test, fifty selected words, without galvanometer. The challenger quit after fifteen seemingly innocuous words, embarrassed by the game; whereupon Jung correctly told him that he was afraid of dying of a heart ailment, that he was vividly remembering an early love affair in Paris—neither "Paris" nor "love" had been among the words—and that he had acute financial worries. Amazed, the man called to his wife, through the half-open door, to come on in and take the test. "Or better not," he quickly added; "better not!"

In rapid succession, Jung now discovered some fundamental laws of human behavior. Working with his patients, of whom he analyzed some five or six a day, he found that our vital energy may take one of two main directions—one, flowing outward, turning our interest toward the outside world; the other, inward, turning us toward our inner self. Accordingly, we would be "extroverts" or "introverts." While "normal" people automatically strike a fair balance between both, some of us may tend to extremes, and thus court danger. An introverted wife fond of good books and music whose extroverted husband loves gay parties—and the extremes often attract each other—may almost literally crack up in trying to adjust her personality to his.

But any lopsided development, Jung is convinced, endangers our psychological stability. And lopsided development is typical of our world. Dame Reason, formally enthroned as goddess two centuries ago in the Age of Enlightenment, still rules supreme. We trust our intellect to pull us through, often at the expense of our soul. The emphasis is all too often on "getting ahead" in life, on "getting along" with people, on being a "success." Dreams, those great warners, may tip us off that something is amiss. But we are not likely to listen to their complicated picture language and our stifled soul may one fine day erupt, leaving us with a nervous breakdown or worse.

A mountaineering friend of his who, Jung had reason to believe, had deep personal problems once told him, conversationally, of a "silly" dream in which he climbed a mountain and, reaching the top, was so elated that he went right on ascending, on and up into the air. Jung, who immediately saw in his friend's "amusing" dream a secret death wish, was horrified. "From now on, if you must go mountain climbing," he begged of him, "take two professional guides along!" A short time later, the mountaineer, accompanied by only one young friend, was seen as he stepped off a lofty mountainside into the air, taking his companion with him as he hurtled to his death.

"When I say, 'Watch out!'" Jung explains sadly, "I mean 'Watch out!'"

Jung has a term—*persona*—for the mask each of us wears in dealing with the outside world: the frozen smile of the sophisticated (*Continued on Page 106*)

> Apartment dwellers have a right to complain about the noise above them, especially if they aren't invited to the party.
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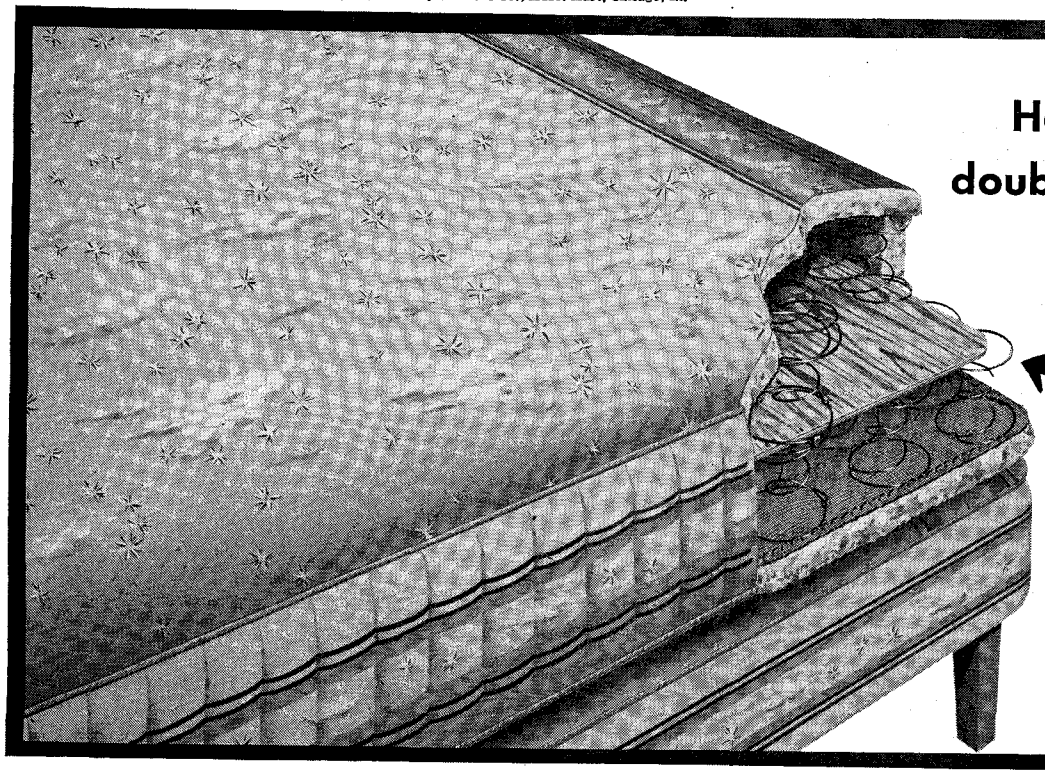

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(*Continued from Page 104*) hostess, the hail-fellow-well-met mask of the salesman, the dictatorial frown of the chairman of the board or the stiff upper lip of the impeccable gentleman. There's nothing wrong with wearing masks, says Jung. We can't always be our own soft selves in this hard world, and picking our mask—or an assortment of them, to choose from as we move from our office to a client's home or to a school-board meeting—doesn't make us hypocrites. Trouble arises if, in middle life, we grow so fond of our masks that we neglect our inner self with all its secret longings. The pillar of the community, the perfect member of the club, who suddenly goes off his rocker is a good case in point.

"Trying to be like everybody else," warns Jung, "is dangerous."

Dreams, dreams, and still more dreams! Ever since Joseph and his seven lean and seven fat years, mankind has tried to break their subtle code. Interpreting roughly 4000 dreams a year, Jung came upon a startling revelation. Some of the images of our dreams resembled, strikingly, the images and basic human situations of ancient myths, religious cults, fairy tales and the living lore of primitive people. Could it be that each human being had access, through his dreams, to a reservoir of fantasies common to the entire human race?

Hot on the trail of his greatest, and still most controversial, discovery, Jung, in the 1920's and '30's, struck out for distant shores in search of proof. Visiting Indian pueblos in Arizona and New Mexico, the Negroes of the Mau-Mau country of East Africa and the big tribal melting pot of India, he found what he was looking for—some basic images and notions were common to the psyche of all primitives. Emboldened, he now looked for confirmation closer home, and found, in the forgotten valleys of his native Switzerland, some rather terrifying things.

"They, too, had medicine men and used witchcraft," he says. "And they drew up pacts with the devil, writ in blood!"

On firsthand explorations such as these and on his own vast reading in Chinese, Indian and Greek mythology and in related subjects, Jung bases his belief in a "collective unconscious." The human race, he is convinced, shares an immensely old reservoir of memories—a huge "deposit of ancestral experience from untold millions of years, the echo of prehistoric world events to which each century adds an infinitesimally small amount of variation."

Indeed, man's conscious mind, to Jung, is but a sun-tipped island sticking out from the surging ocean of the collective unconscious. And our mind dips back, from time to time, into that ocean when we are asleep and moves around there among images and monsters conceived millions of years ago by our forefathers—figures of which the dreamer, in all likelihood, has never even heard.

These "archetypes"—the Wise Old Man, the Hero, the Serpent, the Magic Circle, the Earth Mother, the Temptress, and so forth—turn up in our sleep, says Jung, more readily when we are faced with some grave inner crisis. Convinced that, just as in mythology or folklore, each of them represents a certain virtue, a fear, a longing or a basic pattern of behavior, Jung sees in their appearance a valuable clue to what is bothering his patient.

An overworked executive facing a nervous breakdown, for example, might dream of walking across a freshly plowed field and being greeted by an over-life-sized woman who, smilingly, hands him a rose—a rose, alas, which, before he can touch it, is snatched out of the lady's hand by a fierce, horrid animal. What does it mean? Perhaps the Earth Mother, standing here for the dreamer's long-lost contact with his own, natural self, has tried to give him what is missing in his life. And once he consciously accepts the fact that it's the rose he wants, rather than more stock options, the ugly beast will go back to its lair.

The proof of this extraordinary pudding, says Jung, is in the eating, and his analysis does work. Just what each apparition augurs, needless to say, can be understood only in the whole context of the dreamer's past and present life, his background, mannerisms and innumerable other details the analyst gleans in observing him—one reason why Jung won't interpret dreams by letter. But, he insists, find out exactly what your man's unconscious wants to tell him, by way of this or that charade, and you can heal him more effectively than through Freudian psychoanalysis, which often tends to read a sexual significance into our dreams.

"Car window's open."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Contrary to a widely held belief, analysts are not swamped by people who simply want "someone to talk to." For one thing, a two-, three- or five-year analytic treatment runs into money. Fees as high as $100 an hour have been reported in New York and Hollywood, and $10 to $25 is more or less standard in the United States. Jung's own charge, in line with Switzerland's more modest scale, is fifty Swiss francs—about twelve dollars—though he has treated needy patients for less and sometimes nothing. Moreover, a good analyst, be he Freudian or Jungian or a bit of both, makes things unpleasant for the patient. Before he is through with you, he will have forced you to face your own "shadow"—the less attractive portion of your self, the traits and urges of your personal unconscious that you "don't like to think about."

To bring results, your visit to the analyst must be your own moment of truth. One prominent Western statesman whom Jung was analyzing once rose, white as a sheet. "You realize," he stammered, "that Moscow would pay you a million dollars for what I've just told you?" Jung had no trouble calming him—like priests and doctors, analysts are bound by professional secrecy. But even if you wanted to, there would be little point in trying to fool Doctor Jung. Mind reader that he is, he has a disconcerting habit, in seeing people to the door, of casually answering the unasked question.

Before Jung stopped, several years ago, taking on new cases—he still receives old patients wishing to discuss a problem—he had successfully analyzed about 1000 men and women, the great majority of them otherwise normal people racked by grave problems or neurotic symptoms.

Considering their symptoms a mere side issue—something that would clear up once the deep, underlying conflict was resolved—he always played for higher stakes. "When you have aired the hidden corners of your soul," one former patient says, "C.G. wants you to go back to being 'decently unconscious.'" Painstakingly reforging the long-broken link between a person's intellect and instinct, Jung tries to make him "whole" again. And, taking it from there, the Jung alumnus should, in time, evolve the peace of mind enabling him to face old age and death with equanimity. Jung calls this process of mature development "individuation," and smilingly concedes that getting there may take a lifetime.

As for himself, he is about as "whole" as any modern man might hope to be. From early youth, he has maintained his equilibrium with such spontaneous activities as sculpturing, painting, swimming, hiking, cooking. Those who knew him before old age put on the brakes describe him as a carefree companion, a perfect dancer, the gayest guest at any party. Sailing his boat was his chief pastime until recently and he was notable as a daring helmsman in many a famous club's competitions. He kept up swimming from his back lawn until two years ago. He still goes for long hikes, chops his own wood, climbs ladders to prune trees, smokes strong tobacco, savors a glass of wine and dresses with great care.

The roomy lakeside house just outside Zurich where he has lived for the last fifty years remains his home and workshop. It is about as cluttered and as lived-in and as upper-middle-class a place as any Swiss professor's residence. The difference is in the manifold manifestations of the world's unconscious—stone, bronze and wooden artifacts from Asia, Africa and Europe, including, in the garden, a little "earth spirit" carved by C.G. himself.

In his upstairs holy-of-holies, Jung can be found at work behind a massive, crowded desk, covering sheets of foolscap paper with his precise handwriting, rising, occasionally, to consult one of the rare, vellum-bound tomes which form one of the world's finest collections of books on alchemy and the history of religion. Two large upholstered chairs, facing each other by the window, constitute the consulting room. Seated there, face to face with him in the bright light, people have bared their souls while, on the shimmering lake outside, the swans, the sailboats and excursion steamers serenely drifted past.

Thrown back on his own resources after the death, in 1955, of Mrs. Jung—herself a practicing analyst—C.G. has made his peace with loneliness. Assisted by a friendly secretary who types his manuscripts and looks after his worldwide correspondence, he works throughout the day, writing, reading, receiving callers.

One week out of every four he goes into seclusion at a small, isolated house he built with his own hands thirty-five years ago, on a remote appendage of Lake Zurich. He has not tampered with the virgin-forest wilderness without, nor with the rough simplicity within—no electricity, no telephone, no indoor plumbing and no running water. The main room of this Walden is the inside of a massive round tower where, wearing a blue apron and a skullcap, C.G. does his own cooking over a large open fire. He likes to watch the flowers and the birds—last summer he played host to a live pair of archetypal serpents—and can spend many hours seated on a small stool out in the yard, digging beds for some rivulets which rush down to the lake. Late in the evening, after a game of solitaire and a detective story, he goes to bed to sleep long, healthy hours.

No doubt, much of the healing power he has manifested is a direct result of Jung's own blissful state of mind. What tortured soul would not take kindly to the healer who, clearly, has found peace within himself? Indeed, it might not be farfetched to say that many a successful treatment was one tenth analytical psychology and nine tenths plain Carl Gustav Jung. Right there, unfortunately, lies the weakness of the thing. Jung leaves behind no recipe, no formula, no "unified field theory" of the human soul, and no one can predict how future Jungians will fare in trying to apply the master's teachings without the master's monumental personality. But though some of his views, may, in the end, be modified to suit new minds and new conditions, his lifework as a whole will stand—a beacon on the lonely road traveled by modern man in search of his own soul.

THE END

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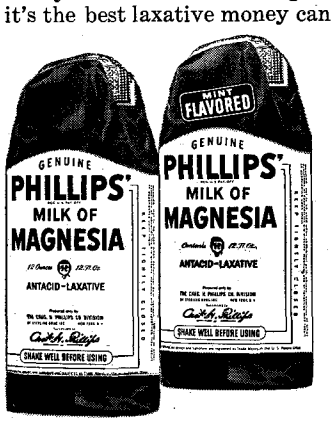

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Keeping Posted

This Russian Loves America

Novelist Nikolai Marchenko, right, and translator Christopher Bird.

Novelist Nikolai Marchenko, whose page-19 pseudonym, **Nikolai Narokov,** was assumed several years ago in Europe to avoid Soviet identification, is at long last enjoying a happy, productive life in America. This 71-year-old White Russian who fought the Reds in Russia's civil war and subsequently endured Soviet prisons, German refugee camps and the scattering of his family, now lives in Monterey, Calif.; with him are his wife and son, and the rest of his reunited family, including his four grandchildren. Marchenko, formerly on the staff of Voice of America, now writes for anti-Communist Russian-language newspapers, lectures to Russian groups, and recently finished a second novel. He loves America—except that our table knives are dull.

Marchenko's novel, published in New York in the original Russian by Chekhov Press (Ford Foundation), is now coming out in English through the efforts of a young American. Christopher Bird, Boston-born journalist now free-lancing in Hawaii, lived with a Russian family while attending Harvard, and learned their language. After reading The Chains of Fear in Russian, he got the author's permission to translate and try to sell it. Result: simultaneous appearance of the book (Henry Regnery Co.) and the Post serialization.

Missing: One Python

Wild-animal trapper **Peter Ryhiner,** page 22, went to Malaya last month in search of a very rare mammal, the hairy rhinoceros. Before leaving he visited the Malvern, Pa., farm of his collaborator, **Daniel Mannix,** and tried out a weird new type of trapper's gun. The weapon, powered by compressed air, shoots a sort of oversize hypodermic needle which, on striking, automatically injects knockout drops. When the animal wakes up, he's in a cage. Mannix, an animal expert himself, as his Post articles have revealed, explains that because of the fast-falling trajectory of the missile, the gun must be fired at 30 feet. "We practiced shooting bales of hay, but not very successfully—if they had been rhinos, I would have been up a tree."

For exhibition purposes Ryhiner took with him to Malaya his famed Serata, only white python ever seen and a veteran of television appearances. His 8-foot pet, which travels in an electrically heated suitcase, also visited Mr. and Mrs. Mannix and their two children; the Mannixes delight in having their own rare creatures on the farm, including a cheetah, a coati-mundi, and Aguila, the bald eagle that has starred in two movies. One night everybody (including the snake) visited a neighbor, and at a late hour the snake, which is valued at $25,000, turned up missing. When found, Serata was snoozing happily on the warm ashes in the fireplace.

Dan Mannix chats with Aguila, the eagle.

Perry Mason Succeeds Again

Actor Burr, author Gardner, producer Gail Patrick Jackson, and (in background) Mr. G's secretary, Jean Bethel.

Everybody connected with the CBS-Television show Perry Mason, which is based on **Erle Stanley Gardner's** unmatchable mystery stories, is excited about its success; to have been one of the recent Emmy nominees (for the best one-hour dramatic show with continuing characters) was nice going for a show's first season. A 39-hour series, including seven Post serials, ends in July; then after summer reruns, up comes a new series in September. Many actors were tested to enact Perry Mason, but Raymond Burr, originally intended for another part, looked so much as if he could beat any of them in a court of law that he got the lead. On rare occasions author Gardner turns up in Hollywood, but he seldom sees the shows until he sits down before his TV set at home. "He does read and offer advice on the scripts," says Mrs. Gail Patrick Jackson, executive producer of Paisano Productions. "He is so wisely constructive, so stimulating in his sympathetic way. We call him the Master."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"I Call on Lucy and Desi"

The stars of I Love Lucy tell Pete Martin the real-life story of their fabulous success. And Mrs. Arnaz tells what it's like to be the nation's best-known expectant mother.

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